THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illus[illegible] Weekly
Founded A° [illegible] Benj. Franklin

NOVEMBER 21, 1914 — 5cts. THE COPY

The New Militants—By Corra Harris

Men:—What is it that is causing the ever-increasing, tremendous sale of

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

Yes, Bill, it's the demand; now light up again and listen. What has made the smokers of a nation go back to the good old jimmy pipe in droves; go back to their first love and find a comfort and pleasure in pipe smoking that they had looked for since they first wore long pants, and never could find?

Men: It is the unusual quality of Prince Albert that has turned this trick. It is because Prince Albert has a wonderfully rare fragrance without a whiff of acrid rankness. It is because it has a rich mellow flavor all its own that cannot be found in any other tobacco. It is because Prince Albert comes all ready to jam into your jimmy pipe and light up—no messing around in your hands. It is because P. A. smokes clean and sweet down to dust-fine ashes—a long-burning, free-burning tobacco that holds its fire close and never gets soggy.

It is because Prince Albert can be smoked from dawn to dark, one pipeful after another and all Mr. Smoker has to remember is the fun he had—no broiled tongue, no baked throat—just 100 per cent. pure smoke joy. *It is because—and this is the tail that wags the dog—it is because Prince Albert is made by a patented process, controlled and used exclusively by us.* The patented process is what makes Prince Albert Prince Albert. It is this discovery of a German scientist, perfected for us by experts after three years' effort and at a tremendous cost, that gives P. A. its fine rich flavor and fragrance and makes it as stingless as a bumblebee minus the part he sits down with.

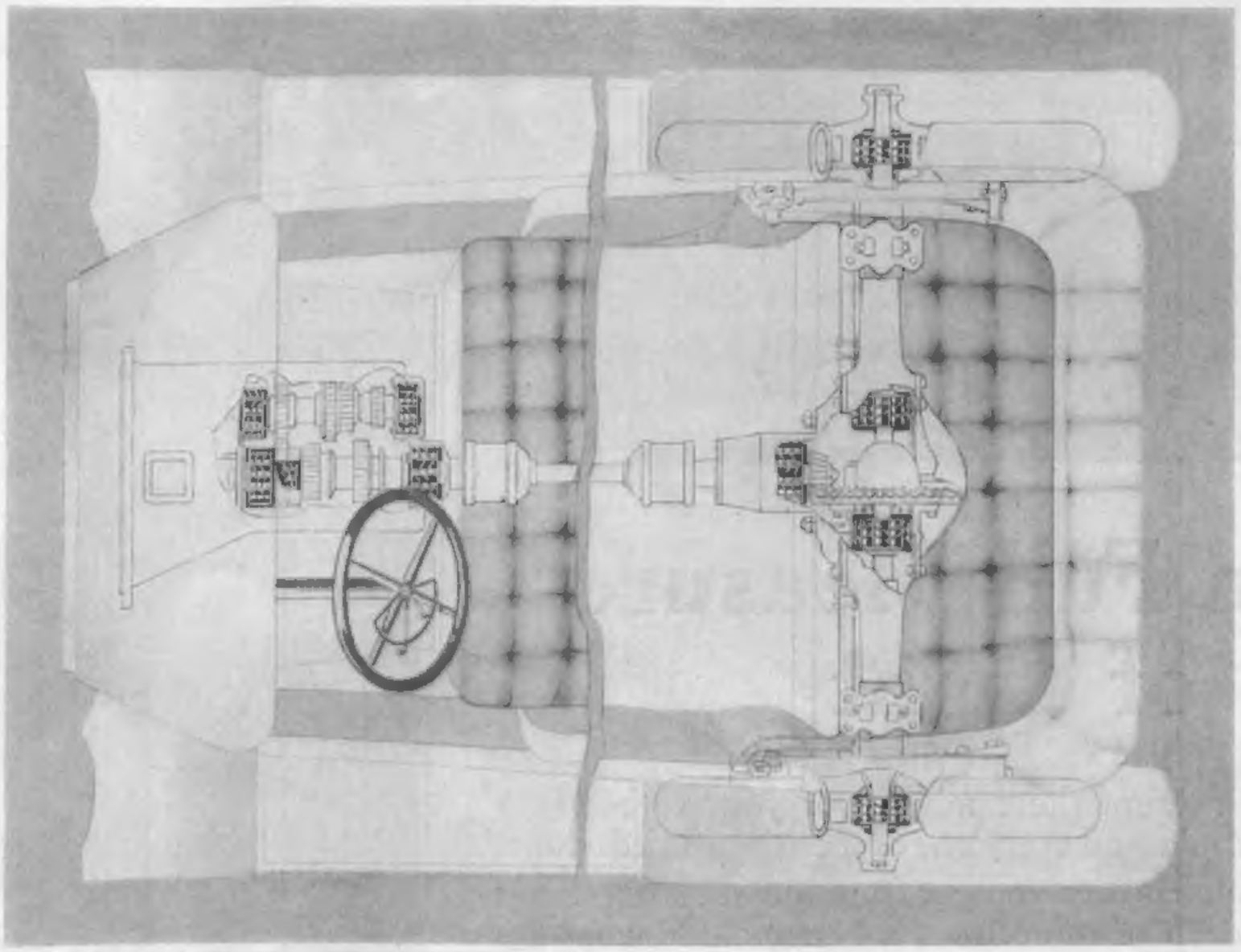
When P. A. first came on the market there were about umpty dozen brands that men would try, first one, then another, always hankering for a good, satisfying, cool pipe smoke. Nothing doing. Every last one of them put a nip in the pipe that was sharp as the tooth of time. When men listened to our story about the goodness and bitelessness of P. A. they took a few whiffs and then went to it on the jump, slam-bang, like a bass goes for a frog. Out came the old jimmy pipes laid away and ofttimes forgotten.

If you've never tried P. A., you owe it to your tongue to stop around at the nearest shop on the way home and swap a dime for a tidy red tin or a nickel for a toppy red bag. Try it in your jimmy pipe tonight and see how cool and comfortable your tongue and throat feel after a right strenuous session. Or, if you belong to the tribe of cigarette rollers, wrap a piece of paper around a charge of P. A. and see what an unusually fine cigarette P. A. makes. Try this out; then you'll understand why more and more men everywhere, every day, say, "Gi'me some Prince Albert."

All stores where smokes are sold carry P. A. in the famous pocket packages, the tidy red tin and the toppy red bag. These are the styles and sizes to tote on the hip; but for home use you will want to investigate the P. A. one-pound glass humidor. This is a handsome container of crystal glass that holds just a pound of P. A. and keeps it in prime condition at all times. A great tobacco kept in its original state of factory goodness, just dry enough, just moist enough, by a humidor that cannot be excelled.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, Winston-Salem, N. C.

HY·FLEX·ROL



GOOD WORK IS DONE QUIETLY—NOISE IS USUALLY AN INDICATION OF A LACK OF HARMONY IN THE WORKING PARTS.

The unobtrusive little Hyatt Bearings in the above chassis view carry burdens that would break the back of an elephant. Yet they perform their work so quietly, so smoothly, and so efficiently that their whereabouts is almost a mystery.

At the points of great strain—the wheel bearings—next to the differential and the driving pinion—in the transmission, in fact, everywhere they are used in the car, Hyatt Quiet Bearings give dependable year-in and year-out service.

Hyatt Roller Bearings cushion road shocks—absorb vibrations, reducing noise—tend to keep gears and shafts in alignment, and for these reasons lengthen the life of a car. They are used in every type of motor vehicle.

"HYATT QUIET BEARINGS"

HYATT ROLLER BEARING CO.

DETROIT, CHICAGO
NEWARK, N.J.

ILLUSTRATIVE LITERATURE UPON REQUEST

Get a Full Measure of Light

If you could measure the candlepower your carbon lamps are giving you'd find every one of them two-thirds short.

For every 4 candlepower you get from a carbon lamp you can have a dozen or more from a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp with exactly the same current.

You won't take four eggs for a dozen—why take less light than you pay for?

The current's the same, the bill is the same. The difference is in the lamp.

NATIONAL MAZDA

THE QUALITY LAMP MADE IN AMERICA

Think of the silent, nightly, yearly waste of current in carbon lamps—current that can either be saved entirely or converted into three times as much light in NATIONAL MAZDA lamps.

Think of the choice of sizes you get in NATIONAL MAZDA lamps—from 10 to 1000 watts—a lamp for every socket and every purpose.

Triple Light Guaranteed

We guarantee that every NATIONAL MAZDA lamp will give at least three times and in the larger sizes six times as much light as a carbon lamp using the same quantity of electricity. Both lamps have equal life, but the NATIONAL MAZDA lamp stays bright longer, won't blacken so readily with age, fits any socket, burns in any position and makes better light.

New Low Prices

Measure your light and get your money's worth. Stop two-thirds of your current waste by putting a NATIONAL MAZDA lamp in every socket. Buy lamps in the Blue Convenience-Carton from Lighting Companies and stores everywhere. Use Hylo Mazda turn-down lamps in your bathroom, bedrooms, halls, nursery. Write for unusually instructive booklet "National Index of Mazda Lamps."

National Lamp Works
of General Electric Company

67 Nela Park, Cleveland, First City in Electric Lighting

Any of these labels is a guaranty of National Quality

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company
Independence Square
Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1914,
by The Curtis Publishing Company in
the United States and Great Britain

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office
as Second-Class Matter

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the
Post-Office Department
Ottawa, Canada

Volume 187 *PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1914* *Number 21*

THE NEW Mmilitants

PHOTO. BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

English Nurses Arriving at Dieppe En Route to the Front

By CORRA HARRIS

ON THE twenty-ninth of September three years ago I took the boat at Harwich bound for Berlin by way of the Hook of Holland. I left London spread wide, her foundations laid centuries deep in time, her towers and spires shining in the sun as they had shone for centuries. Children were playing in the parks and in the little green gardens along the Thames. The streets were filled with comfortable people. Even the beggars were enjoying themselves as only the beggars of a nation can that provides whole streets of almshouses for their shelter and protection.

The women of the upper classes were employing their enforced idleness—from which women always suffer in a prosperous country—in working through their guilds and in hectoring paupers and taking care of them. The suffragists were active, but the virago branch of this movement had not then become offensively militant. They were merely furnishing street entertainments for the populace; and Mrs. Humphry Ward was beginning her house-to-house distribution of antisuffrage literature. Neither the one nor the other was having the least effect on the mind of the nation.

London had just passed through a great strike with deserved self-congratulation, having shown the world how to conduct a strike in an orderly and effective manner. The strikers themselves were proud of the decency and law-abiding spirit they had maintained. And they had reason to be.

All this time, and doubtless for many years, the British War Office must have had its monocle eye grimly fixed on Germany; but the Kaiser and his cousin, King George, were lunching together and presumably gossiping about their other cousin, the Czar of Russia.

War was incredible to the English people. They had outgrown war in England. It was a matter of history, which they were changing into legends to amuse the children. Their men went away to the ends of the earth when they fought in battle.

The only thing that was bothering thoughtful men in the Old World then was the Socialists, who did not believe in war, or monarchs, or emperors—or even in governments for that matter. Still, they served a useful purpose. They formed one of the bulwarks of the Universal Peace Plan. And it was the custom to refer to the overwhelming number of Socialists in Germany, when anyone deplored the persistent medieval militarism of that country, as a proof that the Kaiser could never realize his ambition as a War Lord, because Socialists would not fight. This was their cardinal virtue.

Last week I came up to London again, exactly three years to the day from the date of my departure.

For two months the Kaiser had been fighting the troops of the allied nations, with all the Socialists in Germany in the front ranks of his army! For two months, along with thousands of other Americans, I had been in Times Square, New York, reading war news from bulletin boards that covered three sides of the Times Building.

Like every other American, I was lifted to the nth degree of sympathy and compassion for this war-stricken country. As I came out of Euston Station in London I was prepared to see the streets blocked with terrified crowds, women in tears, and troops marching to the strains of national hymns.

Nothing of the sort was visible. London was a magnificent anticlimax. She stood as I had left her, sublimely mild in the warm September sunlight. The same traffic and the same streams of calm, self-possessed people filled the thoroughfares. As we passed through Printing House Square I saw a white bulletin board about half the size of a pillowcase on the London Times Building, with two men instead of two thousand standing in front of it.

The evidences of war were purely ornamental. There was a strip of red bunting stretched across Piccadilly Circus with these words in white letters on it: "Enlist to-day! Your King needs you!" Placards at street corners, pasted on public buildings, showed this appeal: "Your Country needs you! Enlist To-day!" Every taxicab carried "A Call to Arms!" on its dust shield. Lord Kitchener's address to the young men of England has taken the place of the famous Pink's Jam advertisements on the omnibuses. It was not until evening, when London disappeared night-hidden, with her streets like black, shining rivers between mournful gray cliffs, that one could realize the horrific situation these English men and women face with their immemorial fortitude. Stars showed like the street lights of some far Eternity above her chasms and curious silence. Somewhere far down in the shadows of Piccadilly a woman was singing the Marseillaise to the accompaniment of a street organ—a terrible evangel of the spirit of war.

Searchlights passed continually above the city, wide fans of splendor in the darkness. Once I saw an object moving slowly, like a great silver fish, across the path of one of those lights—an airship, which guards London from the attack of German Zeppelins.

When one understands the significance of all this, the roar of guns and the wild orgy of battle are not more terrible to contemplate. Yet these people do understand, and they face the situation with calculated courage and patience. No terror of the enemy can drive them to extremes. There is no rush for enlistment; but as fast as room is made in the barracks and training grounds for troops new regiments of these shopkeepers, artisans and gentlemen's sons are at the gates waiting to be received as volunteers for Kitchener's army. That which impresses the stranger is the absence of fear; the stolid, unemotional quality of this nation's confidence and courage.

And this is not peculiar to the men. It is equally characteristic of the women. The Englishwoman has become the British woman. There is a difference. She is equal to everything—every loss, every hardship, every emergency—except the loss of confidence in her men's courage and ability to accomplish victory. I have not seen a single woman who entertains the possibility of failure. Their confidence in the British soldiers is literal. They do not struggle to maintain it.

"You see we know they cannot fail! Our armies have never been defeated. They have always been victorious. Is it not so?"

The cruel woman is an abomination, an abortion of Nature. There are no cruel women in England now, no militant suffragists, no antimilitants, none of those ruffian gentlewomen that many of us remember, but whom we must forget. They no longer exist here. You cannot tell one Englishwoman from another. They have all returned to the nature of the elemental woman, which is to succor and minister to men without question. Her Ladyship, Her Grace, Mrs. Famous So-and-So, and the hizzy maids, and the factory girls, and the saleswomen, and the poorest of the poor are all working side by side in the common cause. "They are our men and we are their women!" is the motto of the Englishwomen.

Yet they are enduring at the present time the greatest possible injustice from the men of England and the government that Englishmen have made: they are being robbed of their husbands and sons. They are reduced to poverty and their children to beggary. The battle for them begins where this war ends, and it must last so long as they live; for all wars are waged against women and children.

However victorious an army is, it must purchase victory by defeating them. They are the victims who cannot end their sufferings on the field of battle; who will never be decorated with the Victoria Cross for their courage; who will have no monuments raised to praise them, but who must serve life sentences to poverty, and endure the long siege of the years helpless and alone. And most of them will; for it is the private soldier who does the dangerous bloody drudgery of the actual fighting, and the average private soldier is a man of no fortune at all, whose family depends on his labor from day to day for support.

This is the fallacy of patriotism: It places the ambition of war lords, the cupidity of national governments and the love for country above the love of a man for his wife and children. The land on which a nation lives is not sacred. It is the nation that is sacred, and the arts and institutions and virtues which uphold it. These are the very things war destroys in the name of patriotism, and for the restoring of which the broken and impoverished people must be enormously taxed.

That is not all. Every woman in England to-day whose husband dies in the Battle of the Rivers, every child whose father perishes there, is a living sacrifice that England makes to Germany for the victory she may win.

But that is not the view instilled by the military spirit. With all their intelligence and humanity, the men who govern here are still too primitively just men for men consciously to take the fate of women and children into consideration as being separate and different in needs from their own. For "men must fight and women must weep" is as much the sense of England in this war as it was two hundred years ago.

When the Women of a Nation Mobilize

LORD ROBERTS has just addressed a message to the children of the British Isles, designed to instill patriotism, but which indicates how little their future is thought of when a government makes treaties. He explains that England was bound to keep her treaty with France. The word of a gentleman and of a nation is a bond of honor that must be redeemed. He tells how England, as a powerful nation, was obliged to come to the aid of Belgium invaded, as a chivalrous man protects a weaker man from a merciless enemy.

It sounds well, noble-minded; but, as a matter of fact, it is medieval. Later, when these children are grown; when they have buried their widowed mothers; when they have endured the privations this war must cost them in fortune, in education and in opportunities, they will forbid the making of treaties the keeping of which is predicated on the sword and the sacrificing of the women and children at home.

So long as women cannot fight or have any voice in determining whether the nation shall go to war, it is immoral and unjust to force them to endure the burdens and sorrows that war brings chiefly to them—which reminds me to add that before I came to England I should have said this war would have been impossible if the women of Germany, France and England had the franchise.

Now I should not feel justified in making that assertion. If one may judge by these British women the women of the other nations involved, one must conclude that they are as much in favor of fighting as the men are. However, it must not be forgotten that some years before our Civil War more than ten thousand negro slaves in the South sent a petition to Washington protesting against freedom.

It comes to the same thing: Women who would vote for war must be as much under the dominion of their men as those slaves were under the dominion of their masters. But when one mentions here the injustice war entails on women and children they answer: "Yes; we know it. We have thought all that through; but this is no time to complain. War is! Our men are dying. Our duty is to serve and love and protect."

And they are doing that with an intelligence, an energy and a dispatch of which no one suspected that they were capable.

Five days after war was declared one hundred and sixty thousand women in London alone had mobilized. They were volunteers from every class—rising out of the depths of poverty; from the inertia and indulgence of wealth and idleness; out of a long repression into the most splendid activity. Most of them serve without pay and most of them work night and day.

This is the great Army of Defense that Englishwomen have raised at home for protection against the destructive agencies of the war. There are twenty-nine divisions in London, encamped in every part of the city, from Old Ford Road in East London to the headquarters of the Queen's Fund in Portland Place. There are what may be called garrisons of women in every town and village in England. The discipline is perfect; and, what is even more remarkable, the various elements work together harmoniously.

The Women's Emergency Corps, with headquarters at Old Bedford College, in Baker Street, is probably the most notable division. This corps was organized early in August. It has enrolled since that time the names of nearly fifteen thousand women.

The first night I was in London I went to a public meeting they held in Kingsway Hall. The house was filled with what in America we should call a representative audience—only we mean the best people; but these were all kinds of men and women, from the lowest to the highest, from the poorest to the richest.

The decorations of the speakers' platforms alone were worth the shilling or even the five shillings paid for a seat. Children's toys, "golliwogs," Noah's arks, cabinet work, strange tapestries, needlework, a landscape painted by a famous Belgian artist, were some of the things that hung from the railings, all produced by workers under direction of members of the corps, paid for by them at union-labor prices, and now exposed for sale and as samples from which merchants could make orders.

The Duchess of Marlborough presided. She is a frail young woman with a good speaking voice, who did not once look at the audience as she reported the work planned and accomplished by the corps. She was followed by Elizabeth Robins, the author. Her address enchanted the audience. She is a woman gifted with the high treble of a vibrant personality. She was frequently interrupted by cheers as she passed from one story to another of the corps' service, all related with the charm and sympathy of her literary art.

England, like the rest of us, has been getting most of her children's toys from Germany. One service of the Emergency Corps has been the establishment of a toy factory on a small scale, where destitute girls are given employment. One of these girls has produced what Elizabeth Robins calls a "practically indestructible" golliwog; and the story of this achievement, as told by her, was about the only part of the meeting reported in the London papers the next day.

The golliwog is destined to be the most popular child's doll in England this winter, though I must say it is hideous enough to frighten any normal child into fits—which is beside the mark just now. The point is that sixty girls who would otherwise be walking the streets of London are in an upper room somewhere in Old Bedford College earning a livelihood by crocheting these black-and-red monsters with protruding French-knot eyes.

Speaking of toys reminds me that we are to send over from America a shipload of Christmas gifts for the poor children in these stricken lands. If there are any German toys in the lot I doubt whether they would be acceptable to the most doll-less child in England or France or Belgium.

Mrs. Pethick Lawrence was the next speaker. It will be remembered that some years ago the Honorable Pethick Lawrence gave up his position at the bar here and his position at Cambridge to devote himself to the militant-suffrage cause. He and Mrs. Lawrence gave a very large sum to finance the movement. Later they both withdrew from it.

Mrs. Lawrence, however, is the best that England affords in the way of a brilliant democratic woman. She is what we should call a good stump speaker; and America is likely to have some experience of her valorous mind and methods shortly, as she is about to make a tour of the United States. She practically grasped that stolid British audience by the wrist and swung it round to her point of view. She showed that women, and women chiefly, could have dealt successfully with the terrific domestic disasters which face England in this crisis. And she concluded by collecting nearly five hundred pounds in ten minutes.

An Army That Does Not Get to the Front

I UNDERSTOOD for the first time why the streets of London are still clean and cheerful, and not filled with poignant scenes of distress, of half-crazed and homeless Belgian refugees, of wretched women, destitute girls and hungry children. These are the wounded who fall behind all battle lines; and this is the work of salvation that this Women's Army of Defense is doing in the wings of this war.

Two thousand Englishwomen who held positions on the Continent, especially in Germany and Austria, drifted back to London in August destitute. Not one of them failed to find shelter and food provided by the Emergency Corps and other branches of the Army of Defense. Since the fall of Liège and Brussels, Belgian refugees, at the rate of from four to six thousand a day, have been pouring into England. Their condition beggars description—half-clothed and half-starved peasants, women about to be confined, hordes of children, desolate old men and battle-maimed young men. All of them are met and provided for chiefly by these women, either directly or indirectly. They instituted the famous Surplus Food Plan for feeding them which has since been adopted by the government.

When these wretched people began to come faster than the women could place them, the Belgian War Refugee Committee took charge of this work. The women were dismissed, government clerks were put in wherever it was possible, and the work is now being conducted with a pay roll that exceeds two hundred pounds a week, which is taken out of the funds contributed for the relief of the Belgians. Even then the committee actually depends on the women to place and provide for the refugees. They are packed into the Alexandra Palace until they can be distributed throughout the towns of England, where the women volunteers take care

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

The Duchess of Westminster and, Among Others, a Well-Known Yachtsman

COPYRIGHT BY THE INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

The Duchess of Sutherland With a Corps of Nurses, Photographed Upon Her Return to England From Belgium

of them, do their marketing, clothe them, and give them that sympathy of which they stand so much in need.

The Belgians, like people who have had the very world in which they live literally destroyed, are reduced to their faith in God—the last resort for the hard-pressed soul of man. One of the most pathetic sights I have witnessed in England was a crowd of Belgian women and children standing in the railroad station of an old Sussex town, where they were met by Englishwomen who were to conduct them to homes.

These pallid-faced Flemish peasant mothers, with the eyes of crucified Madonnas, with wailing children clasped to their breasts and clinging to their skirts, craved another shelter. Their first question was: "Where is the church?" And by the church they meant the Catholic Church.

So they were led there, already shriven by the mighty sorrows of war and sacrifice, stripped of their worldly goods and often of every earthly tie, to make their prayer to the Prince of Peace, who is the Kaiser's God of War. Their faith was not shaken; it was intensified.

They fell on their knees before the Mary Mother in this little village church—fifty women, with their eyes fixed on the passionless faces of their dear saints. I could not bear the sight. I waited outside the church door with the Protestant women who had taken them there. We stood with bowed heads. Not a word was spoken. Not a sound came from within. Even the famished children had ceased to cry, in wonder at the peace and silence of that sanctuary. I thought of a preacher I had seen, crazed by the scenes of carnage through which he had passed, walking with his hands lifted in horror and repeating over and over this dolorous refrain: "The God that failed! The God that failed!"

Presently the women filed out, strangely comforted, their faces sweetly calm. They had been fed and clothed in that place by their faith, by the evidences they somehow retained of things hoped for, beyond the vision of this awful moment in their lives. They had projected themselves into that peaceful future of believing souls. They had prayed, at last, before an altar for their dead sons and husbands and fathers. These were now safe. The priest—they had seen him. He promised also to pray—not for them, but for their dead at Malines, who had not even been buried, and who had been trampled beneath the feet of the German soldiers.

Working Instead of Weeping

THE trouble with us is we think always of the providence of God in the terms of time, with the mortal sense of limitation. As I watched these simple women I understood that this war and the horrors it brings are only moments in the fate of these people. Beyond the moment of death, beyond these swift years of poverty and privation for those who survive, there remains Eternity, in which to live and to accomplish righteousness and peace.

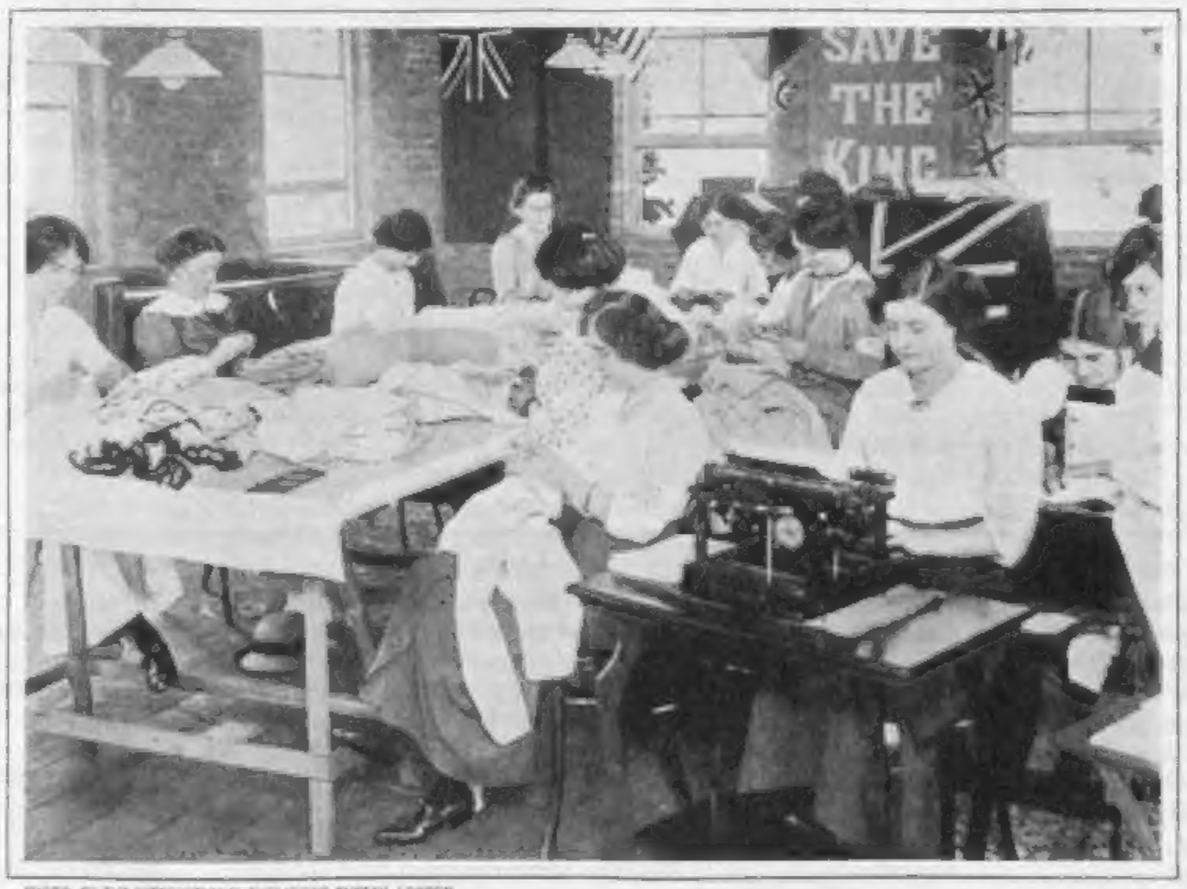
What Englishmen do, they do well; that is their distinction. As officials of the government, however, they retain the majesty and deliberation of Almighty God; and they do things as though they had Eternity before them in which to do them. Though the heavens fall and the Kaiser rims this island with uhlans, they think now they shall be ready really to begin fighting before next spring! And they will be ready then; but before that time many of us who have not the Blücher-British poise of mind believe that the Kaiser will have failed or succeeded in his terrific ambition.

The humanitarian work of the government, in particular, is conducted in a manner so slow that it may be likened to "the mills of God." Years and years ago, though the War Office stood to support Florence Nightingale in her work for the wounded soldiers, she was often obliged to spend of her own fortune in order to meet the emergency rather than wait for funds from the government, which would reach her only after the emergency had died of its wounds. If it had been left entirely to the machinery of the British War Office to provide for these Belgians, half of them would already be begging in the streets of London.

As it is, I have not seen one there. The Englishwomen have been like live coals on the back of the government. They have organizations that move quickly and effectively. This is the more remarkable when one considers that there are no mass meetings of women, no parades, no campaigning to enlist attention and support. Far apart, they are of one mind, moved by a single motive.

PHOTO, BY THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING BUREAU, LONDON

Mrs. Humphry Ward



PHOTO, BY THE INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING BUREAU, LONDON

Girls and Women Who Have Been Thrown Out of Employment Find Work in Workshops in the Residence of Sir Hiram Maxim

PHOTO, BY THE BAIN NEWS SERVICE, NEW YORK CITY

The Vanderbilt House in Paris Turned Into a Hospital

They have received a kind of baptism. They are out of themselves, in one spirit. They have become blood kin through the blood that has flowed from their men in battle—the one to the other, everywhere. It is a common sight in the streets of London at this time to see a very poor woman walk up and address milady, seated somewhere in her motor car—not to beg, but to ask something like this:

"Is there any news? My son is with the army. I have not heard from him. I do not know if he is still living."

Her ladyship's son is also with the army. She has heard nothing. She does not know, either, whether he is living—for there never is any news. When news reaches London it will be the last news. The Kaiser may be expected on the next boat—or the victorious English troops.

I doubt whether we can understand these Englishwomen. They have accomplished a sentimentality on a stupendous scale as stolidly as though it were a mere decency with one of their everlasting feather boas dangling from its neck. Many of them who are in the thick of this activity have been reduced to poverty since the war began; but this has no effect on their sense of duty. The women of the Emergency Corps alone during the last month have been teaching French to six hundred English recruits every day. They have furnished over a thousand sheets and bedslips for the wounded and hundreds of blankets for the army.

In connection with other organizations they have furnished and equipped four hospitals in France and Belgium, which are entirely supported by women, with corps of women doctors and nurses. Besides providing practically for the refugees, they have managed to place the Belgian children in school. Many of these children have been legally adopted, and the destitute Belgian mothers who come with babies in their arms face a strange danger from these philanthropists—the Englishwomen want the babies "for keeps."

I witnessed this interview between a round British matron from near Stratford and a poor Flemish woman who had a young infant in her arms: The Englishwoman explained to the Relief Committee that all her children were sons, grown now, and she wanted a girl baby. She showed references to prove that she could provide handsomely for the child.

All this was explained to the Flemish mother through an interpreter, while the Englishwoman fixed covetous eyes on the infant. I could not see why anyone should want the little creature. It was very young, almost as ugly as a golliwog, and evidently distressed at being alive at all.

England's Open Door

THE mother was terrified. This was the only baby she had ever had. Its father had died before Brussels. She felt the need of the baby. It was all she had now of him. She begged that it should not be taken from her. Very well then; the Englishwoman would take both of them home with her. And she did.

No refugees have been turned from England's door. They have been mercifully cared for, and chiefly through her women. Women have set an example for all time in the wisdom of love and charity, for that which impresses the intelligent observer is the understanding with which they have performed this stupendous task. They have not only worked as women never worked before but they have loved as women have never loved before—not their own, but the other peoples of the stricken earth. They have accomplished the eloquence of mercy without emotion, while their men have worked out a more rhetorical glory in the din of battle. One is constructive—the other destructive; it is destructive, no matter how great the victories are that they may win.

Two days since, I had my first experience in active service with the Women's Emergency Corps. I was permitted to join, though I doubt whether I conformed to the usual military demands.

Five hundred of the four thousand Belgian refugees who came that day to London from Antwerp were expected on the next train at the Liverpool Street Station.

Miss Valliamia, who is at the head of the interpreters' department at Old Bedford College, saw me in her office. She was having her lunch, from a cup and plate on her desk, while she saw visitors, gave instructions, answered telegrams and attended to the hundred details of her work. For weeks this woman has been at her post from early morning until sometimes as late as four o'clock the next morning, controlling and commanding the various elements of which her staff is composed, which includes anybody and everybody of good report who can speak French or Flemish and who is willing to volunteer for this service.

(Continued on Page 57)

ARABELLA'S HOUSE PARTY

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. B. KING

This Brought Him Closer to the Brown Eyes for an Intoxicating Instant

FARRINGTON read the note three times, fished the discarded envelope out of his wastepaper basket, scrutinized it thoroughly, and then addressed himself again to the neat vertical script. What he read was this:

If Mr. Farrington will appear at the Sorona Tea House, on the Bayfield Road, near Corydon, at four o'clock to-day—Tuesday—the matter referred to in his reply to our advertisement may be discussed. We serve only one client at a time and our consultations are all strictly confidential.

The note was unsigned, and the paper, the taste and quality of which were beyond criticism, bore no address. The envelope had not passed through the post office, but had been thrust by a private messenger into the R. F. D. box at Farrington's gate.

Laurance Farrington had been established in the Berkshires for a year, and his house in the hills back of Corydon, with the Housatonic tumbling through his meadow, had been much described in newspapers and literary journals as the ideal home for a bachelor author. He had remodeled an old farmhouse to conform to his ideas of comfort, and incidentally he maintained a riding horse, a touring car and a runabout; and he had lately set up an Airedale kennel.

He was commonly spoken of as one of the most successful and prosperous of American novelists. He not only satisfied the popular taste but he was on cordial terms with the critics. He was thirty-one, and since the publication of The Fate of Catherine Gaylord, in his twenty-fourth year, he had produced five other novels and a score or more of short stories of originality and power.

An enviable man was Laurance Farrington. When he went back to college for commencement he shared attention with presidents and ex-presidents; and governors of states were not cheered more lustily. He was considered a very eligible young man and he had not lacked opportunities to marry. His friends marveled that, with all his writing of love and marriage, he had never, so far as any one knew, been in love or anywhere near it.

As Farrington read his note in the quiet of his study on this particular morning it was evident that his good fortune had not brought him happiness. For the first time he was finding it difficult to write. He had begun a novel that he believed would prove to be the best thing he had done; but for three months he had been staring at blank paper. The plot he had relied on proved, the moment he began to fit its parts together, to be absurdly weak; and his characters had deteriorated into feeble, spineless creatures over whom he had no control. It was inconceivable that the mechanism of the imagination would suddenly cease to work, or that the gift of expression would pass from him without warning; and yet this had apparently happened.

Reading somewhere that Sir Walter Scott had found horseback riding stimulating to the imagination, he galloped madly every afternoon, only to return tired and idealess; and the invitations of his neighbors to teas and dinners had been curtly refused or ignored. It was then that he saw in a literary journal this advertisement:

PLOTS SUPPLIED. Authors in need of assistance served with discretion. Address X Y Z, care of office, THE QUILL.

To put himself in a class of amateurs requiring help was absurd, but the advertisement piqued his curiosity. Baker, the editor of The Quill, wrote him just then to ask for an article on Tendencies in American Fiction; and in declining this commission Farrington subjoined a facetious inquiry as to the advertisement of X Y Z. In replying, Baker said that copy for the ad had been left at the business office by a stranger. A formal note accompanying it stated that a messenger would call later for answers.

"Of course," the editor added jocularly, "this is only another scheme for extracting money from fledgling inkslingers—the struggling geniuses of Peoria and Ypsilanti. You're a lucky dog to be able to sit on Olympus and look down at them."

Farrington forced his unwilling pen to its task for another week, hoping to compel the stubborn fountains to break loose with their old abundance. His critical faculties were malevolently alert and keen, now that his creative sense languished. He hated what he wrote and cursed himself because he could do no better.

To add to his torture, the advertisement in The Quill recurred to him persistently, until, in sheer frenzy, he framed a note to X Y Z—an adroit feeler, which he hoped would save his face in case the advertisement had not been put forth in good faith.

Plots—he wrote—were the best thing he did; and as X Y Z seemed to be interested in the subject it might be amusing if not indeed profitable for them to meet and confer. This was the cheapest bravado; he had not had a decent idea of any sort for a year!

X Y Z was nothing if not prompt. The reply, naming the Sorona Tea House as a rendezvous, could hardly have reached him sooner; and the fact that it had been slipped into his mail box unofficially greatly stimulated his interest.

The Sorona Tea House stood on a hilltop two miles from Farrington's home and a mile from Corydon, his post office and center of supplies. It had been designed to lure motorists to the neighborhood in the hope of interesting them in the purchase of property. It was off the main thoroughfares and its prosperity had been meager; in fact, he vaguely remembered that some one had told him the Sorona was closed. But this was not important; if closed it would lend itself all the better to the purposes of the conference.

He lighted his pipe and tramped over his fields with his favorite Airedale until luncheon. It was good to be outdoors; good to be anywhere, in fact, but nailed to a desk. The brisk October air, coupled with the prospect of finding a solution of his problems before the day ended, brought him to a better mood, and he sat down to his luncheon with a good appetite.

When three o'clock arrived he had experienced a sharp reaction. He was sure he was making a mistake; he was tempted to pack a suitcase and go for a week-end with some friends on Long Island, who had been teasing him for a visit; but this would not be a decent way to treat X Y Z, who might be making a long journey to reach the tea house.

The question of X Y Z's sex now became obtrusive. Was the plot specialist man or woman? The handwriting in the note seemed feminine and yet it might have been penned by a secretary. The use of *our* and *we* rather pointed to more than one person. Very likely this person who offered plots in so businesslike a fashion was a spectacled professor who had gone through all existing fiction, analyzing devices and making new combinations, and would prove an intolerable bore—a crank probably; possibly an old maid who had spent her life reading novels and was amusing herself in her old age by furnishing novelists with ideas. He smoked and pondered. He was persuaded that he had made an ass of himself in answering the advertisement and the sooner he was through with the business the better.

He allowed himself an hour to walk to the Sorona, and set off rapidly. He followed the road to the hilltop and found the tea house incontestably there.

The place certainly had a forsaken look. The veranda was littered with leaves, the doors and windows were closed, and no one was in sight. Depression settled on him as he noted the chairs and tables piled high in readiness for storing for the winter. He passed round to the western side of the house, and his heart gave a thump as he beheld a table drawn close to the veranda rail and set with a braver showing of napery, crystal and silver than he recalled from his few visits to the house in midsummer. A spirit lamp was just bringing the kettle to the boiling point: it puffed steam furiously. There were plates of sandwiches and cakes, cream and sugar, and cups—two cups!

"Good afternoon, Mr. Farrington! If you're quite ready let's sit down."

He started, turned round and snatched off his hat.

A girl had appeared out of nowhere. She greeted him with a quick nod, as though she had known him always—as though theirs was the most usual and conventional of meetings! Then she walked to the table and surveyed it musingly.

"Oh, don't trouble," she said as he sprang forward to draw out her chair. "Let us be quite informal; and, besides, this is a business conference."

Nineteen, he guessed—twenty, perhaps; not a day more. She wore, well back from her face, with its brim turned up boyishly, an unadorned black velvet hat. Her hair was brown, and wisps of it had tumbled down about her ears; and her eyes—they, too, were brown—a golden brown which he had bestowed on his favorite heroine. They were meditative eyes—just such eyes as he might have expected to find in a girl who set up as a plot specialist. There was a dimple in her right cheek. When he had dimpled a girl in a story he bestowed dimples in pairs. Now he saw the superiority of the single dimple, which keeps the interested student's heart dancing as he waits for its appearance. Altogether she was a wholesome and satisfying young person, who sent scampering all his preconceived ideas of X Y Z.

"I'm so glad you were prompt! I always hate waiting for people," she said.

"I should always have hated myself if I had been late," he replied.

"A neat and courteous retort! You see the tea house is closed. That's why I chose it. Rather more fun anyhow, bringing your own things."

They were very nice things. He wondered how she had got them there.

"I hope," he remarked leadingly, "you didn't have to bring them far!"

She laughed merrily at his confusion as he realized that this was equivalent to asking her where she lived.

"Let's assume that the fairies set the table. Do you take yours strong?"

He delayed answering that she might poise the spoonful of tea over the pot as long as possible. Hers was an unusual hand; in his tales he had tried often to describe that particular hand without ever quite hitting it. He liked its brownness—tennis probably; possibly she did golf too. Whatever sports she affected, he was quite sure that she did them well.

"I knew you would like tea, for the people in your novels drink such quarts; and that was a bully short story of yours, The Lost Tea Basket—killingly funny—the real Farrington cleverness!"

He blinked, knowing how dead the real Farrington cleverness had become. Her manner was that of any well-brought-up girl at a tea table, and her attitude toward him continued to be that of an old acquaintance. She took him as a matter of course; and though this was pleasant, it shut the door on the thousand and one questions he wished to ask her.

Just now she was urging him to try the sandwiches; she had made them herself, she averred, and he need not be afraid of them.

"Perhaps," he suggested with an accession of courage, "you won't mind telling me your name."

"It was nice of you to come," she remarked dreamily, ignoring his question, "without asking for credentials. I'll be perfectly frank and tell you that I couldn't give you references if you asked for them; you're my first client! I almost said patient!" she added laughingly.

"If you had said patient you would have made no mistake! I've been out of sorts—my wits not working for months."

"I thought your last book sounded a little tired," she replied. "There were internal evidences of weariness. You rather worked the long arm of coincidence overtime, for example—none of your earlier bounce and zest. Even your last short story didn't quite get over—a little too self-conscious probably; and the heroine must have identified the hero the first time she saw him in his canoe."

She not only stated her criticisms frankly but she uttered them with assurance, as though she had every right to pass judgment on his performances. This was the least bit irritating. He was slightly annoyed—as annoyed as any man of decent manners dare be at the prettiest girl who has ever brightened his horizon. But this passed quickly.

Not only was she a pretty girl but he became conscious of little graces and gestures, and of a charming direct gaze, that fascinated him. And, for all her youth, she was very wise; he was confident of that.

"I must tell you that though I had dozens of letters, yours was the only one that appealed to me. A majority of them were frivolous, and some were from writers whose work I dislike. I had a feeling that if they were played out they never would be missed. But you are different; you are Farrington, and to have you fail would be a calamity to American literature."

He murmured his thanks. Her sympathetic tone was grateful to his bruised spirit. He had gone too far now to laugh away his appeal to her. And as the moments passed his reliance on her grew.

They talked of the weather, the hills and the autumn foliage, while he speculated as to her identity.

"Of course you know the Berkshires well, Miss ——"

"A man who can't play a better approach than that certainly needs help!" she laughed.

He flushed and stammered.

"Of course I might have asked you directly if you lived in the Hills. But let us be reasonable. I'm at least entitled to your name; without that ——"

"Without it you will be just as happy!"

"Oh, but you don't mean that you won't ——"

"That's exactly what I mean!" She smiled, her elbows on the table, the slim brown fingers interlaced under her firm rounded chin.

"That isn't fair. You know me; and yet I'm utterly in the dark as to you ——"

"Oh, names are not of the slightest importance. Of course X Y Z is rather awkward. Let's find another name—something you can call me by as a matter of convenience if, indeed, we meet again."

She bit into a macaroon dreamily while this took effect.

"Not meet again!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, of course it's possible we may not. We haven't discussed our business yet; but when we reach it you may not care for another interview."

"On a strictly social basis I can't imagine myself never seeing you again. As for my business, let it go hang!"

She lifted a finger with a mockery of warning.

"No business, no more tea; no more anything! You would hardly call the doctor or the lawyer merely to talk about the scenery. And by the same token you can hardly take the time of a person in my occupation without paying for it."

"But, Miss ——"

"There you go again! Well, if you must have a name, call me Arabella! And never mind about 'Missing' me."

"You're the first Arabella I've ever known!" he exclaimed fervidly.

"Then be sure I'm your last!" she returned mockingly; then laughed gayly. "Oh, rubbish! Let's be sensible. I have a feeling that the girls in your stories are painfully stiff, and they're a little too much alike. They're always just coming down from Newport or Bar Harbor, and we are introduced to them as they enter their marble palaces on Fifth Avenue and ring for Riggles to serve tea at once. You ought to cut out those stately, impossible queens and go in for human interest. I'll be really brutal and say that I'm tired of having your heroine pale slightly as her lover—the one she sent to bring her an orchid known only to a cannibal tribe of the upper Amazon—appears suddenly at the door of her box at the Metropolitan, just as Wolfram strikes up his eulogy of love in Tannhäuser. If one of the cannibals in his war dress should appear at the box door carrying the lover's head in a wicker basket, that would be interesting; but for Mister Lover to come wearing the orchid in his buttonhole is commonplace. Do you follow me?"

She saw that he flinched. No one had ever said such things to his face before.

"Oh, I know the critics praise you for your wonderful portrait gallery of women, but your girls don't strike me as being real spontaneous American girls. Do you forgive me?"

He would have forgiven her if she had told him she had poisoned his tea and that he would be a dead man in five minutes.

"Perhaps," he remarked boldly, "the fact that I never saw you until to-day will explain my failures!"

"A little obvious!" she commented serenely. "But we'll overlook it this time. You may smoke if you like."

She lighted a match for him and held it to the tip of his cigarette. This brought him closer to the brown eyes for an intoxicating instant. Brief as that moment was, he had detected on each side of her nose little patches of freckles that were wholly invisible across the table. He was ashamed to have seen them, but the knowledge of their presence made his heart go pitapat. His heart had always performed its physical functions with the utmost regularity, but as a center of emotions he did not know it at all. He must have a care. Arabella folded her hands on the edge of the table.

"The question before us now is whether you wish to advise with me as to plots. Before you answer you will have to determine whether you can trust me. It would be foolish for us to proceed if you don't think I can help you. On the other hand, I can't undertake a commission unless you intrust your case to me fully. And it wouldn't be fair for you to allow me to proceed unless you mean to go through to the end. My system is my own; I can't afford to divulge it unless you're willing to confide in me."

There Were Three Men and He Guiltily Surmised That They Were Deputy Sheriffs or Constables Looking for Him

She turned her gaze on the gold and scarlet foliage of the slope below, to leave him free to consider. He was surprised that he hesitated. As an excuse for tea-table frivolity this meeting was well enough; as a business proposition it was ridiculous. But this unaccountable Arabella appealed strongly to his imagination. If he allowed her to escape, if he told her he had answered the advertisement of X Y Z merely in jest, she was quite capable of telling him good-by and slipping away into the nowhere out of which she had come. No—he would not risk losing her; he would multiply opportunities for conferences that he might prolong the delight of seeing her.

"I have every confidence," he said in a moment, "that you can help me. I can tell you in a word the whole of my trouble."

"Very well, if you are quite sure of it," she replied.

"The plain truth about me is," he said earnestly—and the fear he had known for days showed now in his eyes—"the fact about me is that I'm a dead one! I've lost my stroke. To be concrete, I've broken down in the third chapter of a book I promised to deliver in January, and I can't drag it a line farther!"

"It's as clear as daylight that you're in a blue funk," she remarked. "You're scared to death. And that will never do! You've got to brace up and cheer up! And the first thing I would suggest is ——"

"Yes, yes!" he whispered eagerly.

"Burn those three chapters and every note you've made for the book."

"I've already burned them forty times!" he replied ruefully.

"Burn them again. Then in a week, say, if you follow my advice explicitly, it's quite likely you'll find a new story calling you."

"Just waiting won't do it! I've tried that."

"But not under my care," she reminded him with one of her enthralling smiles. "An eminent writer has declared that there are only nine basic plots known to fiction; the rest are all variations. Let it be our affair to find a new one—something that has never been tried before!"

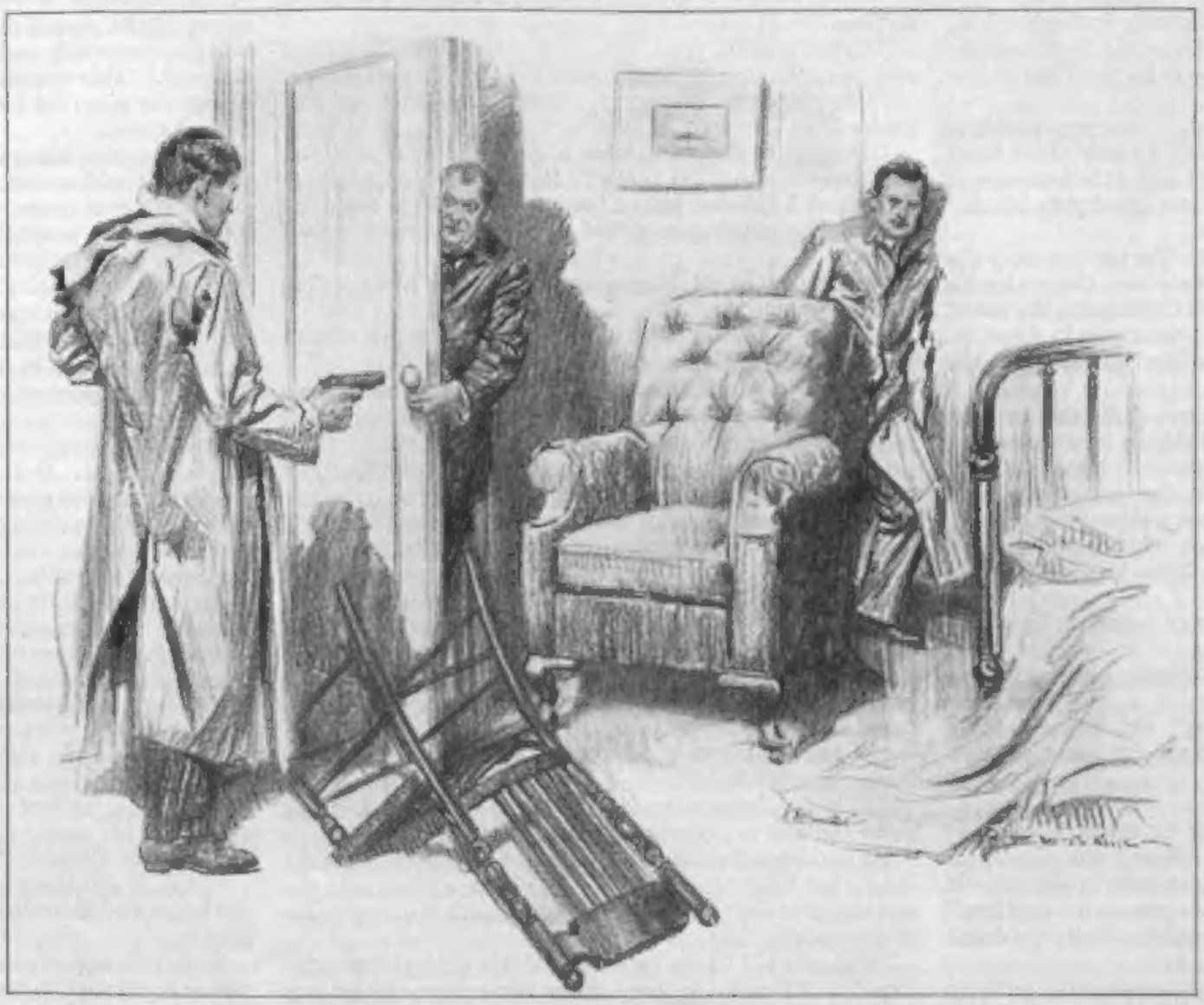
"If you could do that you'd save my reputation. You'd pull me back from the yawning pit of failure!"

"Cease firing! You've been making hard work of what ought to be the grandest fun in the world. The Quill had a picture of you planted beside a beautiful mahogany desk, waiting to be inspired. There's not much in this inspiration business. You've got to choose some real people, mix them up and let them go to it!"

"But," Farrington frowned, "how are you ever going to get them together? You can't pick out the interesting people you meet in the street and ask them to work up a plot for you."

"No," she asserted, "you don't ask them; you just make them do it. You see"—taking up a cube of sugar and touching it to the tip of her tongue—"every living man and woman, old or young, is bitten with the idea that he or she is made for adventure."

"Rocking-chair heroes," he retorted, "who'd cry if they got their feet wet going home from church!"



"And if You're Not Pretty Lively With That Key I'm Going to Shoot You Too"

"The tamer they are, the more they pine to hear the silver trumpet of romance under their windows," she replied, her eyes dancing.

He was growing deeply interested. She was no ordinary person, this girl.

"I see one obstacle," he replied dubiously. "Would you mind telling me just how you're going to effect these combinations—assemble the parts, so to speak; or, in your more poetical phrase, make the characters hearken to the silver horn?"

"That," she replied readily, "is the easiest part of all! You've already lost so much time that this is an emergency case and we'll call them by telegraph!"

"You don't mean that—not really!"

"Just that! We'll have to decide what combination would be the most amusing. We should want to bring together the most utterly impossible people—people who'd just naturally hate each other if they were left in the same room. In that way you'd quicken the action."

He laughed aloud at the possibilities; but she went on blithely:

"We ought to have a person of national distinction—a statesman preferred; some one who figures a lot in the newspapers. Let's begin," she suggested, "with the person in all the United States who has the least sense of humor."

"The competition would be keen for that honor," said Farrington, "but I suggest the Honorable Tracy B. Banning, the solemnest of all the United States senators—Idaho or Rhode Island—I forget where he hails from. It doesn't matter."

"I hoped you'd think of him," she exclaimed, striking her hands together delightedly.

"He owns a house—huge, ugly thing—on the other side of Corydon."

"Um! I think I've heard of it," she replied indifferently.

She drew from her sweater pocket and spread on the table these articles: a tiny vanity box, a silver-backed memorandum book, two caramels and a lead-pencil stub. There was a monogram on the vanity box, and remembering this she returned it quickly to her pocket. He watched her write the Senator's name in her book, in the same vertical hand in which the note making the appointment had been written. She lifted her head, narrowing her eyes with the stress of thought.

"If a man has a wife we ought to include her, perhaps."

Farrington threw back his head and laughed.

"Seems to me his wife's divorcing him—or the other way round. The press has been featuring them lately."

"Representative of regrettable tendency in American life," she murmured. "They go down as Mr. and Mrs."

"Now it's your turn," he said.

"Suppose we put in a gay and cheerful character now to offset the Senator. I was reading the other day about the eccentric Miss Sallie Collingwood, of Portland, Maine; she's rich enough to own a fleet of yachts, but she cruises up and down the coast in a disreputable old schooner—has a mariner's license and smokes a pipe. Is she selected?"

"I can't believe there's anybody so worth while on earth!"

"That's your trouble!" she exclaimed, lifting her head as she wrote the name. "Your characters never use the wrong fork for the fish course; they're all perfectly proper and stupid. Now it's your turn."

"It seems to me," he suggested, "that you ought to name all the others. As I think of it, I really don't know any interesting people. You're right about the tameness of my characters, and my notebooks are absolutely blank."

She merely nodded.

"Very well; I suppose it's only fair for me to supply the rest of the eggs for the omelet. Let me see; there's been a good deal in the papers about Birdie Coningsby, the son of the copper king, one of the richest young men in America. I've heard that he has red hair, and that will brighten the color scheme."

"Excellent!" murmured Farrington. "He was arrested last week for running over a constable in New Jersey. I judge that the adventurous life appeals to him."

"I suppose our Senator represents the state; the church also should be represented. Why not a clergyman of some sort? A bishop rather appeals to me; why not that Bishop of Tuscarora who's been warning New York against its sinful ways?"

"All right. He's at least a man of courage; let's give him a chance."

"A detective always helps," Arabella observed meditatively.

"Then by all means put in Gadsby! I'm tired of reading of his exploits. I think he's the most conceited ass now before the public."

"Gadsby is enrolled!"

She held up the memorandum for his inspection.

"That's about enough to start things," she remarked. "It's a mistake to have too many characters in a novel. Of course others may be drawn in—we can count on that."

"But the heroine—a girl that realizes America's finest and best ——"

"I think she should be the unknown quantity—left up in the air. But if you don't agree with that ——"

"I was thinking," he said, meeting her eyes, "that possibly you ——"

One of her most charming smiles rewarded this.

"As the chief plotter, I must stand on the side lines and keep out of it. But if you think ——"

"I think," he declared, "that the plot would be a failure if you weren't in it—very much in it."

"Oh, we must pass that. But there might be a girl of some sort. What would you think of Zaliska?"

"The dancer! To offset the bishop!"

The mirth in her eyes kindled a quick response in his. She laughingly jotted down the name of the Servian dancer who had lately kicked her way into fame on Broadway.

"But do you think," he interposed, "that the call of the silver horn is likely to appeal to her? You'd need a brass band for her!"

"Oh, variety is the spice of adventure! We'll give her a chance," she answered. "I think we have done well. One name more needs to be inscribed—that of Laurance Farrington."

She lifted her hand quickly as he demurred.

"You need experiences—adventures—to tone up your imagination. Perhaps Zaliska will be your fate; but there's always the unknown quantity."

They debated this at length. He insisted that he would be able to contribute nothing to the affair; that it was his lack of ideas which had caused him to appeal to her for help, and that it would be best for him to act the rôle of interested spectator.

"I'm sorry, but your objections don't impress me, Mr. Farrington. If you're not in the game you won't be able to watch it in all its details. So down you go!"

For a moment she pondered, with a wrinkling of her pretty brows, the memorandum before her; then closed the book and dropped it into her sweater pocket. He was immensely interested in her next step, wondering whether she really meant to bring together the widely scattered and unrelated people she had selected for parts in the drama that was to be enacted for his benefit.

She rose so quickly that he was startled, gave a boyish tug at her hat—there was something rather boyish about her in spite of her girlishness—and said with an air of determination:

"How would Thursday strike you for the first rehearsal? Very well, then. There may be some difficulty in reaching all of them by telegraph; but that's my trouble. Just where to hold the meeting is a delicate question. We should have"—she bent her head for an instant—"an empty house with large grounds; somewhere in these hills there must be such a place. You know the country better than I. Maybe ——"

"To give a house party without the owner's knowledge or consent is going pretty far; there might be legal complications," he suggested seriously.

"Timidity doesn't go in the adventurous life. And besides," she added calmly, "that matter doesn't concern us in the least. If they all get arrested it's so much the better for the plot. We can't hope for anything as grand as that!"

"But how about you! What if you should be discovered and go to jail! Imagine my feelings!"

"Oh, you're not to worry about me. That's my professional risk."

"Then, as to the place, what objection is there to choosing Senator Banning's house? He's in the cast anyhow. His place, I believe, hasn't been occupied for a couple of years. The gates were nailed up the last time I passed there."

She laughed at this suggestion rather more merrily than she had laughed before.

"That's a capital idea! Particularly as we've chosen him for his lack of humor!"

"If he has any fun in him he'll have a chance to show it," said Farrington, "when he finds his house filled with people he never saw before."

Questions of taste as to this procedure, hanging hazily at the back of his consciousness, were dispelled by Arabella's mirthful attitude toward the plan. He could hardly tell this joyous young person that it would be transcending the bounds of girlish naughtiness to telegraph a lot of people she didn't know to meet at the house of a gentleman who enjoyed national fame for his lack of humor. Arabella would only laugh at him. The delight that danced in her eyes was infectious and the spirit of adventure possessed him. He was impatient for the outcome; still, would she—dared she—do it?

She had drawn on a pair of tan gloves and struck her hands together lightly.

"This has been the nicest of little parties! I thank you—the first of my clients! But I must skip!"

He had been dreading the moment when she might take it into her head to skip. They had lingered long and the sun had dropped like a golden ball beneath the long levels of the woodland.

"But you will let me help with the tea things?" he cried eagerly. "I can telephone from the crossroads for my machine."

She ignored his offer. A dreamy look came into her eyes.

"I wonder," she said with the air of a child proposing a new game, "whether anyone's ever written a story about a person—man or girl—who undertakes to find some one; who seeks and seeks until it's a puzzling and endless quest—and then finds that the quarry is himself—or herself! Do you care for that? Think it over. I throw that in merely as a sample. We can do a lot better than that."

"Oh, you must put it in the bill!"

"Now," she said, "please, when you leave, don't look back; and don't try to find me! In this business who seeks shall never find. We place everything on the knees of the gods. Thursday evening, at Mr. Banning's, at eight o'clock. Please be prompt."

Then she lifted her arms toward the sky and cried out happily:

"There, sir, is the silver trumpet of romance! I make you a present of it."

He raised his eyes to the faint outline of the new moon that shone clearly through the tremulous dusk.

As he looked she placed her hands on the veranda railing and vaulted over it so lightly that he did not know she had gone until he heard her laughing as she sprang away and darted through the shrubbery of the woodland beneath the tea house.

From the instant Arabella disappeared Farrington tortured himself with doubts. One hour he believed in her implicitly; the next he was confident she had been playing with him and that he would never see her again.

He rose early Wednesday morning and set out in his runabout—a swift scouting machine—and covered a large part of Western Massachusetts before nightfall. Somewhere, he hoped, he might see her—this amazing Arabella, who had handed him the moon and run away! He visited the tea house; but every vestige of their conference had been removed. He was even unable to identify the particular table and chairs they had used. He drove to the Banning place, looked at the padlocked gates and the heavily shuttered windows, and hurried on, torn again by doubts. He cruised slowly through villages and past country clubs where girls adorned the landscape, hoping for a glimpse of her. It was the darkest day of his life, and when he crawled into bed at midnight he was seriously questioning his own sanity.

A storm fell on the hills in the night and the fateful day dawned cold and wet. He heard the rain on his windows gratefully. If the girl had merely been making sport of him he wanted the weather to do its worst. He cared nothing for his reputation now; the writing of novels was a puerile business, better left to women anyhow. The receipt of three letters from editors asking for serial rights to his next book enraged him. Idiots, not to know that he was out of the running forever!

He dined early, fortified himself against the persistent downpour by donning a corduroy suit and a heavy mackintosh, and set off for the Banning place at seven o'clock. Once on his way he was beset by a fear that he might arrive too early. As he was to be a spectator of the effects of the gathering, it would be well not to be first on the scene. As he passed through Corydon his engine changed its tune ominously and he stopped at a garage to have it tinkered. This required half an hour, but gave him an excuse for relieving his nervousness by finishing the run at high speed.

A big touring car crowded close to him, and in response to fierce honkings he made way for it. His headlights struck the muddy stern of the flying car and hope rose in him. This was possibly one of the adventurers hastening into the hills in response to Arabella's summons. A moment later a racing car, running like an express train, shot by and his lamps played on the back of the driver huddled over his wheel.

When he neared the Banning grounds Farrington stopped his car, extinguished the lights and drove it in close to the fence.

It was nearly eight-thirty and the danger of being first had now passed. As he tramped along the muddy road he heard, somewhere ahead, another car, evidently seeking an entrance. Some earlier arrival had opened the gates, and as he passed in and followed the curving road he saw that the house was brilliantly lighted.

As he reached the steps that led up to the broad main entrance he became panic-stricken at the thought of entering a house the owner of which he did not know from Adam, on an errand that he felt himself incapable of explaining satisfactorily. He turned back and was moving toward the gates when the short, burly figure of a man loomed before him and heavy hands fell on his shoulders.

"I beg your pardon!" said Farrington breathlessly. An electric lamp flashed in his face, mud-splashed from his drive, and his captor demanded his business. "I was just passing," he faltered, "and I thought perhaps ——"

"Well, if you thought perhaps, you can just come up to the house and let us have a look at you," said the stranger gruffly.

With a frantic effort Farrington wrenched himself free; but as he started to run he was caught by the collar of his raincoat and jerked back.

"None of that now! You climb right up to the house with me. You try bolting again and I'll plug you."

To risk a bullet in the back was not to be considered in any view of the matter, and Farrington set off with as much dignity as he could assume, his collar tightly gripped by his captor.

As they crossed the veranda the front door was thrown open and a man appeared at the threshold. Behind him hovered two other persons.

"Well, Gadsby, what have you found?"

"I think," said Farrington's captor with elation, "that we've got the man we're looking for!"

Farrington was thrust roughly through the door and into a broad, brilliantly lighted hall.

II

SENATOR BANNING was one of the most generously photographed of American statesmen, and the bewildered and chagrined Farrington was relieved to find his wits equal to identifying him from his newspaper pictures.

"Place your prisoner by the fireplace, where we can have a good look at him," the Senator ordered. "And, if you please, Gadsby, I will question him myself."

Rudely planted on the hearth, Farrington stared about him. Two of the persons on Arabella's list had answered the summons at any rate. His eyes ran over the others. A short, stout woman, wearing mannish clothes and an air of authority, advanced and scrutinized him closely.

"A very harmless person, I should say," she commented; and, having thus expressed herself sonorously, she sat down in the largest chair in the room.

The proceedings were arrested by a loud chugging and honking on the driveway.

Farrington forgot his own troubles now in the lively dialogue that followed the appearance on the scene of a handsome middle-aged woman, whose face betrayed surprise as she swept the room with a lorgnette for an instant, and then, beholding Banning, showed the keenest displeasure.

"I'd like to know," she demanded, "the precise meaning of this! If it's a trick—a scheme to compromise me—I'd have you know, Tracy Banning, that my opinion of you has not changed since I bade you farewell in Washington last April."

"Before we proceed farther," retorted Senator Banning testily, "I should like to ask just how you came to arrive here at this hour!"

She produced a telegram from her purse. "Do you deny that you sent that message, addressed to the Gassaway House at Putnam Springs? Do you suppose," she demanded as the Senator put on his glasses to read the message, "that I'd have made this journey just to see you?"

"Arabella suffering from nervous breakdown; meet me at Corydon house Thursday evening," read the Senator.

"Arabella ill!" exclaimed the indomitable stout lady. "She must have been seized very suddenly!"

"I haven't seen Arabella and I never sent you this telegram," declared the Senator. "I was brought here myself by a fraudulent message." He drew a telegram from his pocket and read impressively:

Arabella has eloped. Am in pursuit. Meet me at your house in Corydon Thursday evening.

SALLIE COLLINGWOOD.

The stout lady's vigorous repudiation of this telegram consumed much time, but did not wholly appease the Senator. He irritably waved her aside, remarking sarcastically: "It seems to me, Sallie Collingwood, that your presence here requires some explanation. I agreed to give you the custody of Arabella while Frances and I were settling our difficulties, because I thought you had wits enough to take care of her. Now you appear to have relinquished your charge, and without giving me any notice whatever. I had supposed, even if you are my wife's sister, that you would let no harm come to my daughter."

"I'll trouble you, Tracy Banning, to be careful how you speak to me!" Miss Collingwood replied. "Poor Arabella was crushed by your outrageous behavior, and if any harm has come to her it's your fault. She remained with me on the Dashing Rover for two weeks; and last Saturday, when I anchored in Boston Harbor to file proceedings against the captain of a passenger boat who had foully tried to run me down off Cape Ann, she ran away. Last night a telegram from her reached me at Beverly saying you were effecting a reconciliation and asking me to be here to-night to join in a family jollification. Meantime I had wired to the Gadsby Detective Agency to search for Arabella and asked them to send a man here."

"Reconciliation," exploded the lady with the lorgnette, "has never been considered! And if I've been brought here merely to be told that you have allowed Arabella to walk off your silly schooner into the Atlantic Ocean ——"

"You may as well calm yourself, Frances. There's no reason for believing that either Tracy or I had a thing to do with this outrage."

Gadsby Shook Him Severely, Presumably in the Hope of Jarring Loose Some Information

"Well, Bishop Giddings is with me; he, too, has been lured here by some one. We met on the train quite by chance and I shall rely on his protection."

A black-bearded gentleman, who had followed Mrs. Banning into the hall and quietly peeled off a raincoat, was now disclosed in the garb of a clergyman—the Bishop of Tuscarora, Farrington assumed. He viewed the company quizzically, remarking:

"Well, we all seem to be having a good time!"

"A great outrage has been perpetrated on us," trumpeted the Senator. "I'm amazed to see you here, Bishop. Some lawless person has opened this house and telegraphed these people to come here. When I found Gadsby on the premises I sent him out to search the grounds; and I strongly suspect"—he deliberated and eyed Farrington savagely—"that the culprit has been apprehended."

A young man with fiery red hair, who had been nervously smoking a cigarette in the background, now made himself audible in a high piping voice:

"It's a sell of some kind, of course. And a jolly good one!"

This provoked an outburst of wrath from the whole company with the exception of Farrington, who leaned heavily on the mantel in a state of helpless bewilderment. These people seemed to be acquainted; not only were they acquainted but they appeared to be bitterly hostile to one another.

Mrs. Banning had wheeled on the red-haired young man, whom Farrington checked off Arabella's list as Birdie Coningsby, and was saying imperiously:

"Your presence adds nothing to my pleasure. If anything could increase the shame of my summons here you most adequately supply it."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Banning," he pleaded; "but it's really not my fault. When Senator Banning telegraphed asking me to arrive here to-night for a week-end I assumed that it meant that Arabella ——"

"Before we go farther, Tracy Banning," interrupted the Senator's wife, "I want to be sure that your intimacy with this young scamp has ceased and that this is not one of your contemptible tricks to persuade me that he is a suitable man for my child to marry. After all the scandal we suffered on account of that landgrab you were mixed up in with old man Coningsby, I should think you'd stop trying to marry his son to my poor, dear Arabella!"

The Bishop of Tuscarora planted a chair behind Mrs. Banning just in time to save her from falling to the floor.

"Somebody has played a trick on all of us," said the detective. "My message was sent to my New York office and said that the Senator wished to see me here on urgent business. I got that message an hour after Miss Collingwood's and I have six men looking for the lost girl."

They compared notes with the result that each telegram was found to have been sent from a different railroad station between Great Barrington and Pittsfield. While this was in progress Farrington felt quite out of it and planned flight at the earliest moment. He pricked up his ears, however, as, with a loud laugh, the Bishop drew out his message and read it with oratorical effect:

"Adventure waits! Hark to the silver bugle! Meet me at Tracy Banning's house on Corydon Road via Great Barrington at eight o'clock Thursday evening. X Y Z."

Farrington clung to the mantel for physical and mental support. His mind was chaos; the Stygian Pit yawned at his feet. Beyond doubt, his Arabella of the tea table had dispatched messages to all the persons on her list; and, in the Bishop's case at least, she had given the telegram her own individual touch. No wonder they were paying no attention to him; the perspiration was trailing in visible rivulets down his mud-caked face and his appearance fully justified their suspicions.

"All my life," the Bishop of Tuscarora was explaining good-humoredly, "I have hoped that adventure would call me some day. When I got that telegram I heard the bugles blowing and set off at once. Perhaps if I hadn't known Senator Banning for many years, and hadn't married him when I was a young minister, I shouldn't have started for his house so gayly. Meeting Mrs. Banning on the train and seeing she was in great distress, I refrained from showing her my summons. How could I? But I'm in the same boat with the rest of you—I can't for the life of me guess why I'm here."

Farrington had been slowly backing toward a side door, with every intention of eliminating himself from the scene, when a heavy motor, which had entered the grounds with long, raucous honks, bumped into the entrance with a resounding bang, relieved by the pleasant tinkle of the smashed glass of its windshield.

Gadsby, supported by the agile Coningsby, leaped to the door; but before they could fortify it against attack it was flung open and a small, light figure landed in the middle of the room, and a young lady, a very slight, graceful young

(Continued on Page 34

Efficiency Over the Counter

By FORREST CRISSEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE WRIGHT

A Merchant Who Can Command Almost Half the Trade of His Line in a City of Twenty-Six Thousand Inhabitants Certainly Delivers the Goods

IN A CERTAIN Illinois city of twenty-six thousand inhabitants there is a merchant who does almost fifty per cent of the grocery business of the entire town. Apparently there is nothing to account for this remarkable record except sheer efficiency. He has no special pull; no big contracts; no inside advantage of a financial sort—but he does have plenty of keen, high-class competition, and his location is by no means the best in the city.

If the country grocers of America could go to school to this man the methods of the whole trade would be marvelously improved. There can be no argument on this score, because every distinctive method of this merchant has been evolved from the necessities and the opportunities of the daily grind—not superimposed by an efficiency theorist who never candled eggs or packed sacks of flour on an aching shoulder.

There may be other retail grocers whose stores have a more efficient appearance, who can talk the modern efficiency jargon more glibly, and who do a larger business than Franz Schmidt—I give him this name to suggest his German origin; but a merchant who can command almost half the trade of his line in a city of twenty-six thousand inhabitants certainly delivers the goods and would seem to have mastered much of the secret of efficiency of over-the-counter methods.

The modern manufacturer knows what rational, common-sense efficiency will do for a business in cutting costs, saving waste, increasing output and extending trade. He studies the technical journals of his line and talks of improved methods whenever he meets a man from whom he thinks he can learn something. In short, he makes a business of becoming at least moderately efficient, because he knows he cannot meet competition on any other basis.

How to Beat the Mail-Order Bogyman

THE efficiency spirit, however, has not yet really permeated the ranks of the retail trade. Especially is this true in the smaller cities and the country towns. Here selling goods over the counter is still largely an unclassified, undisciplined, haphazard traffic in which the temperament of the merchant is the dominating element. The general storekeeper of the small country town, or the grocer or dry-goods merchant of the little inland city, has not yet wakened to the fact that efficiency over the counter is a real thing which can be cultivated into a crop that will pay rich profits. Better merchandising is still a rather vague term to his mind and one not calculated to stir his pulses with quickened interest.

Franz Schmidt is not among the storekeepers who can hear that term without showing signs of life. And increasing hundreds like him are learning to sit up and take notice whenever the subject of more efficient merchandising methods is mentioned. They are pushing for new leads, crowding for new advantages, and are awake to any hint that offers hope of improving their service, tightening their control of their business, getting new customers and giving better satisfaction to their old ones.

Retailers of this progressive type have rendered a unanimous verdict:

"We must get just as much efficiency into our business as the progressive manufacturer is getting into his. If we don't the Mail-Order Bogyman will nab us too!"

At Franz Schmidt's store efficiency begins at the front door. There is no unsanitary spread of fruits and vegetables along the sidewalk. They are all inside—either in the big display windows or on elevated trays, which serve the triple purpose of permitting a tempting display, keeping the green goods in the best condition, and protecting them from any possible contamination.

Cleanliness is the first commandment in this store—not mere surface cleanliness, but the sort that is associated with a first-class modern hospital. The owner will forgive dishonesty more readily than he will forgive dirt. From the time he started his store in a basement he has made cleanliness his commercial religion. Perhaps that was one reason why a big wholesale grocer who happened to visit the little basement grocery said:

"You're too good to hide your light in a basement. Get a store on the street level and you can have all the credit you need."

The grocer who keeps his place scrupulously clean has certainly learned the first lesson in efficiency, in good merchandising, in service to his customers, and in securing a clean business standing with the wholesale houses and their representatives.

This grocer was undoubtedly the first merchant in his city to install a wastepaper press or baling machine. It was regarded as an extravagant contraption by some of his competitors. Schmidt was not at all sure it would pay for itself and its operation in direct savings, but he was certain it would help to make a cleaner store and reduce the fire peril. When he installed that luxury he was paying six dollars a ton to have his wastepaper hauled away—and there was always a bulky, dirty and unsightly mass of it about. With the press it is compressed as fast as it accumulates and it brings six dollars a ton.

In short, a direct expense of six dollars has been changed into a straight six-dollar income, making a gain of twelve dollars a ton. This amounts to several hundred dollars' gain a year in this store.

Another efficiency device here is the broken-package room in the basement—tended by the same man who operates the freight elevator and the wastepaper press. A middle-aged man who has seen better days and is glad to get light work at low wages is ideal for this combination job, which is dignified by the title of stock custodian. The main requirement is absolute integrity.

"Grocery clerks," explained my guide to the broken-package room, "are naturally no more dishonest than any other kind of help; but there is a general moral looseness with regard to small articles of food that does not seem to apply to other merchandise. This is quite as true of customers as of clerks. A customer will serenely help himself to an apple when he would not think of lifting a paper of pins or a cheap cigar. So with some clerks—it is at times difficult to instill into a man the fact that slipping a can of sardines into his pocket and taking it home on the sly is as much stealing as though he took the cost of the article in coin. That is the reason for the broken-package room. Clerks do not generally do this sort of petty thieving from the stock on open display in the customers' room of the store. They are too likely to be detected. The broken package in the regular stockroom furnishes them a safe opportunity for such pilfering.

"Now packages are opened in this room in the presence of the custodian, who carries the only key to the place and who is responsible for the contents. When a clerk wants a can of sardines or any other article the custodian unlocks the room and deals it out. Of course there could be collusion between a clerk and the custodian; but the solution of this problem is to pick a custodian whose honesty and loyalty are beyond question. And there are plenty of such men to be had—especially elderly men who perhaps have lost better positions on account of their age

"It is impossible to tell how much money this room saves us in a year, but it is certainly several hundred dollars; and the saving is not only in the stealing it prevents but in an elimination of waste. When broken packages of food supplies are left about a big open stockroom they are likely to be overturned and broken or damaged. Goods in glass are specially liable to this sort of waste. In an orderly and well-kept room specially arranged for broken packages all this waste and leakage are reduced to a minimum.

"Besides, there is another consideration. Many a clerk has got a wrong start by swiping a can of stuff from a broken package. From swiping he sometimes goes on to what he recognizes as deliberate stealing. By removing the broken-package temptation from his way both he and the store are protected against more serious thieving."

When Good Service Comes First

THE two rear corners of the store are occupied by freight elevators; and chutes from the sidewalk lead to the various storerooms for apples, potatoes, fruit and box merchandise. Unloading by gravity is an economy in labor and time with which no grocery of any size can afford to dispense.

For some time Franz Schmidt felt that he could not afford to install an ammonia system of refrigeration. As his town was located on a large river, natural ice was as low in price there as it could be expected to be anywhere; but his progressive efficiency temperament forced him to recognize the advantages of the ammonia system, and so he adopted it—with some misgivings as to its economy. A month of its use made him regret that he had not installed it much sooner. It permitted him to put a handsome refrigerated show case in his delicatessen department, which not only saved loss in spoiled goods but stimulated sales. His refrigerator room is so lighted that it is, to all practical purposes, a showroom. In the basement there is another refrigerated room for heavy vegetables.

As a Putter of New Business the Census Taker Holds First Rank

Automatic scales for weighing sugar and other commodities that are put up in standard-weight packages are great timesavers; for instance, the demand is for twenty-five-cent, fifty-cent and one-dollar packages of sugar. The big hopper is filled and the scales weigh out the quantities as fast as a man can seal one package and place an empty paper sack under the spout. This device, so familiar in large city stores, is an immense timesaver and, according to Mr. Schmidt, could be profitably used by many town and village grocers who now consider their business too small for such equipment.

All these things, however, are the mere mechanics of efficiency. The real thing is most effective in ways not nearly so apparent to the eye of the casual observer. Planning the distinctive features of the delivery system, and then keeping those departments working smoothly and at concert pitch, are where real efficiency finds its shining opportunity.

"My big job," says this alert retailer, "is to see that my customers have the best and the most dependable service any store can give them inside the price they are willing to pay for their goods. Service is the one thing we sell to all customers and it is the commodity about which every customer is most particular. As a general proposition, in the retail stores of this country, the kicks on service far outnumber the complaints on goods. Therefore, the merchant who can get his service into the right shape has won the big end of the battle.

"Of course he must give satisfactory prices. Put it this way: More retail trade changes hands on account of service than of a difference in quality or price. Service is the most important word in the vocabulary of the retail merchant, especially the food merchant. It begins before the order is taken and it does not end until the goods are actually used or consumed."

The first step in the practical application of this view of service, as it is seen in Franz Schmidt's store, is the telephone department. Here the telephone is not handled as an incidental accessory, but as a selling agency of the first rank, which must be treated with the respect and care calculated to develop all its possibilities. According to Mr. Schmidt and his lieutenants, taking orders over the telephone is a specialty, a distinct branch of salesmanship that should, so far as possible, be handled by persons who look at it in this light and who give their exclusive attention to this feature of service.

Though almost every counter in the store has a telephone, so that a customer who prefers to do business with any particular clerk may be accommodated, there is a telephone-order desk, at which a son of the proprietor and an assistant spend practically all their time.

They must have a better knowledge of the stock on hand, of incoming stock and of prices, than the clerks on the floor, as they must be able to answer all inquiries without leaving the telephone desk.

Rapid-Fire Work Over the Wire

ON A BUSY Saturday more than a thousand orders are taken by telephone at this store, and sometimes the number is close to twelve hundred. This means rapid-fire salesmanship; and there can be no hesitation in price quotations or in information regarding the quantity or quality of goods on hand.

"No," says the telephone salesman; "I can't recommend the raspberries this morning. They are not up to your requirements; but we have choice early blueberries, and to-morrow morning we shall have in a shipment of redcaps that are sure to be prime."

This merchant's instructions are: "Be more conservative in your statements as to quality over the phone than you would be if the customer were personally present in the store and could see what you are selling. Make it so safe to buy of us over the phone that every housewife will feel that she can shop by wire to just as good advantage as though she made a trip to the store."

The telephone clerks are carefully coached not to permit themselves to lapse into mere order takers, but to remember that they are salesmen. They must learn which customers resent suggestions, and handle them accordingly; but, in general, the telephone salesman who allows a call to get past him without adding at least one article to the customer's list feels that he has failed to meet requirements.

Frequently the telephone salesmen reverse the usual order, take the aggressive, and open up a selling campaign to move certain seasonable goods. This happens most frequently in the fruit-canning season, when a large shipment of fruit is received or when prices on an incoming lot are especially attractive. The telephone salesmen of this enterprising provincial grocery sell carloads of fruits every season by wire solicitation.

No clerk in this establishment can commit a more serious offense than to give a discourteous or even a gruff answer over the phone. In the opinion of this shrewd merchant it takes almost as much training to make a good telephone salesman as it does to make a graceful tango artist. Some persons are temperamentally barred from success in this line, and real efficiency is secured only by constant practice of the Scriptural text: "A soft answer turneth away wrath."

Close-range solicitation has its advantages, however. How keenly this is appreciated by the watchful Franz Schmidt is shown by the fact that seven solicitors leave his store every morning. As there are fourteen routes a solicitor is able to cover his territory each alternate day. When a solicitor starts out in the morning he delivers the orders, on the route for the day, that have been received by telephone late the preceding day or early that morning. On his return at one o'clock he fills the orders taken in the forenoon and they are immediately delivered. The rule is that all orders must be filled and the last regular-delivery wagons leave at three-thirty in the afternoon.

Besides the seven wagons used by the combination solicitor-delivery men, a large autotruck is constantly on the road and another is shortly to be put into service; but the special feature of the delivery system is the "chasers" two light wagons that run on odd routes and handle special and emergency orders. Each hurry-up wagon makes at least two trips in the morning and two in the afternoon, making fifteen to twenty miles a day. On a busy day the truck covers sixty-five square miles inside the city limits.

It is admitted by Schmidt that his delivery system can be keyed up by the use of more automobiles, and that this will undoubtedly be his next requirement. Each department in the store is treated as an individual unit, as though it were a separate concession. This has many advantages; but one of them was apparent when a certain department failed to pay a profit. Its manager was discharged and a new one installed. In a short time it was in the profit column.

Each department—fruit, vegetables, bakery, confectionery, spices, delicatessen, and candy and fancy goods—has its responsible head, who must give a strict account of his or her stewardship. In Mr. Schmidt's opinion many groceries much smaller than his own are losing in efficiency because they are not handled on the departmental plan.

"This is a dairy country," he remarked. "There was a time when no dairy farmer took the trouble to weigh the milk from each cow and record it. Now the farmer who doesn't follow this practice is called a boarding-house keeper, because he is bound to be keeping some cows that do not pay their way. So with certain lines of goods in this trade—they are as much boarders as are the unproductive cows; but they are not detected and put on a right basis so long as all lines are handled in a general pot instead of by departments.

"Also this division of responsibility often helps to bring dishonesty and peculations to the surface. The buying is all done with a view to a quick turnover; and if the buyer makes an error of judgment and gets something that is indisposed to turn, an extra pressure of salesmanship is called into play to force the movement."

Bargain Prices Used as Trade Tonics

IT IS the theory of this merchant that seldom is any food product too good or too poor to find a buyer if the attention of a good merchandising force is centered on that article and the price is adjusted to meet the emergency.

Franz Schmidt will make a low price in order to move logy goods, but not to get under the skin of a competitor. His attitude is that a grocer has troubles enough without starting a feud with his competitors; that if he maintains his service at the right pitch he can sell every line of goods in his store at a fair profit under normal conditions. Therefore he refuses to let any competitor worry him into a price-slashing contest. That practice he regards as a game for children too young to play London Bridge or Post Office.

His business runs about one-third cash and two-thirds credit. Collections are looked after in this store with care and energy. The proprietor gives this end of the business close personal attention and can often collect where others would fail. The largest factory in the city pays semi-monthly and the smaller ones once a month. The dairymen also receive their checks the first of each month. These pay days have first place on the collection calendar of this store, and the credit customer who does not make his appearance at the store coördinate with the receipt of his pay check is tactfully reminded of the oversight. Here is at least one case where the farmers have been educated to pay as regularly and as frequently as the workingmen. Professional men and the wealthiest citizens are the most difficult problems of the credit and collection department.

Taking discounts is the favorite diversion of this far-sighted merchant. He holds that the grocer who does not take every discount the wholesaler can be induced to offer is blind to his biggest advantage and has not mastered the first element of efficiency. If all retailers were as bloodthirsty discount hunters as Franz Schmidt discounts would speedily go out of fashion. If he has not the money to discount a bill at the moment when it will yield the greatest advantage he goes to the bank and borrows. In his opinion the easiest and quickest profits in the business are to be taken out of the discount bin.

Of course he does not neglect to handle his finances in such a manner as to make borrowing at any time an easy matter. His store enterprise is operated as a corporation. Instead of drawing a fat salary as president and general manager, he pays himself only a moderate wage and gets his main income in the form of dividends on his stockholdings.

The same policy is pursued by his sons, who are associated with him. This policy has enabled him to maintain the highest standard of credit at the bank. The corporation has gone still farther and put aside a very respectable little surplus. As Franz Schmidt sees it the average retailer does not give sufficient study to the fundamental finances of his business.

"If nine-tenths of the men in this trade would let a cheap man roll barrels, load wagons and tie up bundles, and would

The Efficiency Spirit Has Not Yet Really Permeated the Ranks of the Retail Trade

put in their time, with a lead pencil, figuring out the underlying facts and conditions of the business, just as a real Wall Street financier does, they would be a long way ahead of where they now are. Just plain thinking seems to be a mighty tiresome process to a majority of merchants—they'd a lot rather work with their hands; but the trouble is, nobody else will do their headwork for them—not until the creditors and the sheriff take over the job."

The stock in this store is turned over eighteen times a year. There is genuine efficiency of the first water! Probably many grocers in large cities break this record; but it must be remembered that Franz Schmidt is in a provincial territory, where stock is inclined to move more slowly.

This is an inspiring demonstration of what closely coördinated buying and selling will accomplish. When goods of any sort show a tendency to stick to the shelves a little dynamite in the form of special-sales effort is applied to jar them loose. And one of the pastimes of the proprietor of this store is to prowl through the stock, looking for goods that have outstayed their welcome. It is a very profitable indoor pastime for any merchant.

Another wholesome symptom of efficiency is the fact that this enterprise, capitalized at fifty thousand dollars, last year made a net profit of eighteen per cent. This was on a gross business of three hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars.

It costs this man fourteen per cent to do business—just that and no more. Many retail merchants who are struggling to adjust themselves to modern conditions pay as high a percentage for service alone as this store pays for operation and fixed charges together. It is not to be wondered at, then, that wholesalers are anxious to have retailers generally enthused a little over the possibilities of efficiency—especially the particular brand Franz Schmidt uses. They put the proposition this way:

"When a grocer, in a town of twenty-six thousand inhabitants, can corral almost half the trade of his city, operate at a total cost of fourteen per cent, turn his stock eighteen times a year, and make a net profit of eighteen per cent on a capital of fifty thousand dollars, it certainly shows how far efficiency can go in a retail grocery; and it ought to wake up the whole trade to reach out for a knowledge of better merchandising."

In a city of 300,000 inhabitants there is another remarkable retail grocery where efficiency is more than a watchword—it is a habit. A young man, trained under the strict discipline of this establishment, finally became disgruntled because of what he considered red-tape regulations. He decided it would be much to his liking to work where the lines were not drawn so closely, and where he would have a little more elbowroom.

No salesman who has been trained in this store, and can show a clean record, has any difficulty in getting a good job elsewhere; consequently he made a change to a store that was regarded as one of the best in the city. Incidentally he secured a higher salary; but the real reason for his leaving was to escape the efficiency pest.

A few months later he appeared at the desk of his first employer and rather sheepishly asked whether he could have his old job.

"What's the matter?" asked the merchant. "Are they going to let you out over there?"

"No," answered the salesman. "I'm on the pay roll and I can stay there as long as I like; but the fact is I can't stand the way things are done over there. It seems to me there's neither head nor tail to the way they run things. There's a lot of stealing going on, and there isn't system or order enough to locate it and place the blame where it belongs. I can't stand it any longer and I want to get back to where there's some system and order."

This incident is about as significant a testimonial to the effect of efficiency on the employees of a store as could be desired by the most ardent advocate of better merchandising.

This is a store without a back door. In the opinion of the manager you might as well bore a hole in a barrel of oil and expect its contents to remain inside as to have a back door to a grocery large enough to employ a big force.

Though there is a rear door that may be closed to keep out cold and rain, so far as free passage in or out of the store is concerned the statement stands—there is no back door. A high iron grating extends from one side wall to the other. On the alley side of this grating there is a loading space, while inside are the quarters of the checkers. All packages are passed through openings in this grating. There is a special device for handling barrels and large boxes—but no door! And no goods are ever loaded at the front of the store.

Between the men who put up the orders and the drivers of the delivery wagons are the checkers; and between the checkers and the drivers is the iron grating. When goods are passed through to a driver they are practically charged to him; if a shortage occurs he must settle for it.

All orders are made out in triplicate—one copy goes to the driver and the other two are passed to the adding machine. Then one copy is retained by the checker and the other is passed on to the cashier. Besides the items and their total these slips show the clerk's number, the flat number, by whom the goods were put up, the time of delivery promised, and by whom checked.

The principal purposes served by this system are to stop leaks and thieving; to insure accuracy in the filling of orders; and to establish a clear chain of responsibility that may be back-traced without the slightest difficulty.

"I should not dare to do business without this system of complete checks and no back door," declares the managing partner. "Before this was in operation our invisible losses were alarming. Now they are only three per cent of our sales."

The basement door is kept locked, as are the doors to the broken-package room and to the candy room. A conspicuous sign in the basement bears the legend: Stop Swearing!

All sacks, all empty boxes and packing cases, and all wastepaper are saved. The salvage on sacks in this store amounts to about seven hundred dollars a year, while empties bring in an annual revenue of nearly one thousand dollars. The baled-paper salvage produces an income to be envied by any clerk in the store.

(Continued on Page 41)

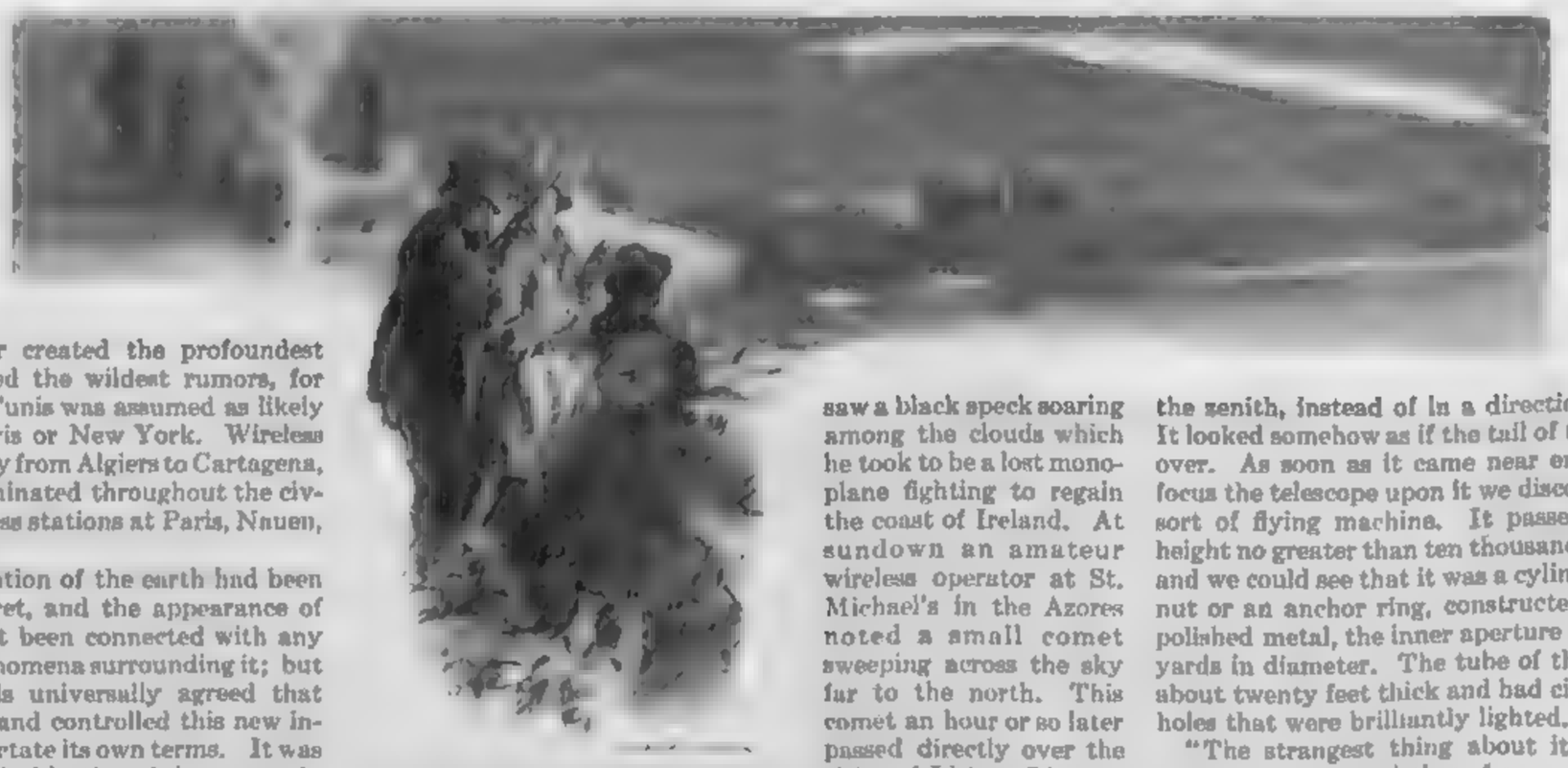
The Man Who Rocked the Earth

VII

By ARTHUR TRAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

WITHIN twenty-four hours of the destruction of the Mountains of Atlas by the Flying Ring, and the consequent flooding of the Sahara, the official gazettes and such newspapers as were still published announced that the Powers had agreed upon an armistice and accepted a proposition of mediation on the part of the United States looking toward permanent peace. The news of the devastation and flood caused by this strange and terrible dreadnought of the air created the profoundest apprehension and caused the wildest rumors, for what had happened in Tunis was assumed as likely to occur in London, Paris or New York. Wireless messages flashed the story from Algiers to Cartagena, and it was thence disseminated throughout the civilized world by the wireless stations at Paris, Nauen, Moscow and Arlington.



A Great Fiery Serpent Came Soaring Through the Heavens Toward Paris

The fact that the rotation of the earth had been retarded was still a secret, and the appearance of the Ring had not as yet been connected with any of the extraordinary phenomena surrounding it; but the newspaper editorials universally agreed that whatever nation owned and controlled this new instrument of war could dictate its own terms. It was generally supposed that the blasting of the mountain chain of Northern Africa had been an experiment to test and demonstrate the powers of this new demoniac invention, and in view of its success it did not seem surprising that the nations had hastened to agree to an armistice, for the Power that controlled a force capable of producing such an extraordinary physical cataclysm could annihilate every capital, every army, every people, upon the globe or even the globe itself.

The flight of the Ring machine had been observed at several different points, beginning at Cape Race, where at about four A. M. on July thirtieth the wireless operator reported what he supposed to be a large comet discharging earthward a diagonal shaft of orange-yellow light and moving at incredible velocity in a southeasterly direction. During the following day the lookout on the Vira, a fish-guard and scout cruiser of the North Atlantic Patrol, saw a black speck soaring among the clouds which he took to be a lost monoplane fighting to regain the coast of Ireland. At sundown an amateur wireless operator at St. Michael's in the Azores noted a small comet sweeping across the sky far to the north. This comet an hour or so later passed directly over the cities of Lisbon, Linares, Lorca, Cartagena and Algiers, and was clearly observable from Badajoz, Almadén, Seville, Cordova, Grenada, Oran, Biskra and Tunis, and at the latter places it was easily possible for telescopic observers to determine its size, shape and general construction.

Daniel W. Quinn, Jr., the acting United States Consul stationed at Biskra, who happened to be dining with the abbot of the Franciscan monastery at Linares, sent the following account of The Flight of the Ring to the State Department at Washington, where it is now on file—See Vol. 527, pp. 491–498, with footnote, of Official Records of the Consular Correspondence for 1915–1916. After describing general conditions in Algeria he continues:

"We had gone upon the roof in the early evening to look at the sky through the large telescope presented to the Franciscans by Count Philippe d'Ormay, when Father Antoine called my attention to a comet that was apparently coming straight toward us. Instead, however, of leaving a horizontal trail of fire behind it, this comet or meteorite seemed to shoot an almost vertical beam of orange light toward the earth. It produced a very strange effect on all of us, since a normal comet or other celestial body that left a wake of light of that sort behind it would naturally be expected to be moving upward toward the zenith, instead of in a direction parallel to the earth. It looked somehow as if the tail of the comet had been bent over. As soon as it came near enough so that we could focus the telescope upon it we discovered that it was a new sort of flying machine. It passed over our heads at a height no greater than ten thousand feet, if as great as that, and we could see that it was a cylindrical ring like a doughnut or an anchor ring, constructed, I believed, of highly polished metal, the inner aperture being about twenty-five yards in diameter. The tube of the cylinder looked to be about twenty feet thick and had circular windows or portholes that were brilliantly lighted.

"The strangest thing about it was that it carried a superstructure consisting of a number of arms meeting at a point above the center of the opening and supporting some sort of apparatus from which the beam of light emanated. This appliance, which we supposed to be a gigantic searchlight, was focused down through the ring and could apparently be moved at will over a limited radius of about fifteen degrees. We could not understand this, nor why the light was thrown from outside and above instead of from inside the flying machine, but the explanation may be found in the immense heat that must have been required to generate the light, since it illuminated the entire country for fifty miles or so and we were able to read without trouble the fine print of the abbot's rubric. This flying ring moved on an even keel at the tremendous velocity of about two hundred miles an hour. We wondered what would happen if it turned turtle, for in that case the weight of the superstructure would have rendered it impossible

for the machine to right itself. In fact, none of us had ever imagined any such air monster before. Beside it a Zeppelin seemed like a wooden toy.

"The Ring passed over the mountains toward Cabes and within a short time a volcanic eruption occurred that destroyed a section of the Atlas Range." [Mr. Quinn here describes with considerable detail the destruction of the mountains.] "The next morning I found Biskra crowded with Arabs, who reported that the ocean had poured through the passage made by the eruption and was flooding the entire desert as far south as the oasis of Wargla, and that it had come within twelve miles of the walls of our own city. I at once hired a donkey and made a personal investigation, with the result that I can report as a fact that the entire desert east and south of Biskra is inundated to a depth of from seven to ten feet and that the water gives no sign of going down. The loss of life seems to have been negligible, owing to the fact that the height of the water is not great and that many unexpected islands have provided safety for the caravans that were *in transitu*. These are now marooned and waiting for assistance, which I am informed will be sent from Cabes in the form of flat-bottomed boats fitted with motor auxiliaries.

"Respectfully submitted,

"D. W. QUINN,
"Acting U. S. Consul."

The Italian cruiser Fiala, which had been carried one hundred and eighty miles into the desert on the night of the eruption, grounded safely on the plateau of Tasili, but the volcanic tidal wave on which she had been swept along, having done its work, receded, leaving too little water for the Fiala's draft of thirty-seven feet. Four launches sent out in different directions to the south and east reported no sign of land, but immense quantities of floating vegetable matter, yellow dust and the bodies of jackals, camels, zebras and lions. The fifth launch after great hardships reached the seacoast through the new channel and arrived at Sfax after eight days.

The mean tide level of the Mediterranean sank fifteen inches, and the water showed marked discoloration for several months, while a volcanic haze hung over Northern Africa, Sicily, Malta and Sardinia for an even longer period.

Though many persons must have lost their lives the records are incomplete in this respect; but there is a curious document in the mosque at Sfax touching the effect of the Lavender Ray. It appears that an Arab mussel gatherer was in a small boat with his two brothers at the time the Ring appeared above the mountains. As they looked up toward the sky the Ray flashed over and illuminated their faces. They thought nothing of it at the time, for almost immediately the mountains were rent asunder and in the titanic upheaval that followed they were all cast upon the shore, as they thought, dead men. Reaching Sfax they reported their adventures and offered prayers in gratitude for their extraordinary escape, but five days later all three began to suffer excruciating torment from internal burns, the skin upon their heads and bodies began to peel off, and they died in agony within the week.

They Heard the Faint, Smothered Whir of Machinery, Followed by a Gigantic Detonation

VIII

IT WAS upon the second day of August that the President of the United States received the official note from Count von Koenitz, on behalf of the Imperial German Commissioners, to the effect that Germany would join with the other Powers in an armistice looking toward peace and ultimately a universal disarmament. Similar notes had already been received by the President from France, Great Britain, Russia, Italy, Austria, Spain, Turkey and Slavia, and a multitude of the smaller Powers who were engaged in the war, and there was no longer any reason for delaying the calling of an international council or diet for the purpose of bringing about what Pax demanded as a ransom for the safety of the globe.

In the files of the State Department at Washington there is secreted the only record of the diplomatic correspondence touching these momentous events and a transcript of the messages exchanged between the President of the United States and the Arbiter of Human Destiny. They are comparatively few in number, for Pax seemed to be satisfied to leave all details to the Powers themselves. In the interest of saving time, however, he made the simple suggestion that the present ambassadors should be given plenary powers to determine the terms and conditions upon which universal peace should be declared. All these proceedings and the reasons therefor were kept profoundly secret. It began to look as though the matter would be put through with characteristic Yankee promptness. Pax's suggestion was acceded to and the ambassadors and ministers were given unrestricted latitude in drawing the treaty that should abolish war forever.

Now that he had been won over no one was more indefatigable than Von Koenitz, none more fertile in suggestions. It was he who drafted with his own hand the forty pages devoted to the creation of the commission charged with the duty of destroying all arms, munitions and implements of war; and he not only acted as chairman of the preliminary drafting committee, but was an active member of at least half a dozen other important subcommittees. The President daily communicated the progress of this conference of the Powers to Pax through Bill Hood, and received daily in return a hearty if laconic approval.

"I am satisfied of the sincerity of the Powers and with the progress made, PAX."

was the ordinary type of message received. Meantime word had been sent to all the governments that an indefinite armistice had been declared, to commence upon August tenth, for it had been found necessary to allow for the time required to transmit the orders to the various fields of military operations throughout Europe. In the interim the war continued.

On the fifth of August Count von Koenitz, who now was looked upon as the leading figure of the conference, arose and said: "Your Excellencies, this distinguished diet will, I doubt not, presently conclude its labors and receive not only the approval of the Powers represented but the gratitude of the nations of the world. I voice the sentiments of the Imperial Commissioners when I say that no Power looks forward with greater eagerness than Germany to the accomplishment of our purpose. But we should not forget that there is one menace to mankind greater than that of war—namely, the lurking danger from the power of this unknown possessor of superhuman knowledge of explosives. So far his influence has been a benign one, but who can say when it may become malignant? Will our labors please him? Perhaps not. Shall we agree? I hope so, but who can tell? Will our armies lay down their arms even after we have agreed? I believe all will go well; but is it wise for us to refrain from jointly taking steps to ascertain the identity of this unknown juggler with Nature, and the source of his power? It is my own opinion, since we cannot exert any influence or control upon this individual, that we should take whatever steps are within our grasp to safeguard ourselves in the event that he refuses to keep faith with us. To this end I suggest an international conference of scientific men from all the nations to be held here in Washington coincidently with our own meetings, with a view to determining these questions."

His remarks were greeted with approval by almost all the representatives present except Sir John Smith, who mildly hinted that such a course might be regarded as savoring a trifle of double dealing. Should Pax receive knowledge of the suggested conference he might question their sincerity and view all their doings with suspicion. In a word, Sir John believed in following a consistent course and treating Pax as a friend and ally and not as a possible enemy.

Sir John's speech, however, left the delegates unconvinced and with the feeling that his argument was overrefined. They felt that there could be no objection to endeavoring to ascertain the source of Pax's power—the law of self-preservation seemed to indicate such a course as necessary. And it had, in fact, already been discussed vaguely by several of the less conspicuous delegates. Accordingly it was voted, with but two dissenting voices,* to summon what was known as Conference No. 2, to be held ten days from date, its proceedings to be conducted in secret under the auspices of the National Academy of Sciences, with the president of the Academy acting as permanent chairman. To this conference the President appointed Thornton as one of the three delegates from the United States.

The council of the Powers having so voted, Count von Koenitz at once transmitted, by way of Sayville, a message which in code appeared to be addressed to a Herr Karl Heinweg, Notary, at 12ste Bunden Strasse, Strassburg, and related to a mortgage about to fall due upon some of Von Koenitz' properties in Thüringen. When de-coded it read:

"*To the Imperial Commissioners of the German Federated States:* I have the honor to report that acting according to your distinguished instructions I have this day proposed an international conference to consider the scientific problems presented by certain recent phenomena and that my proposition was adopted. I believe that in this way the proceedings here may be delayed indefinitely and time thus secured to enable an expedition to be organized and dispatched for the purpose of destroying this unknown person or ascertaining the secret of his power, in accordance with my suggestion of the twenty-ninth of July. It would be well to send as delegates to this Conference No. 2 several professors of physics who can by plausible arguments and ingenious theories so confuse the matter that no determination can be reached. I suggest Professors Gasgubelaus, of München, and Leybach, of The Hague.

"VON KOENITZ."

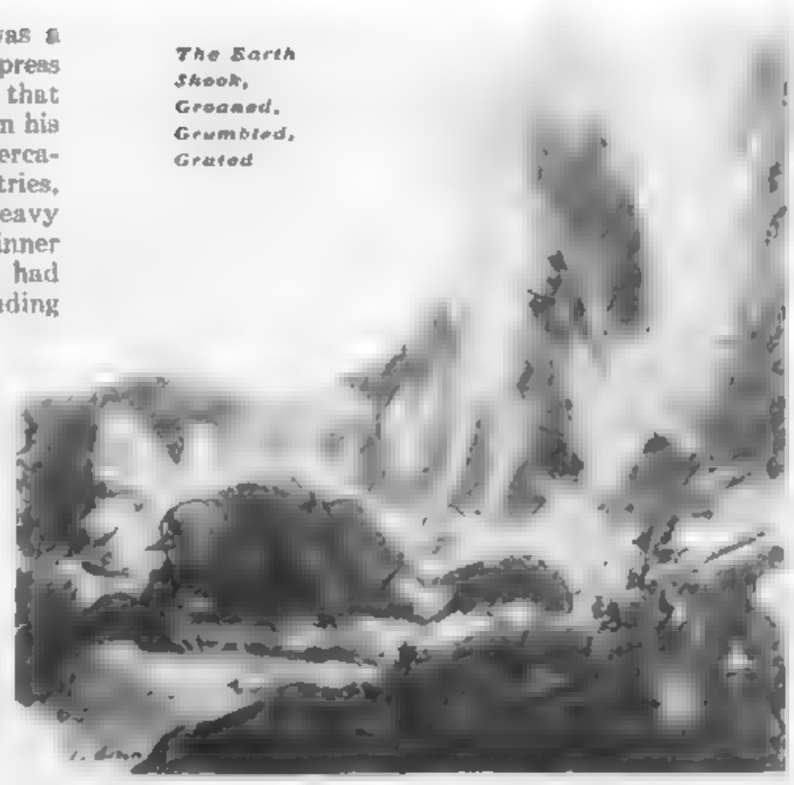
And having thus fulfilled his duty the count took a cab to the Metropolitan Club and there played a discreet game of billiards with Señor Tomasso Varilla, the minister from Argentina.

IX

THE Imperial German Commissioner for War, General Hans von Helmuth, was a man of extraordinary decision and farsightedness. Sixty years of age, he had been a member of the General Staff since he was forty. He had sat at the feet of Bismarck and Von Moltke, and during his active participation in the management of German military affairs he had seen but slight changes in their policy. Mass—overwhelming mass; sudden momentous onslaught, and, above all, an attack so quick that your adversary could not regain his feet. It worked nine times out of ten, and when it didn't it was usually better than taking the defensive. General von Helmuth having an approved system was to that extent relieved of anxiety, for all he had to do was to work out details. In this his highly efficient

*The President of the United States also voted in the negative.

organization was almost automatic. He himself was a human compendium of knowledge, and he had but to press a button and emit a few gutturals and the information that he wanted lay typewritten before him. Now he sat in his office smoking a Bremen cigar and studying a huge Mercatorial projection of the Atlantic and adjacent countries, while with the fingers of his left hand he combed his heavy beard. From the window he looked down upon the inner fortifications of Mainz—to which city the capital had been removed three months before—and upon the landing stage for the scouting planes which were constantly arriving or whirring off toward Holland or Strassburg. Across the river, under the concealed guns of a sunken battery, stood the huge hangars of the now useless dirigibles Z ^{51} ^{52}. The landing stage communicated directly by telephone with the adjutant's office, an enormous hall filled with maps, with which Von Helmuth's private room was connected. The adjutant himself, a worried-looking man with a bullet head and an iron-gray mustache, stood at a table in the center of the hall addressing rapid-fire sentences to various persons who appeared in the doorway, saluted and hurried off again. Several groups were gathered about the table and the adjutant carried on an interrupted conversation with all of them, pausing to read the telegrams and messages that shot out of the pneumatic tubes upon the table from the telegraph and telephone office on the floor below.



The Earth Shook, Groaned, Grumbled, Grated

An elderly man in rather shabby clothes entered, looking about helplessly through the thick lenses of his double spectacles, and the adjutant turned at once from the officers about him with an "Excuse me, gentlemen."

"Good afternoon, Professor von Schwenitz; the general is waiting for you," said he. "This way, please."

He stalked across to the door of the inner office.

"Professor von Schwenitz is here," he announced, and immediately returned to take up the thread of his conversation in the center of the hall.

The general turned gruffly to greet his visitor. "I have sent for you, professor," said he, without removing his cigar, "in order that I may fully understand the method by which you say you have ascertained the place of origin of the wireless messages and electrical disturbances referred to in our communications of last week. This may be a serious matter. The accuracy of your information is of vital importance."

The professor hesitated in embarrassment, and the general scowled.

"Well?" he demanded, biting off the chewed end of his cigar. "Well? This is not a lecture room. Time is short. Out with it."

"Your Excellency!" stammered the poor professor, "I—I—— The observations are so—inadequate—one cannot determine ——"

"What?" roared Von Helmuth. "But you said you had!"

"Only approximately, Your Excellency. One cannot be positive, but within a reasonable distance ——" He paused.

"What do you call a reasonable distance? I supposed your physics was an exact science!" retorted the general.

"But the data ——"

"What do you call a reasonable distance?" bellowed the Imperial Commissioner.

"A hundred kilometers!" suddenly shouted the overwrought professor, losing control of himself. "I won't be talked to this way, do you hear? I won't! How can a man think? I'm a member of the faculty of the Imperial University. I've been decorated twice—twice!"

"Fiddlesticks!" returned the general, amused in spite of himself. "Don't be absurd. I merely wish you to hurry. Have a cigar?"

"Oh, Your Excellency!" protested the professor, now both ashamed and frightened. "You must excuse me. The war has shattered my nerves. May I smoke? Thank you."

"Sit down. Take your time!" said Von Helmuth, looking out and up at a monoplane descending toward the landing in slowly lessening spirals.

"You see, Your Excellency," explained Von Schwenitz, "the data are fragmentary, but I used three methods, each checking the others."

"The first?" shot back the general. The monoplane had landed safely.

"I compared the records of all the seismographs that had registered the earthquake wave attendant on the electrical discharges accompanying the great yellow auroras of July. These shocks had been felt all over the globe, and I secured reports from Java, New Guinea, Lima, Tucson, Greenwich, Algeria and Moscow. These showed the wave had originated somewhere in Eastern Labrador."

"Yes, yes. Go on!" ordered the general.

"In the second place, the violent magnetic storms produced by the helium aurora appear to have left their mark each time upon the earth in a permanent, if slight, deflection of the compass needle. The earth's normal magnetic field seems to have had superimposed upon it a new field comprised of lines of force nearly parallel to the equator. My computations show that these great circles of magnetism center at approximately the same point in Labrador as that indicated by the seismographs—about fifty-five degrees north and seventy-five degrees west."

The general seemed struck with this.

"Permanent deflection, you say!" he ejaculated.

"Yes, apparently permanent. Finally, the barometer records told the same story, although in less precise form. A compressional wave of air had been started in the far north and had spread out over the earth with the velocity of sound. Though the barographs themselves gave no indication whence this wave had come, the variation in its intensity at different meteorological observatories could be accounted for by the law of inverse squares on the supposition that the explosion which started the wave had occurred at fifty-five degrees north, seventy-five degrees west."

The professor paused and wiped his glasses. With a roar a Taube slid off the landing stage, shot over toward the hangars and soared upward.

"Is that all?" inquired the general, turning again to the chart.

"That is all, Your Excellency," answered Von Schwenitz.

"Then you may go!" muttered the Imperial Commissioner. "If we find the source of these disturbances where you predict you will receive the Black Eagle."

"Oh, Your Excellency!" protested the professor, his face shining with satisfaction.

"And if we do not find it there will be a vacancy on the faculty of the Imperial University!" he added grimly. "Good afternoon."

He pressed a button and the departing scholar was met by an orderly and escorted from the War Bureau, while the adjutant joined Von Helmuth.

"He's got him! I'm satisfied!" remarked the Commissioner. "Now outline your plan."

The bullet-headed man took up the calipers and indicated a spot on the coast of Labrador:

"Our expedition will land, subject to your approval, at Hamilton Inlet, using the town of Rigolet as a base. By availing ourselves of the Nascopee River and the lakes through which it flows we can easily penetrate to the highland where the inventor of the Ring Machine has located himself. The auxiliary brigantine Sea Fox is lying now under American colors at Amsterdam, and as she can steam eighteen knots an hour she should reach the Inlet in about ten days, passing to the north of the Orkneys."

"What force have you in mind?" inquired Von Helmuth, his cold gray eyes narrowing.

"Three full companies of sappers and miners, ten mountain howitzers, a field battery, fifty rapid-fire standing rifles, and a complete outfit for throwing lyddite. Of course we shall rely principally on high explosives if it becomes necessary to use force, but what we want is a hostage who may later become an ally."

"Yes, of course," said the general with a laugh. "This is a scientific not a military expedition."

"I have asked Lieutenant Munster to report upon the necessary equipment."

Von Helmuth nodded, and the adjutant stepped to the door and called out: "Lieutenant Münster!"

A trim young man in naval uniform appeared upon the threshold and saluted.

"State what you regard as necessary as equipment for the proposed expedition," said the general.

"Twenty motor boats, each capable of towing several flat-bottomed barges or native canoes, forty mules, a field telegraph, and also a high-powered wireless apparatus, axes, spades, wire cables and drums, windlasses, dynamite for blasting, and provisions for sixty days. We shall live off the country and secure artisans and bearers from among the natives."

"When will it be possible to start?" inquired the general.

"Day after to-morrow if you give the order now," answered the young man.

"Very well, you may go. And good luck to you!" he added.

The young lieutenant saluted and turned abruptly on his heel.

Over the parade ground a biplane was hovering, darting this way and that, rising and falling with startling velocity.

"Who's that?" inquired the general approvingly.

"Schöningen," answered the adjutant.

The Imperial Commissioner felt in his breast pocket for another cigar.

"Do you know, Ludwig," he remarked amiably as he struck a meditative match, "sometimes I more than half believe this business is all rot!"

The adjutant looked pained.

"And yet," continued Von Helmuth, "if Bismarck could see one of those things," he waved his cigar toward the gyrating aëroplane, "he wouldn't believe it."

x

ALL day the International Assembly of Scientists, officially known as Conference No. 2, had been sitting, but not progressing, in the large lecture hall of the Smithsonian Institution, which probably had never before seen so motley a gathering. Each nation had sent three representatives, two professional scientists and a lay delegate, the latter some writer or thinker renowned in his own country for his wide knowledge and powers of ratiocination. They had come together upon the appointed day, although the delegates from the remoter countries had not yet arrived, and the Committee on Credentials had already reported. Germany had sent Gasgabelaus, Leybach and Wilhelm Lamszus; France—Sortell, Amand and Buona Varilla; Great Britain—Sir William Crookes, Sir Francis Soddy and Mr. H. G. Wells, celebrated for his The War of the Worlds and The World Set Free, and hence supposedly just the man to unravel a scientific mystery such as that which confronted this galaxy of immortals.

The Committee on Data, of which Thornton was a member, having been actively at work for nearly two weeks through wireless communication with all the observatories—seismatic, meteorological, astronomical and otherwise—throughout the world, had reduced its findings to print, and this matter, translated into French, German and Italian, had already been distributed among those present. Included in its pages was Quinn's letter to the State Department.

The roll having been called the president of the National Academy of Sciences made a short speech in which he outlined briefly the purpose for which the committee had been summoned and commented to some extent upon the character of the phenomena it was required to analyze.

And then began an unending series of discussions and explanations in French, German, Dutch, Russian and Italian, by goggle-eyed, bushy-whiskered, long-haired men who looked like anarchists or sociologists and apparently had never before had an unrestricted opportunity to air their views on anything.

Thornton, listening to this hodgepodge of technicalities, was dismayed and distrustful. These men spoke a language evidently familiar to them, which he, although a professional scientist, found a meaningless jargon. The whole thing seemed unreal, had a purely theoretic or literary quality about it that made him question even their premises. In the tainted air of the council room, listening to these little pot-bellied *Professoren* from Amsterdam and Münich, doubt assailed him, doubt even that the earth had changed its orbit, doubt even of his own established formulæ and tables. Weren't they all just talking through their hats? Wasn't it merely a game in which an elaborate system of equivalents gave a semblance of actuality to what in fact was nothing but mind-play? Even Wells, whose literary style he admired as one of the beauties as well as one of the wonders of the world, had been a disappointment. He had seemed singularly halting and unconvincing.

"I wish I knew a practical man—I wish Bennie Hooker were here!" muttered Thornton to himself. He had not seen his classmate Hooker for thirteen years; but that was one thing about Hooker: you knew he'd be exactly the same—only more so—as he was when you last saw him. In those years Bennie had become the Lawson Professor of Applied Physics at Harvard. Thornton had read his papers on induced radiation, thermic equilibrium, and had one of Bennie's famous Gem Home Cookers in his own little bachelor apartment. Hooker would know. And if he didn't he'd tell you so without befogging the atmosphere with a lot of things he did know, but that wouldn't help you in the least. Thornton clutched at the thought of him like a falling aëronaut at a dangling rope. He'd be worth a thousand of these dreaming lecturers, these beer-drinking visionaries! But where could he be found? It was August, vacation time. Still he might be in Cambridge giving a summer course or something.

At that moment Professor Gasgabelaus, the temporary chairman, a huge man, the periphery of whose abdomen

rivaled the circumference of the "working terrestrial globe" at the other end of the platform, pounded perspiringly with his gavel and announced that the conference would adjourn until the following Monday morning. It was Friday afternoon, so he had sixty hours in which to connect with Bennie if Bennie could be discovered. A telegram of inquiry brought no response, and he took the midnight train to Boston, reaching Cambridge about two o'clock the following afternoon.

The air trembled with heat. Only by dodging from the shadow of one big elm to another did he manage to reach the Appian Way—the street given in the University catalogue as Bennie's habitat—alive. As he swung open the little wicket gate he realized with an odd feeling that it was the same house where Hooker had lived when a student, twenty-five years before. "Board" was printed on a yellow, fly-blown card in the corner of the window beside the door. Up there over the porch was the room Bennie had inhabited from '85 to '89. He recalled vividly the night he, Thornton, had put his foot through the lower pane. They had filled up the hole with an old golf stocking. His eyes searched curiously for the pane. There it was, still broken and still stuffed—it couldn't be!—with some colorless material strangely resembling disintegrating worsted. The sun smote him in the back of his neck and drove him to seek the relief of the porch. Had he ever left Cambridge? Wasn't it a dream about his becoming an astronomer and working at the Arlington Observatory? And all this stuff about the earth going on the loose? If he opened the door wouldn't he find Bennie with a towel round his head cramming for the "exams"? For a moment he really imagined that he was an undergraduate. Then as he fanned himself with his straw hat he caught, on the silk band across the interior, the words: "Blank's Famous Headwear, Washington, D. C." No, he was really an astronomer.

He shuddered in spite of the heat as he pulled the bell knob. What ghosts would its jangle summon? The bell, however, gave no sound; in fact the knob came off in his hand, followed by a foot or so of copper wire. He laughed, gazing at it blankly. No one had ever used the bell in the old days. They had simply kicked open the door and hollored: "O-o-h, Bennie Hooker!"

Thornton laid the knob on the piazza and inspected the front of the house. The windows were thick with dust, the "yard" scraggy with weeds. A piece of string held the latch of the gate together. Then automatically and without intending to do so at all Thornton turned the handle of the front door, assisting it coincidentally with a gentle kick from his right toe, and found himself in the narrow cabbage-scented hallway. The old, familiar, battered black-walnut hatrack of his student days leaned drunkenly against the wall—Thornton knew one of its buck legs was missing—and on the imitation marble slab was a telegram addressed to "Professor Benjamin Hooker." And also, instinctively, Thornton lifted up his adult voice and yelled:

"O-o-h, ye-ay! Bennie Hooker!"

The volume of his own sound startled him. Instantly he saw the ridiculousness of it—he, the senior astronomer at Arlington, yelling like that —

"O-o-h, ye-ay!" came in smothered tones from above. Thornton bounded up the stairs, two, three steps at a time, and pounded on the old door over the porch.

"Go away!" came back the voice of Bennie Hooker. "Don't want any lunch!"

Thornton continued to bang on the door, while Professor Hooker wrathfully besought the intruder to depart before he took active measures. There was the cracking of glass.

"Oh, damn!" came from inside.

Thornton rattled the knob and kicked. Somebody haltingly crossed the room, the key turned and Professor Bennie Hooker opened the door.

"Well?" he demanded, scowling over his thick spectacles.

"Hello, Bennie!" said Thornton, holding out his hand.

"Hello, Buck!" returned Hooker. "Come in. I thought it was that confounded Ethiopian."

So far as Thornton could see, it was the same old room, only now crammed with books and pamphlets and crowded with tables of instruments. Hooker, clad in sneakers, white ducks and an undershirt, was smoking a small "T. D." pipe.

"Where on earth did you come from?" he inquired good-naturedly.

"Washington," answered Thornton, and something told him that this was the real thing—the goods—that his journey would be repaid.

Hooker waved the "T. D." in a general sort of way toward some broken-down horsehair armchairs and an empty crate.

"Sit down, won't you?" he said, as if he had seen his guest only the day before. He looked vaguely about for something that Thornton might smoke, then seated himself on a cluttered bench holding a number of retorts, beside which flamed an oxyacetylene blowpipe. He was a wizened little chap, with scrawny neck and protruding Adam's apple. His long hair gave no evidence of the use of the comb and his hands were the hands of Esau. He had an alertness that suggested a robin, but at the same time gave the impression that he looked through things rather than at them. On the mantel was a saucer containing the fast oxidizing cores of several apples and a half-eaten box of oatmeal biscuits.

"My Lord! This is an untidy hole! No more order than when you were an undergrad!" exclaimed Thornton, looking about him in amused horror.

"Order?" returned Bennie indignantly. "Everything's in perfect order! This chair is filled with the letters I have already answered; this chair with the letters I've not answered; and this chair with the letters I shall never answer!"

Thornton took a seat on the crate, laughing. It was the same old Bennie!

"You're an incorrigible!" he sighed despairingly.

"Well, you're a star gazer, aren't you?" inquired Hooker, relighting his pipe. "Some one told me so—I forget who. You must have a lot of interesting problems. They tell me that new planet of yours is full of uranium."

Thornton nodded.

"Yes; the spectrum emphasizes it markedly. What are you working at particularly?"

"Oh, radium and thermic induction mostly," answered Hooker. "And when I want a rest I take a crack at the fourth dimension—spacial curvature's my hobby. But I'm always working at radio stuff. That's where the big things are going to be pulled off, you know."

"Yes, of course," answered Thornton. He wondered if Hooker ever saw a paper, how long since he had been out of the house. "By the way, did you know Berlin had been taken?" he asked.

"Berlin—in Germany, you mean?"

"Yes, by the Russians."

"No! Has it?" inquired Hooker with politeness. "Oh, I think some one did mention it."

Thornton fumbled for a cigarette and Bennie handed him a match. They seemed to have extraordinarily little to say for men who hadn't seen each other for thirteen years.

"I suppose," went on the astronomer, "you think it's deuced funny my dropping in casually this way after all this time, but the fact is I came on purpose. I want to get some information from you straight."

"Go ahead!" said Bennie. "What's it about?"

"Well, in a word," answered Thornton, "the earth's nearly a quarter of an hour behind time."

Hooker received this announcement with a polite interest but no astonishment.

"There's a how-de-do!" he remarked. "What's done it?"

"That's what I want you to tell me," said Thornton sternly. "What *could* do it?"

Hooker unlaced his legs and strolled over to the mantel.

"Have a cracker?" he asked, helping himself. Then he picked up a piece of wood and began whittling. "I suppose there's the devil to pay?" he suggested. "Things upset and so on? Atmospheric changes? When did it happen?"

"About three weeks ago. Then there's this Sahara business."

"What Sahara business?"

"Haven't you heard?"

"No," answered Hooker rather impatiently. "I haven't heard anything. I haven't any time to read the papers; I'm too busy. My thermic inductor transformers melted last week and I'm all in the air. What was it?"

"Oh, never mind now," said Thornton hurriedly, perceiving that Hooker's ignorance was an added asset. He'd get his science pure, uncontaminated by disturbing questions of fact. "How about the earth's losing that quarter of an hour?"

"Of course she's off her orbit," remarked Hooker in a detached way. "And you want to know what's done it? Don't blame you. I suppose you've gone into the possibilities of stellar attraction."

"Discount that!" ordered Thornton. "What I want to know is whether it could happen from the inside?"

"Why not?" inquired Hooker. "A general shift in the mass would do it. So would the mere application of force at the proper point."

"It never happened before."

"Of course not. Neither had seedless oranges happened before until Burbank came along," said Hooker.

"Do you regard it as possible by any human agency?" inquired Thornton.

"Why not?" repeated Hooker. "All you need is the energy. And it's lying all round if you could only get at it. That's just what I'm working at now. Radium, uranium, thorium, actinium—all the radioactive elements—are, as everybody knows, continually disintegrating, discharging the enormous energy that is imprisoned in their molecules. It may take generations, epochs, centuries for them to get rid of it and transform themselves into other substances, but they will inevitably do so eventually. They're doing with more or less of a rush what all the elements are doing at their leisure. A single ounce of uranium contains about the same amount of energy that could be produced by the combustion of ten tons of coal—but it won't let the energy go. Instead it holds on to it, and the energy leaks slowly, almost imperceptibly, away, like

(Continued on Page 49)

Almost Instantly There Was a Loud Report and a Blinding Flash of Yellow Light

THE MINE LAYER

By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne

THE Grimsby Twins' otter trawl was down, scratching up fish from the Doggerbank below, and John Henry Shepherd, the elder of the twins, was smoking in the wheelhouse and keeping the little steamboat approximately on her course. Arthur Cleethorpes Shepherd, his brother, and the only other hand on deck, was seated, with his back against the main hatch, reading war news from a stale copy of the Grimsby Gazette.

To them came the strains of ecclesiastical music from the cabin skylight, proving that Captain Shepherd was awake and was working his way through Messrs. Moody and Sankey's Collection of Hymns. The Steam Trawler Grimsby Twins' harmonium had a compass of two octaves only; but Captain Shepherd was a resourceful man, and when his music encroached beyond those narrow limits he whistled the missing notes with his own lips very efficiently. Mixed with the music that came from the skylight there drifted a fine aroma of onions, hinting that tea—with fried cod sounds—was under way, and that presently the watch would be changed.

"Owt fresh i' t' paper, Clee?" called out John Henry.

"Aye; they're asking for more hands for them trawlers they've set on at mine sweeping. I wish the old man would let us go."

"Well, he won't!" said the elder twin in a husky whisper. "Said only just now, when I took the wheel from him, that all war was a crime and a mistake, and recommended me, when she was steering easy, to put up a bit of prayer to be delivered from the sin of wanting to chip in. I've a durn good mind —— Hey, Clee, what's that packet coming out of the mist ahead there?" He grabbed the binocular from its box and clapped it to his eyes. "It's a Grimsby-man. GY. 4696! Why, there's no such number!"

"Looks more to me like a Dutch boat."

"Looks to me like that Lowestoft craft, the Bishop Something."

"Bishop Argles. That's her. You can tell by that fancy vane Old Man Argles shipped on his foretruck. But she's strangely mucked up! Those Lowestoft fellows have the queerest ideas of fishing. What for have they got that big derrick rigged aft?"

It was at this moment the S. T. Grimsby Twins struck the mine. She had missed it with her bows by a good fathom, but the drag of the heavy trawl warp over the quarter made her quit somewhat crabwise; and, with the help of a lifting swell, she dropped down on the infernal machine almost amidships, so that one of its strikers was rammed thoroughly home by a downward blow from her starboard bilge keel.

Captain Shepherd's first intimation of disaster was his being plucked from the harmonium stool by some unseen force and flung violently against the cabin roof. The yell of the explosion and the crash of smashing steel and iron came to him next, and by the time he had fallen back to the cabin floor the stink of the yellow melinite fumes was making him cough and choke. The companionway was gushing wreckage and sea water, and he reached the deck by a scramble through the skylight.

His vessel was in halves. Already the forward half was cruising away drunkenly by itself, with four dazed fishermen hanging on to the windlass; the poop end was sinking visibly; and in the churning water between the two there swirled about the dead and shattered bodies of his twin sons, one of them headless.

Ice was hot compared with the trawler skipper's coolness then. In an instant of time all that he loved in the world and all that he owned in the world was plucked from him. He did not whimper; he did not, after the manner of his kind, bombard heaven and all beneath it with furious curses: instead, he gazed with stolid eyes at the other trawler looming through the mist ahead, and nodded slowly.

"It's what they said," he muttered, "and what I wouldn't believe—mines sown broadcast over the North Sea. O God, forgive me for not believing before what the British Government said, and give me life to pay back a bit of what I owe. Amen!"

After which prayer he jumped overboard and swam to the Grimsby Twins' boat, which had been blown clear and floated undamaged. Then he clambered into her and set about rescuing those of his men who still floated about on wreckage.

The council of war which decided the fate of some three thousand men and—it is said—no less than five German ships of war took place in the trawler's jolly-boat some twenty minutes later. There were seven men on board of her, including Captain Shepherd, as survivors of the fishing steamer's complement; and two of them were wounded—one badly. Among them, also wet and miserable, and with his fur stained yellow by the explosive, was Joe, the trawler's cat.

"I suppose most of you think that good old Grimsby's the place we want to see next?" began Captain Shepherd.

"You bet!" said Olssen, the third hand.

"I'm no' sure," said McCrae, chief engineer, looking hard at his superior officer.

"You're thinking of Jimmy, Mac?" suggested Captain Shepherd.

"I am, cap. He was ma sister's son."

"And he's now down—or parts of him are—among the cod on the bank below. Olssen, your brother's not here either?"

"*Nein.*"

"Nor your boy, Dick?"

"He was smashed to a pulp, with young Olssen, by the winch falling on them," said old Dick. He clutched at a sob in his throat. "A splendid lad he was too—the young beggar. And there were your two pups and all, skipper. I saw them go out, too, in the middle of that stinking yellow smoke. We've always been a bit of what you might call a family ship—very comfortable too, and no trouble ever that meant anything. I'm sorry them cod sounds I was frying for you was wasted, chaps."

Captain Shepherd nodded to the compliment, and then hit the gunwale a hard blow with his fist to call the meeting to business.

"Look here, men; we've all suffered, and we've got to get busy if we're going to show ourselves better than Joe, and do anything besides mewling. I'll own up I've been a man with a wrong idea. I've been led away by a discourse once given in our chapel, which said that at bottom the Dutchmen only wanted a bit of argument and some prayer to make them reasonable. That's wrong. What they want is hell, and I'm the man to give it to them. Do you come in on the usual share terms as arranged for this fishing fleet?"

"If we were fitted as a man-o'-war," said McCrae cautiously, "I'd be wi' ye on the nod." He indicated with the wave of a hand the heavily built boat that carried them lumberingly over the fog-covered swells. "This is all I can see beyond the end of ma neb at present. But perhaps you've a scheme, cap?"

"Aye," said Captain Shepherd heavily. "I have what you might call a strategy in my head. Man and boy I've fished the Dogger—with short holidays in the Iceland seas—these forty years, and I know it, sea bank and sea top, better than most. I know the ways of the cod, I know the thoughts of the men that fish them, and I know the tracks of the shipping, come fog, come fine, as a North Sea fisherman should. I got but one short look at yon spawn of Beelzebub that was laying those mines from Tommy Argles' boat—I bet some language came out when they cut Tommy's throat, by the way—and she was steering north an' by east to half a ticktack. Now do you see the scheme?"

They did not. Captain Shepherd went on patiently to explain:

"They'll lay one line of mines across the ship track from south to north; and then, when they've covered it, they'll turn and lay another parallel to it, so that a ship which misses one line will be gathered by the next."

McCrae held up a brown hand and spat into it.

"That's sound metapheesics. Cap, it's a pleasure to listen to ye. Go on!"

"We'll pull out west from here; we'll miss the mines in the first line—and, fellers, you can take it from me, He will help us—and we'll wait for Mister Blessed Murder Spreader as he comes down on his next trip. Then we'll get aboard and attend to his people; and when we've done that I'll tell you what we'll do next. Any objections?"

They looked at one another thoughtfully and conned the matter over. Your East Coast fisherman is always a mightily independent person, and sees to it that his private opinion has full weight; but there was no amendment and the heavy boat was got under way.

Captain Shepherd, wooden-faced and silent, tucked his arm over an oar in the stern notch and steered. As utensils of navigation he had a watch-chain compass, a big silver watch and his nose; and he held a course through the fog as unfalteringly as a keeper might tread across familiar heather. Thrice they saw steam trawlers from Hull and Grimsby and Scarborough. Once they were hailed; but they made no attempt to break their voyage or even to give a hint of its purpose. They were all silent except Joe, the cat. Joe, having less control than his betters, spat and swore aloud as he licked the yellow melinite stain from his salty fur.

"We don't want the navy butting in," Captain Shepherd said as an afterthought. "We'll make this a fisherman's job; and if afterward they say we're a pack of pirates—well, I hope they'll have to own we're efficient pirates. The dead were our dead, and we're going to arrange the funeral ceremony without help or interference. Spell-o at those oars! Two of you other fellers take a turn now."

The mine-laying trawler crossed their track on its return trip exactly as Captain Shepherd had calculated; and, though her lookout saw them and commented, the officer in charge made no attempt to slow down or pick them up. But some such courtesy as that had been anticipated. The boat lay in the steamer's track, stern to bow and at full pressure on her oars; and under Captain Shepherd's handling she presently rasped down the trawler's side. Men who spend their lives boarding fish on to the carriers in all varieties of North Sea weather are impossible to beat at that sort of game.

What followed was by no means a massacre. The seven men tumbled over on to the mine-cluttered decks without resistance, certainly, the cat following them. They had two iron belaying pins among them and quickly picked up other weapons; but, if it had not been for the surprise of their boarding, they would have been driven in quick time over into the sea whence they came. The surprise gave them the first start, however, and their toughness and the wild ferocity of their attack did the rest.

Captain Shepherd found an ax and wielded it bloodily. They cleared the main deck under a spray of revolver

bullets from an officer in the pilot house. Captain Shepherd went for him, ignoring the revolver, got the ax well home on his right shoulder blade, and cleft him through to the middle. There was no asking for or giving quarter.

The invaders cleared the decks of Germans and then went below to the forecastle, engine room and cabin, and killed there, leaving only two alive. These two were English and in the stokehold, and they heard hard things from their saviors about Englishmen who, even under duress, work for Germans and do not kill them.

"So back to your kennel, you whipped pups!" said Captain Shepherd at the end of his discourse on their personal appearance and behavior. "And keep a full head of steam. We're away to the s'uth'ard-east'ard on pressing business. . . . Are you other fellers all sound? Where's Albert Henry?"

"Albert Henry got a bayonet in his stomach, and clapped his arms round the Dutchman that put it there and jumped with him into the ditch."

"And I think Hull Harry died just as we boarded. He must have been worse hurt than we guessed at when the Twins blew up."

"That leaves five," said Captain Shepherd. "You, Olssen, take the wheel. Your course is sou'east-'n'-by-east. Mac, get below and learn up the coffee mill; and rub the fear o' God into those putty-livers that are firing her. And the rest of you swill down decks. I'm going to worry out how these mines are launched, and I want a clear head for it; so don't any of you fellers disturb me. . . . Oh, yes, and there's one other thing. One of you hunt up a Dutch ensign—they're bound to have one aboard—and get it bent on to the signal halyards and ready to break out if any of their cruisers overhaul us."

The fishermen obeyed these orders none too promptly. They were all of them more or less cut and scratched; and, to start with, they gave one another rough first aid. Then, at Dick's suggestion, they raided galley and larder and pocketed a meal; and then, with food to refer to between whiles, they started to work; and each, according to the North Sea habit, set himself to do two men's toil.

Meantime Captain Shepherd, who had never in his life seen a floating sea mine, either on a ship's deck or elsewhere, set to work to puzzle out from the mass of boiler iron and steel cable before him how he could sink, burn and destroy his hated enemies without blowing up the S. T. Bishop Argles in the process. After he had done a given amount of execution he did not in the least mind what became of her or, for that matter, of himself or his crew. He was a man now entirely reckless and, if he gave a thought for his mates, concluded they were the same. He had received irreparable injury; the bigger injury he could do to any German in return the happier he should die—that was all.

The raveling out of the plan for a fleet of floating sea mines is no job for an amateur; but Captain Shepherd was not the ordinary layman in this matter. He was a North Sea fisherman, which is as much as to say that he was a mechanic, sailorman, carpenter and rule-of-thumb scientist combined; and he picked up intelligently the details of mooring tackle, riding cables, depth adjustment, striker adjustment, and all the rest of the intricate apparatus. He reasoned it out piecemeal from A to Z and back again tediously from Z to A, slurring over nothing, concentrating thoughtfully on every doubtful point until it became entirely clear. Now and again Joe bumped a sympathetic nose against his leg, and he always pulled the cat's tail gratefully in recognition of the attention.

The North Sea, too, was kind to them in being comfortably covered with fog. In fine weather Captain Shepherd was no better navigator than any other man who has grasped the truths of Norie's Epitome; but in a thick gray blanket of fog, even among the fisher skippers, there were few to equal him. With a sluggish compass on a pole, a handful of tallow smeared into the bottom of the lead, and a nose to sniff the wet air, he could feel his way from any part of the North Sea waste to any other part with unfaltering accuracy.

At intervals a hand would bring the lead to him and he would examine and sniff at the arming.

"Huh! Sand and small shells, and one of them brown creepy things, and that crisp brass-wire smell! We are just off the sou'east corner of that hole where I carried away a trawl beam in Nought-one. Tell Olssen to give her half a point more starboard, and take another cast of the lead in twenty minutes; and if there's black sand with these same shells you needn't bother me for another hour. I guess that half point will just overtake the drift."

So, on across his chosen line to the German coast, Captain Shepherd did not trouble with charts. He carried a map of the contours of the North Sea floor in his head and had resourcefulness enough for all other requirements.

Once he was hailed by a hurrying German destroyer, but had backed away into the fog with a ported helm by the time she had come to look for him, and so escaped inquiries. The incident gave him an idea, however. He went to the engine-room skylight and hailed down to one of his impressed stokers:

"Hey, you putty-feller there, what did the Dutchmen do with your fishing gear when they took you?"

"Slung it overboard, sir."

"All of it?"

"All of it except the warps."

"Did they jettison the otter boards?"

"Yes, sir."

"But didn't Captain Argles carry a spare?"

The two stokers consulted.

"Yes, sir; there's a spare otter board used as a floor for one of the fish boxes."

"Good!" said the captain, and he proceeded to get it on deck. "We'll call the depth here twenty-six fathoms, and we'll shackle one of these devil's machines on to the otter board, with enough drift of painter to keep it just under the surface when we're towing it out a quarter of a mile abeam of us. How's that, fellers? Take that mine there, marked thirty-two, that's next under the derrick; and handle it like eggs or it'll go off hot. And that'll be the end of our tale, and our job'll be left undone. By Crumbs, fellers, be careful! Keep it in your heads that we've a stack of these Dutchmen to kill before our own time comes."

Success came that very night. From out the mist and the darkness a German light cruiser came pelting up at a five-and-twenty-knot gait, with guns nosing round for prey and searchlights blazing. She sighted the trawler and hove to, with engines working full speed astern, athwart the Bishop Argles' trawl warp, bawling questions.

"*Ja! Ja!*" shouted Captain Shepherd in polite response. "No comprennay!"

Meantime Mr. McCrae had set the deck winch going, and hove in on the trawl warp until he drew the mine and its murderous strikers into place.

It hit the cruiser squarely beneath her bilge, amidships. It blew her half in two; it exploded some if not all of her boilers, and these—or the mine—exploded her magazines.

Heaven yelled to the din of the blasts. The fog lit to a flaming yellow. The Bishop Argles rocked and tossed like a cork in a flooded gutter with the shock; and when the reeking smoke of the melinite blew to him, Joe, the cat, spat and swore with excited frenzy.

"Good puss, then!" said Captain Shepherd. "Hates a Dutchman, doesn't he? Get the slack of that trawl warp hove in, Mac, will you? And then we'll steam on again. Back to your course, Olssen!"

"Aye!" said Dick, the old fisherman. "Here's a sandwich for you, skipper. You missed your dinner, so you'll need it. The meat's some kind of liver sausage with black things in it; but I fried it with onions, so you'll never notice the taste. And here's a mug of hard-boiled tea."

"Thank you, Dick. Now go and take a spell at the wheel and send Olssen to me, aft here. And, Dick, if he doesn't seem to want to come, or if he shows awkward in any way, throw him over into the pond."

"Aye!" said the burly old man. "I was expecting that, too, skipper. Olssen's a Dutchman of sorts himself."

Olssen came and was sharply bidden to stand ten feet from his interviewer.

"And now, my man," said Captain Shepherd, "as the only feller who speaks German on this packet, why the whiskers didn't you palaver that brass-edged Dutchman when I told you to? Frightened?"

"*Nein;* it was nod dot exactly."

"Kind o' forgot they murdered your brother a few hours ago, did you?"

"*Mein Gott, nein!*"

"Look here, my feller, what countryman are you? An Olssen should be some sort of a Sou'wegian."

"*Deutschland über alles!*" murmured Olssen softly, and rushed.

Captain Shepherd stepped slightly aside, but left one heavy carpet-slippered foot behind him. Olssen struck wildly, hit nothing, tripped over the foot, and tumbled over the rail into the North Sea—where he remained.

"They're everywhere, those Dutchmen!" commented Captain Shepherd patiently, and cut himself some tobacco. "They'll do with a lot of weeding out. I must weed."

It was dark again when the Bishop Argles entered the Helgoland Bight, and she was steaming without lights. Furthermore, her engine-room and cabin skylights were covered with tarpaulins; and the binnacle lights were muffled, so that not the smallest ray could escape seaward. The clothing of her people was dried by now, and Captain Shepherd's carpet slippers showed their colors in full brilliancy.

A more desperate venture than the one they were set on it would be impossible to find, but none of the bipeds showed emotion. Fishermen are not a demonstrative lot at any time, and these few survivors of what was once a happy family ship were perhaps dulled with grief; anyway, they had decided that it was worth dying to encompass a certain ambition against the enemy, and there was an end of it. So they ate, drank, kept watches, and behaved as normal fishermen should.

Joe, the cat, was the exception. Joe complained personally and individually to each of the crew in turn—except, of course, the two pariahs in the stokehole—and had his neck tickled or his tail pulled in good-tempered toleration. Everybody liked Joe, but nobody was going to be worried too much about his obvious forebodings. He went to McCrae last of all as that excellent person came up to cool off at the fiddley door. Mr. McCrae was wiping grease from his hands and face with a wad of cotton waste and thriftily transferring it to his boots.

"Fey!" he said to Dick, who had been trying to tempt the cat with a bone—"Fey, that's what ails the puir beastie. I thought second sight of that kind was confined to humans. Here's a proof to the contrary. It would be a vera interesting topic to write an article on for the E'nb'ro' Review if ever we get hame again—which we shulln't. Dick, there was an eye in that egg you fried for ma breakfast this morning. I'll trouble you to pick the meaty bits out in the future. They're ower rich for ma stomach."

A new danger cropped up as they neared their goal. The British Navy, both on the water and below it—though mostly below it—was keeping watch and ward on the German ships that were cooped up inside; but Captain Shepherd instinctively felt that

Continued on Page 45

There Was a Crash and a Shrill Scream

WAR AND THE HEARTH

By Maude Radford Warren

The Canadians Have a Sense of Nearness to the War Quite as Strong as the English

NO ONE in Canada can fail to realize that the nation is taking part in a war. All the signs are present, both obvious and subtle. The British flag, which has always carried to Canadians a message as deep and splendid as its own coloring, soars everywhere. The sight of it helps to express the emotions of people who prefer not to put into words all they feel. They have a sense of nearness to the war—quite as strong as the English people have.

They even had the aëroplane scare; an aëroplane circled repeatedly round the big rifle factory in Quebec. Some one in authority gave the guards about the factory an order to fire, when, just in time, it was discovered that the aëroplane was in the service of the Empire.

In every town and city companies of soldiers march to barracks or to train. In Ottawa one reads an advertisement demanding recruits for the Fifth Royal Highlanders, who must be from eighteen to forty years of age, not less than five feet three inches in height, and ready to serve for the duration of the war. In the window of a Quebec shop one reads an advertisement that goods are to be sold to soldiers at a ten per cent reduction. On the train to Montreal, on Sundays, the car called the Priests' Car is nearly empty, for the priests who were accustomed to hold mass among the French Canadians in the big lumbering camps have lost that duty; the war has brought the lumber business almost to a standstill.

In Toronto one sees an old white-haired woman, whose daughter died in Brussels, collecting money in the streets for the Belgians. In a Montreal paper a man occupies nearly a whole page in stating that for twenty years Germany has been preparing to rule the seas, and that it is the duty of Canada to place at the disposal of the British Government a cash contribution of fifty million dollars, because the final victory of the present war will be fought on the seas.

What singing and speech making there is comes not flauntingly, but deeply. It is offered to the honor of the Empire, because the Empire is great and is in the right; and the honor to the soldier is, as Ruskin would have had it, not because he is eager to slay, but because he is willing to die.

In every city and village can be found a number of articulate people whose remarks prove the wonderful unity of the Canadians, and also their excellent grasp of the situation. These people are intent on contriving that there shall be the least possible amount of physical suffering for those at the front and for those at home; and the least possible amount of financial loss—for in Canada they do not sing the war song entitled War is a Bountiful Jade. It is extremely probable they do not sing it in Germany, either. It goes with swagger and swashbuckling and out-of-date impressions that war means gain. War, as we moderns see it, cannot mean gain—not even for nations who go out after territory and get it.

The Service of Those Who Stay at Home

THE European war means loss, both to victor and to vanquished. The Canadians know that every one has to pay—man, woman and child—and some of them in several ways. What has been equally clear is that everybody must help—either help to fight or help to make the best of the results of fighting. Any stay-at-home who has remarked, "They also serve who only stand and wait," has been shown that serving and waiting are in order, but not standing: every one must move forward.

And yet, in spite of all the bravery and common sense, there is in Canada, especially behind the closed doors of the homes, a strong feeling of loss, both financial and human. It cannot, indeed, be said, as in France or Germany, that every man who can bear arms has gone to the front; but many households have yielded up son or father, and many more know that sacrifice is yet to come.

At the least, every one has bidden farewell to dear friends. A woman in Quebec sent away her husband and son. She was on the Terrace to see them sail, and then she went home; and when her friends call they do not see her, and are told that she is not quite well. A couple in Montreal sent their three young officer sons. The day after the expedition sailed the father was at his place of business as usual, listening now and then to a word of congratulation about his children; but the next day he stayed at home, and he and his wife sat alone in their drawing room reviving, who knows what memories of the childhood of their boys.

The day when the news began to be whispered that the Canadian oversea expedition had really sailed, and when wives and parents began to receive letters of farewell, without date or postscript, a woman, with two little eager children, walked in front of the armory at Ottawa. She had the dark brown shadows about her eyes that are a sign not so much of tears as of tears held back.

"I have to bring them here every day," she said; "they won't be satisfied without seeing the place where their father was recruited. It's as good a way as any, I suppose, of keeping him in their minds. No; my husband was not a reservist. He was in South Africa, but he went as a volunteer. It was hard for me then to have him go, for I hadn't been married long and the war seemed so far away. It was a reasonable thing to suppose that people near it ought to do the fighting; but that was only my idea, of course. I wanted him with me; but I knew his country had a better right to him than I had; and there were not any children then, anyway.

"He came back safe and well—that is, as well as a man can be who has passed bitter nights in the open without a cover of any sort, and who has gone long hours without even a crust to gnaw—not that he talked much about it; for a long time he didn't let a word out of him, but sometimes his friends would talk round the dining-room table of nights when I had set out some cider and currant bread for them. I'd be sewing on the clothes of the baby that was coming, and I'd listen. And then I'd hear about a man, whose name nobody knew, dying and being buried, with no one able to send a word to his family; and I'd hear of wounded men crying and calling for their mothers—and the night so black you couldn't tell where they were, even if it would have done you any good to know. When you come to think of it, a grown-up man has to go through a lot of suffering before he begins to cry in the dark for his mother. I wish now I'd never heard any of those stories, for I can't put them out of my mind.

"When the children began to come nothing seemed very real but them. The South African War seemed to me just something my husband liked to talk about—just like the way some men talk of fishing or horse racing. Then this war began to be rumored; and at first it meant nothing to me. My baby had the croup; and what I thought, if I thought at all, was that it was not the heads of families that should go, but young men with no responsibilities. But of late, when I've been awake in the night, I've thought of the mothers of those young men. Then I noticed how my husband would keep poring over the newspaper, and I got so I was afraid to look straight at him, for fear of what I might see in his face. Then I got so I didn't say very much to him.

"One day at breakfast, when I was cutting bread for the children, he leaned across the table and took the knife and loaf away from me, and began to cut it himself. And when he'd got about twice as much as they could eat cut off—to get all dry and hard—he said:

"'Mary, you needn't say anything to me. If war is declared I'm going!'

"Then he got up and left the table without drinking his tea. So I knew he felt bad at having to go against me—for I didn't want him to go, at least not yet. The way I look at it is that he has served his country once, and that much active service ought to excuse him; but if he was really wanted I could have let him go with the second contingent. That's what my mother is doing with my two brothers. They want to go. They talked it over at our house, and they said a man's life belonged to his mother and to his country. So they went to my mother and asked her to let them go. She said to them:

"'Boys, I'm an old woman, and I don't want the last years of my life to be harder than they must. Don't leave yet. If it's a disgrace and a shame in you to hold back from the war then I'll take that shame and disgrace on myself. Wait until they ask for the second lot of men—it may never come to that; but if it does I'll let you go.'

"My mother-in-law is so different! She encouraged my husband and his brother to go. She said if any harm came to them it wouldn't be so long before she joined them, and she'd have the satisfaction of knowing that she didn't hold them back from their duty. Sometimes it seems to me a mother has more influence over a man than his wife. When my mother-in-law put it to me, and asked whether I would say the word to keep my man from going, I couldn't say that I would. What I said to her was that if you cross or thwart a man he makes you pay for it; but, besides that, I believe that if a man says something is his duty, and you are his wife and you know that it isn't an easy duty, then you can't hold him back from it, even if his choice costs you more than it does him. There's plenty of women I know who've consented to let their men go; but they don't want to put it down in writing, because that would look as though they'd sent them. But I just reminded my mother-in-law of what happened to Sarah Jordan."

The Wife Who Wouldn't Let Her Man Go

"SARAH JORDAN never seemed to me to set much store by her husband—they quarreled a good bit; but when this war broke out he enlisted. According to the law she had the right to hold him back, because he was a volunteer; so she wrote a letter to the colonel of the regiment and gave it to one of the children to post. Jordan got it away from the child. Then he told Sarah there was some loophole out of the law, and that they were going to take him anyway. She wouldn't believe it entirely. Anyway, she was always one to do things before everybody, with a lot of fuss. So she went up to the armory one day when the men were drilling—not the company only, but the whole regiment—and flung her arms round Jordan's neck and claimed him before everybody. They're both the laughingstock of all their friends; but people feel sorry enough for him—though, indeed, as my husband said, this is no time when a man wants to be pitied. But Jordan is putting in his time making Sarah wish she had let him go.

"The world seems to me to be a changed place. Everything has been so different for maybe ten years—earthquakes and terrible fires and accidents, and the price of everything going up so that a body hardly knows how to live. And now this war! I suppose it could be worse; I hear the wives of the poor French soldiers don't get what we do to live on. My husband is assigning me all his pay, except a little for tobacco. I wish now I'd said less to him about smoking up the parlor curtains.

"Then there's what the government gives me; but, at that, altogether it's only fifty dollars, and my husband made ninety-five at his job. Ten of that we put by against the education of the children and for old age; but we spent eighty-five. The rent is eighteen, and I can't find anything for less in a decent neighborhood—and if I could a lot of money would go in the moving.

"I'll have to take a lodger if I can get one. I'll have to stop the children's music lessons, and see whether I can't get their winter clothes out of the cast-off things of

their cousins. They won't like to wear them, for the school children will know. I'll go out sewing by the day now and then, if I can get it to do; and that'll be bad for the children, me leaving them to get their own food alone and run the streets after school.

"Maybe I'll not be able to get anything to do, and then I suppose I'll have to use up the earnings. Some poor women are without earnings, and they'll have to take the children out of school and put them to work, if they can find it. Some people say there will be no work for anyone. I suppose things could be worse than they are with me. It's just that I feel as though I'm living in a bad dream—only I don't know that I'll ever wake. The ones that go to the front aren't the only ones that suffer."

In a sense every one in Canada has been conscripted. There is a story of a man who was with a surveying party in the wilderness of Northern Ontario when the news came of the breaking out of the war. He walked ninety miles through the woods to the nearest railroad station to offer himself as a volunteer. Those who must fight the stay-at-home battle make their sacrifices just as willingly as those who go to the front.

One sweet-faced old gentlewoman, who has supported an invalid sister for years by keeping a private school, lost so many of her pupils that she was obliged to dismiss her assistant teachers and close her establishment. A former pupil got work for her in a department store.

"Of course it's not what I would have chosen," she said; "but I'm thankful to get it. The other saleswomen help me and I often get a chance to sit down. It gives a living if I draw a little on our savings; and when the war is over I shall reopen the school."

A middle-aged woman who has a rooming house is drawing on her savings because her rooms are full of girls who have lost their positions and cannot pay her.

"I couldn't turn them out," she said, "for where could they go? I get them to help me with the work; and maybe when times are better they'll pay me back. I can't fight, but I can do a little for Canada and the King."

The Canadian Government is also, so to speak, drawing on its savings. To say it has appropriated about a hundred million dollars for the war, and that the total net debt at the end of August, 1914, showed an increase of over thirty-one millions in a year, is not at all telling the story of what the war is costing Canada. When the matter is looked at from the point of view of industry and commerce, and of the people shut away from pay rolls, the figures are staggering.

The nation is suffering severely, financially and commercially, for the whole fiscal system is strained. A great many people are learning for the first time that the world lives and does business on credit; and when war begins credit stops. It seems strange that one man can ruin international credit and pinch countless millions of people!

To Canada the war could scarcely have come at a worse time, for her era of construction was changing to one of production, and she was undergoing the difficulties of the new adjustment. British and foreign investors were holding off to see what Canada would make of herself during the next few months. The Dominion and provincial governments had borrowed heavily.

There were some critics who thought a considerable share of the trouble of the nation was due to a too free expenditure of the governmental funds. The leaders of financial and commercial circles were keeping a keen eye on the general development of the country, particularly watching preferred stocks. There was a list of nonpayers that gave a feeling of uncertainty.

When the war was declared these stocks went down. With some of them it was a case of "three times and out." Firm after firm began to fail and thousands of people lost their employment. Some of these firms were in a bad way before the war, but one or two of them need not have shut down if they had cared to reduce profits, or even run at a loss for a time. It is said that one firm alone, which closed its doors early in August, threw out of employment five thousand men.

Many thousands more have been dropped from steel corporations, electrical concerns, and car and railroad shops; but there would have been many more forced failures and voluntary withdrawals if it had not been for the spirit of unity which sprang up, as though overnight, in the nation. Political and religious and social differences were forgotten; the instinct of personal gain was forced into the background. It almost seemed as though sympathy and love and money had become communal.

The spirit was and is much as it was in San Francisco just after the earthquake. He is a hard man who is not helping in these parlous times in Canada, either with money or with brains. The rich man is not so rich as he was; he may become bankrupt to-morrow; and he is ready to give help to the man who has always been poor.

From the day after the war broke out concerted effort began to help those who were fighting at home. The government at once placed itself behind the banks. At present it even seems to be the intention of the Finance Department to extend assistance to provinces and municipalities the treasury bills of which, afloat in London, will fall due in the course of the next few months. Suggestions were made that Toronto should keep its little army of six thousand men engaged on its civic works; and this has been done. It was also proposed that the Ontario Government should carry out its extensive plans for road construction, to give work to the unemployed; but this suggestion, at the present writing, is still pending.

Almost at once a strong committee of business men was appointed, representing the various industries of Canada, to find ways and means of keeping the wheels of industry and of commerce turning. Of course no care had to be taken of the industries that received orders for supplies from the militia department—such as cotton companies, cloth factories, knitting mills, boot and shoe companies, saddlery and harness companies, tent concerns, and so on; but many others were in a sad way.

The manufacturers who shared the patriotic spirit of those who had gone to the front expressed themselves—some of them in print—as wishing to show the same courage

(Continued on Page 30)

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

By E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREFÉ

XVI

SELINGMAN drew out his watch and held it underneath the electric light set in the back of the automobile. "Good!" he declared. "It is not yet half past eleven."

"Too early for the Austria," Draconmeyer murmured a little absently.

Selingman returned the watch to his pocket.

"By no means," he objected. "Mademoiselle is doubtless amusing herself well enough, but if I go now and leave in an hour she will be peevish. She might want to accompany us. To-night it would not be convenient. Draconmeyer, tell your chauffeur to take us direct to the rendezvous. We can at least watch the people there. One is always amused. We will forget our nervous friend. Those little touches, Draconmeyer, my man, they mark the man of genius, mind you. Did you notice how his eyes lighted up when I whispered that one word 'Egypt'? It is a great game when you bait your hook with men, and fish for empires!"

Draconmeyer gave an instruction to his chauffeur and leaned back.

"If we succeed ——" he began.

"Succeed?" Selingman interrupted. "Why, man alive, he is on our hooks already! Be at rest, my friend; the affair is half arranged. It remains for us to deal with only one man."

Draconmeyer's eyes sparkled beneath his spectacles. A slow smile crept over his white face.

"You are right," he agreed. "That man is best out of the way. If he and Douaille should meet ——"

"They shall not meet," Selingman thundered. "I, Selingman, declare it. We are here already. Good! The aspect of the place pleases me."

"That Two Hundred Shall be Five Hundred, But it Must be a Cemetery to Which They Take Him!"

The two men, arriving so early, received the distinguished consideration of a bowing *maître d'hôtel* as they entered the Austria. They were ushered at once to a round table in a favorable position. Selingman surrendered his hat and coat to the obsequious *vestiaire*, pulled down his waistcoat with a familiar gesture, spread his pudgy hands upon the table and looked round him with a smile of benevolent approval.

"I shall amuse myself here," he declared confidently. "Pass the menu to me, Draconmeyer. You have no more idea how to eat than a rabbit. That is why you suffer from indigestion. At this hour—why, it is not midnight yet!—one needs sustenance; sustenance, mark you, intelligently selected, something nourishing yet not heavy. A sheet of paper, waiter. You see, I like to write out my dishes. It saves trouble and there are no disappointments, nothing is forgotten. As to the wine, show me the vintage champagnes. So! You need not hurry with the meal. We shall spend some time here."

Draconmeyer arrested the much-impressed *maître d'hôtel* as he was hurrying away.

"Is there dancing here to-night?" he inquired.

"But certainly, monsieur," the man replied. "A Spanish lady, altogether ravishing, the equal of Otéro at her best—Señorita Melita."

"She dances alone?"

"By no means. There is the young Frenchman, Jean Coulois, who is engaged for the season. A wonderful pair indeed! When May comes they go to the music halls in Paris and London."

Draconmeyer nodded approval.

"Coulois was the name," he whispered to Selingman as the man moved away.

The place filled up slowly. Presently the supper was served. Selingman ate with appetite, Draconmeyer only sparingly. The latter, however, drank more freely than usual. The wine had, nevertheless, curiously little effect upon him, save for a slight additional brightness of the eyes. His cheeks remained pale, his manner distrait. Without any apparent interest he watched the people enter and pass to their places. Selingman, on the other hand, easily absorbed the spirit of his surroundings. As the night wore on he recognized his neighbors, beamed upon the pretty little Frenchwoman who was selling flowers, and with obvious enjoyment ate and drank what was set before him. Both men, however, showed at least an equal interest when Señorita Melita, in Spanish costume, accompanied by a slim, dark-visaged man, began to dance.

Draconmeyer was no longer restless. He sat with folded arms, watching the performance with a strangely absorbed air. One thing, however, was singular: although Selingman was confessedly a ladies' man, his eyes, after her first few movements, scarcely rested for a moment upon the girl. Both Draconmeyer and he watched her companion steadfastly. When the dance was over they applauded with spirit. Selingman beckoned to the man, who with a little deprecating shrug of the shoulders swaggered up to their table with some show of condescension.

"A chair for Monsieur Jean Coulois, the great dancer," Selingman ordered; "and another glass. Monsieur Jean, my sincerest congratulations! But a word in your ear: Her steps do not match yours. It is really you who make the dance. She has no initiative. She can do nothing but imitate."

The dancer looked at his host a little curiously. He was slightly built and without an atom of color. His black hair was closely cropped, his eyes of somber darkness, his demeanor almost sullen. At Selingman's words, however, he nodded rapidly and seated himself more firmly upon his chair. It was apparent that although his face remained expressionless he was gratified.

"They notice nothing, these others," he remarked with a little wave of the hand. "It is always the woman who counts. You are right, monsieur. She dances like a stick. She has good calves and she rolls her eyes. The *canaille* applaud. It is always like that. Your health, monsieur!"

Selingman leaned across the table toward the young dancer.

"Coulois," he whispered, "the wolves bay loudest at night, is it not so?"

The man sat quite still. If such a thing was possible, he grew a shade paler. His eyes glittered. He looked steadfastly at Selingman.

"Who are you?" he muttered.

"The wolves sleep in the daytime," Selingman replied.

The dancer shrugged his shoulders. The double password had reassured him.

"Pardon, monsieur," he said, "these have been anxious hours."

"The little affair the other night at La Turbie?" Selingman suggested.

Coulois' mouth had taken an evil turn. He leaned across the table.

"See you," he exclaimed in a hoarse whisper, "what happened, happened justly! Martin is responsible. The whole thing was conducted in the spirit of a pantomime, a great joke. Who are we, the Wolves, to brandish empty firearms, to shrink from letting a little blood! Bah!"

Selingman nodded approvingly as he refilled Coulois' glass.

"My friend and I," he confided, "were among those who were held up. Imagine it! We stood against the wall like a row of dummies. Such treasure as I have never before seen was poured into that sack. Jewels, my friend, such as only the women of Monte Carlo wear! Packet after packet of thousand-franc notes! Wealth immeasurable! Oh, Coulois, Coulois, it was an opportunity lost!"

"Lost!" the dancer echoed fiercely. "It was thrown into the gutter! It was madness! It was hellish, such ill fortune! Yet what could I do? If I had been absent from here—I, Coulois, whom men know of—even the police would have had no excuse. So it was Martin who must lead. Our armory had never been fuller. There were revolvers for every one, there was ammunition for a thousand. Pardon, monsieur, but I cannot talk of this affair. The anger rises so hot in my heart that I fear to betray myself to those who may be listening. And, besides, you have not come here to talk with me of it."

"It is true," Selingman confessed.

There followed a brief silence. The dancer was studying his two companions. There was uneasiness in his expression.

"I do not understand," he said hoarsely, "how you came by the passwords."

"Make yourself wholly at ease, my young friend," Selingman begged him reassuringly. "We are men of the world, my friend and I. We seek our own ends in life, and we have often to make use of the nearest and the best means for the purpose of securing them. Martin has served me before. A week ago I should have gone to him. To-night, as you know, he lies in prison."

"Martin, indeed!" the dancer jeered. "You would have gone, then, to a man of sawdust, a chicken-livered bungler! What is it that you want done? Speak to me, I am a man."

The leader of the orchestra was essaying upon his violin the tentative strains of a popular air. The girl had reappeared and was poising herself upon her toes. The leader of the orchestra summoned Coulois.

"I must dance," he announced. "Afterward I will return."

He leaped lightly to his feet and swung into the room with extended arms. Draconmeyer looked down at his plate.

"It is a risk, this, we are running," he muttered. "I do not see, Selingman, why you could not have hired this fellow through Allen or one of the others."

Selingman shook his head.

"See here, Draconmeyer," he explained, "this is one of the cases where agents are dangerous. For Allen to have been seen with Jean Coulois here would have been the same as though I had been seen with him myself. I cannot, alas, in this place, with my personality, keep my identity concealed! They know that I am Selingman. They know well that wherever I move I have with me men of my secret service. I cannot use them against Hunterleys. Too many are in the know. Here we are simply two visitors who talk to a dancer. We depart. We do not see him again until afterward. Besides, this is where fate is with us. What more natural than that the Wolves should revenge themselves upon the man who captured one of their leaders? It was the young American, Richard Lane, who really started the debacle, but it was Hunterleys who seized Martin. What more natural than revenge? These fellows hang by one another always."

Draconmeyer nodded with grim approval.

"It was devilish work he did in Sofia," he said softly. "But for him much of this would have been unnecessary."

The dance was over. Both men joined enthusiastically in the applause. Coulois, with an insolent nod to his admirers, returned to his seat. He threw himself back in his chair, crossed his legs and held out his empty glass. Though he had been dancing furiously there was not a single bead of perspiration upon his forehead.

"You are in good condition, my friend," Selingman observed admiringly.

"I need to be for my work," Coulois replied. "Let us get to business. There is no need to mince words. What do you want with me? Who is the quarry?"

"The man who ruined your little affair at La Turbie and captured your comrade Martin," Selingman whispered. "You see you have every provocation to start with."

Coulois' eyes glittered.

"He was an Englishman," he muttered.

"Quite true," Selingman assented. "His name is Hunterleys—Sir Henry Hunterleys. He lives at the Hôtel de Paris. His room is number 189. He spends his time upon the terrace, at the Café de Paris and in the Sporting Club. Every morning he goes to the English Bank for his letters, deals with them in his room, calls at the post office and takes a walk, often up into the hills."

"Come, come, this is not so bad!" Coulois exclaimed. "They laughed at us in the cafés and down in the wine shops of Monaco, those who know," he went on, frowning. "They say that the Wolves have become sheep. We shall see! It is an affair, this, worth considering. What do you pay, Monsieur le Gros, and for how long do you wish him out of the way?"

"The pay," Selingman announced, "is two hundred louis, and the man must be in hospital for at least a fortnight."

Draconmeyer leaned suddenly forward. His eyes were bright, his hands gripped the table.

"Listen!" he whispered. "Are the Wolves sheep, indeed, that they can do no more than twist ankles and break heads? That two hundred shall be five hundred, Jean Coulois, but it must be a cemetery to which they take him, and not a hospital!"

There was a moment's silence. Selingman sat back in his place. He was staring at his companion with wide-open eyes. Jean Coulois was moistening his lips with his tongue, his eyes were brilliant.

"Five hundred louis!" he repeated under his breath.

"Is it not enough?" Draconmeyer asked coldly. "I do not believe in half measures. The man who is wounded may be well before he is welcome. If five hundred louis is not enough, name your price; but let there be no doubt. Let me see what the Wolves can do when it is their leader who handles the knife!"

The face of the dancer was curiously impassive. He lifted his glass and drained it.

"An affair of death!" he exclaimed softly. "We Wolves, we bite, we wound, we rob. But death—ugh! There are ugly things to be thought of."

"And pleasant ones," Draconmeyer reminded him. "Five hundred louis is not enough? It shall be six hundred. A man may do much with six hundred golden louis."

Selingman sat forward once more in his place.

"Look here," he interposed, "you go too far, my friend. You never spoke to me of this. What have you against Hunterleys?"

"His nationality," Draconmeyer answered coolly. "I hate all Englishmen!"

The gayety had left Selingman's face. He gazed at his companion with a curious expression.

"My friend," he murmured, "I fear that you are vindictive."

"Perhaps," Draconmeyer replied quietly. "In these matters I like to be on the safe side."

Jean Coulois struck the table lightly with his small, feminine hand. He showed all his teeth as though he had been listening to an excellent joke.

"It is to be done," he decided. "There is no more to be said."

Some visitors had taken the next table. Coulois drew his chair a little closer to Draconmeyer.

"I accept the engagement," he continued. "We will talk no more. Monsieur desires my address? It is here"—scribbling on a piece of paper. "But monsieur may be warned," he added with a lightninglike flash in his eyes as he became conscious of the observation of some passers-by; "I will not dance in England. I will not leave Monte Carlo before May. Half that sum—three hundred louis, mind—must come to me on trust; the other three hundred afterward. Never fear but that I will give satisfaction. Keep your part of the bargain," he added under his breath, "and the Wolves' fangs are already in this man's throat."

He danced again. The two men watched him intently. Draconmeyer's face was as still and colorless as ever. In Selingman's face there was a shade of something that suggested repulsion.

"Draconmeyer," he exclaimed, "you are a cold-blooded fish indeed! You can sit there without blinking and think of this thing we have done. Now as for me I have a heart. I can never see without a shiver even a bitter opponent pass out of the game. Talk philosophy to me, Draconmeyer. My nerves are shaken."

Draconmeyer turned his head. He, too, raised his wine to his lips and drank deliberately.

"My friend," he said, "there is no philosophy save one. A child cries for the star he may not have. The weak man comforts himself in privation by repeating to himself the dry-as-dust axioms conceived in an alien brain, and weaving from them the miserable comfort of empty words. The man who knows life and has found wisdom pays the price for the thing he desires and obtains it!"

XVII

HUNTERLEYS sat that night alone in a seat at the Opera and lost himself for a time in a maze of recollections. He seemed to find himself growing younger as he listened to the music. The days of a more vivid and ardent sentimentality seemed to reassert themselves. He thought of the hours when he had sat side by side with his wife, the only woman to whom he had ever given a thought; of the thrill that even the touch of her fingers had given him, of the drive home together, the little confidences and endearments, the glamour that seemed to have been thrown over life before those unhappy misunderstandings. He remembered so well the beginning of them all—the terrible pressure of work that was thrown upon his shoulders, his engrossed days, his disturbed nights; her patience at first, her subsequent petulance, her final anger. He was engaged often in departmental work that he could not even explain.

She had taken up with unhappy facility the rôle of a neglected wife. She declared that he had ceased to care for the lighter ways. There had certainly been a time when her complaints had been apparently justified, when the opera had been banned, the theater impossible, when she could not even rely upon his escort to a dinner or to a reception. He had argued with her very patiently at first, but very unsuccessfully. It was then that her friendship with Linda Draconmeyer had been so vigorously renewed, a friendship that seemed from the first to have threatened his happiness.

Had it been his fault, he wondered? Had he really been too much engrossed in his work? His country had made large demands upon him in those days. Had he ever explained the matter fully and carefully enough to her? Perhaps not. At any rate he was the sufferer. He realized more than ever, as the throbbing of the music stole into his blood, the loneliness of his life. And yet it seemed so hopeless. Supposing he threw up his work and let things take their course? The bare thought chilled him. He recognized it as unworthy. The great song of mortification from the broken hero rang in his ears. Must every woman bring to every man the curse of Delilah!

He passed out of the building into the cool, starlit night. People were strolling about in evening clothes, hatless, the women in white opera cloaks and filmy gowns, their silk-stockinged feet very much in evidence. They resembled almost some strange kind of tropical birds, with their little shrill laughter and graceful movements, as they made their way toward the club or round to the rooms, or to one of the restaurants for supper. While Hunterleys hesitated there was a touch upon his arm. He glanced round.

"Hello, David!" he exclaimed. "Were you waiting for me?"

The young man fell into step by his side.

"I have been to the hotel," he said in a low tone. "They thought you might be here. Can you come up later—say at one o'clock?"

"Certainly," Hunterleys answered. "Where's Sidney?"

"He's working now. He'll be home by half past twelve unless anything goes wrong. He thinks he'll have something to tell you."

"I'll come," Hunterleys agreed. "How's Felicia?"

"All right, but working herself to death," the young man replied. "She is getting anxious too. Give her a word of encouragement if you see her to-night. She was hoping you might have been up to see her."

"I won't forget," Hunterleys promised.

The young man drifted silently away, and Hunterleys, after a moment's hesitation and a glance at his watch,

turned toward the club. He climbed the broad staircase, surrendered his hat and turned in at the roulette room. The magic of the music was still in his veins and he looked round him almost eagerly. There was no sign of Violet. He strolled into the baccarat room, but she was not there. Perhaps she, too, had been at the Opera. In the bar he found Richard Lane sitting moodily alone. The young man greeted him warmly.

"Come and have a drink, Sir Henry," he begged. "I've got the bump."

Hunterleys sat down by his side.

"What's the matter with you, Richard?" he asked.

"She isn't here," the young man declared. "I've been to the rooms and she isn't there either."

"What about the Opera?" Hunterleys asked.

"I started at the Opera," Lane confessed; "took a box so as to be able to see the whole house. I sat through the first act, but there wasn't a sign of her. Then I took a spin out and had another look at the villa. It was all lighted up as though there were a party. I very nearly marched in."

"Just as well you didn't, I think," Hunterleys remarked, smiling. "I see you're feeling just the same about it."

The young man did not even vouchsafe an answer.

"Then you're not going to take advantage of your little warning and clear out?" Hunterleys continued.

"Don't you think I'm big enough to take care of myself?" Lane asked with a little laugh. "Besides, there's an American consul here, and plenty of English witnesses who saw the whole thing. Can't think why they're trying on such a silly game."

"Mr. Grex may have influence," Hunterleys suggested.

"Who the mischief is my prospective father-in-law?" Richard demanded almost testily. "There's an atmosphere about that house and the servants I can't understand a bit."

"You wouldn't," Hunterleys observed dryly. "Well, in a day or two I'll tell you who Mr. Grex is. I'd rather not to-night."

"By the by," Lane continued, "a few minutes ago your wife was asking if you were here."

Hunterleys rose quickly to his feet.

"Where is she?"

"She was at her usual place at the top roulette table, but she gave it up just as I passed, said she was going to walk about," the young man replied. "I don't think she has left yet."

Hunterleys excused himself hastily. In the little space between the restaurant and the roulette rooms he came suddenly upon Violet. She was leaning back in an obscure corner, her hands clasped helplessly in her lap before her. She was sitting quite still, and his heart sank when he saw her. The lines under her eyes were unmistakable now; her cheeks, too, seemed to have grown hollow. Her first look at him almost made him forget all their differences. There was something piteous in the tremble of her lips. He drew a chair to her side.

"Richard told me that you wished to speak to me," he began as lightly as he could.

"I asked if he had seen you," she admitted. "I am afraid that my interest was rather mercenary."

"You want to borrow some money?" he inquired, taking out his pocket-book.

She looked at it, and though her eyes at first were listless they still seemed fascinated.

"I don't think I can play any more to-night," she sighed.

"You have been losing?"

"Yes!"

"Come and have something. You look tired."

She rose willingly enough. They passed out side by side.

"Some champagne?" he suggested.

She shook her head quickly. The memory of the champagne at dinner came back to her with a sudden sickening insistence. She thought of the loan. She thought of Draconmeyer with a new uneasiness. It was as though she had admitted some new complication into her life.

"Could I have some tea?" she begged.

He ordered some and sat with her while she drank it.

"Do you know," he declared, "if I might be permitted to say so, I think you are taking the gaming here a little too seriously. If you have been unlucky it is very easy to arrange an advance for you. Would you like some money? If so, I will see to it when I go to the bank to-morrow. I can let you have a hundred pounds at once if you like."

A hundred pounds! If only she dared tell him that she had lost a thousand within the last two hours! Once more he was fingering his pocket-book.

"Come," he went on pleasantly, "you had better have a hundred from me for luck."

He counted out the notes. Her fingers began to shake.

"I didn't mean to play any more to-night," she faltered.

"Nor should I," he agreed. "Take my advice, Violet, and go home now. This will do for you to-morrow."

She took the money and dropped it into her jeweled bag.

"Very well," she said, "I won't play any more; but I don't want to go home yet. It is early, and I can never sleep here when I do go to bed. Sit with me for half an hour, and then perhaps you could give me some supper?"

He shook his head. "I am so sorry," he answered, "but at one o'clock I have an appointment."

"An appointment?"

"Such bad luck," he continued. "It would have given me very great pleasure to have had supper with you, Violet."

"I Don't Fancy the Law Would See You Out of Any Trouble if They Got an Idea That You Were an English Secret-Service Man"

"An appointment at one o'clock," she repeated slowly. "Isn't that just a little unusual?"

"Perhaps so," he assented. "I can assure you that I am very sorry."

She leaned suddenly toward him. The aloofness had gone from her manner. The barrier seemed for a moment to have fallen down. Once more she was the Violet he remembered. She smiled into his face, smiled with her eyes as well as her lips, just the smile he had been thinking of an hour ago in the opera house.

"Don't go, please," she begged. "I am feeling lonely to-night and I am so tired of everybody and everything. Take me to supper at the Café de Paris. Then, if you like, we might come back here for half an hour. Or ——"

She hesitated.

"I am horribly sorry," he declared in a tone that was full of real regret. "Indeed, Violet, I am. But I have an appointment that I must keep, and I can't tell exactly how long it may take me."

The very fact that the nature of that appointment concerned things that from the first he had made up his mind must be kept entirely secret stiffened his tone. Her manner changed instantly. She had drawn herself a little away. She considered for a moment.

"Are you inclined to tell me with whom your appointment is, and for what purpose?" she asked coldly. "I don't want to be exacting, but after the request I have made, and your refusal ——"

"I cannot tell you," he interrupted. "I can only ask you to take my word for it that it is one I must keep."

She rose suddenly to her feet.

"I forgot!" she exclaimed. "I haven't the slightest right to your confidence. Besides, when I come to think of it I don't believe that I am hungry at all. I shall try my luck with your money."

"Violet ——"

She swept away with a little farewell nod, half insolent, half angry. Hunterleys watched her take her place at the table. For several moments he stood by her side. She neither looked up nor addressed him. Then he turned and left the place.

XVIII

HUNTERLEYS remained in the hotel only long enough to change his hat for a cap, put on a long light overcoat and take an ash stick from his wardrobe. He left the place by an unfrequented entrance and commenced at once to climb to the back part of the town. Once or twice he paused and looked round, to make sure that he was not followed. When he had arrived as far as a certain hotel he crossed the road. From here he walked very quickly and took three turns in rapid succession. Finally he pushed open a little gate and passed up a tiled walk that led between a little border of rose trees to a small white villa covered with creepers. A slim girlish figure came suddenly out from the porch and danced toward him with outstretched hands.

"At last!" she exclaimed. "At last! Tell me, my coguardian, how you are going to excuse yourself."

He took her outstretched hands and looked down into her face. She was very small and dark, with lustrous brown eyes and a very sensitive mouth that just now was quivering with excitement.

"All the excuses have gone out of my head, Felicia," he declared. "You look such a little elf in the moonlight that I can't do more than say that I am sorry. But I have been busy."

She was suddenly serious. She clasped his arm with both her hands and turned toward the house.

"Of course you have," she sighed. "It seems too bad, though, in Monte Carlo. Sidney and David are like ghouls. I don't ask what it is about; I know better; but I wish it were all over, whatever it is."

"Is Sidney back?" Hunterleys asked eagerly.

She nodded.

"He came in half an hour ago looking like a tramp. David is writing as though he hadn't a moment to spare in life. They are both waiting for you, I think."

"And you?" he inquired. "How do the rehearsals go?"

"The rehearsals are all right," she admitted, looking up at him almost pathetically. "It's the night itself that seems so awful. I know every word, I know every note, and yet I can't feel sure. I can't sleep for thinking about it. Only last night I had a nightmare. I saw all those rows and rows of faces, and the lights, and my voice left me, my tongue was dry and hard, not a word would come. And you were there—and the others!"

He laughed at her.

"Little girl," he said solemnly, "I shall have to speak to Sidney. One of those two young men must take you out for a day in the country to-morrow."

"They seem so busy," she complained. "They don't seem to have time to think of me. I suppose I had better let you go in. They'd be furious if they thought I was keeping you."

They passed into the villa, and with a farewell pat of the hand Hunterleys left her and opened a door on the left-hand side of the hall. The young man who had met him coming out of the Opera was standing with his hands in his pockets upon the hearth-rug of an exceedingly untidy-looking apartment. It contained a table covered with papers, another piled with newspapers, and there were books upon the floor, and pipes and tobacco lay about haphazard. A space had been swept clear upon one

(Continued on Page 40)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers. To Canada—By Subscription $1.75 the Year (Except in Toronto, $1.50) Single Copies, Five Cents.

Foreign Subscriptions. For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $3.25. Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 21, 1914

How Long Can They Fight?

IF THE war is to be ended only by financial exhaustion we may as well resign ourselves to about ten years of it. Probably it would take something like that period so to exhaust England, Germany, France and Russia that they could no longer fight—presuming, of course, they were not actually overrun and occupied by an enemy.

A country's credit may sink so low that it cannot borrow a dollar abroad and its treasury may be as bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard; yet it may continue to fight hard for years. So long as there is a pound of powder, a sack of flour, a can of beef or a pair of shoes in the country, the government can take it in exchange for a piece of paper.

First, of course, a warring nation uses up its real money and real credit; and all the belligerents are a long way from having done that. Next, it grinds out paper money, which its fiat makes exchangeable for whatever commodities it wants.

The American Colonies began the War of Independence almost without money. The paper currency issued by the Continental Congress sank so low that the phrase "Not worth a continental" still conveys the idea of zero in value; but the Colonies kept on fighting. The Southern Confederacy was the merest wreck financially long before Washington felt entirely secure from capture by its armies. The Balkan States ended their first war in a condition of bankruptcy, and immediately fought another one.

Even where it is necessary to buy supplies abroad a belligerent nation can husband its whole gold stock for that purpose, and so continue buying long after its credit is shattered.

There must be enough hands both to man the guns and to keep up sufficient domestic production to subsist the population. Given these, fighting may go on indefinitely after credit is gone.

The Bonds of War

AN INSOLVENT nation can fight indefinitely, but it cannot settle the score. By 1863, for example, the Confederate States Government had at least a billion dollars in obligations outstanding, consisting of bonds and paper money, the latter worth six cents on the dollar in gold and the former not much more. It fought hard for two years more, and at the end of the war its vast quantity of debts was merely so much waste paper. In that case there was no question of settlement with holders of the paper. The debt was simply expunged; but the Confederacy was expunged too. And a belligerent nation that survives must settle its debts.

In three months of the present war the European belligerents borrowed about two billion dollars, in large part on short-term notes and almost all on obligations maturing before 1920. Every additional month of war will probably in the end involve long-term bond issues, amounting to well toward a billion dollars—perhaps considerably more than that. This means that much investable capital diverted from industry. For some years the savings of the world, instead of being invested productively, will go to pay for a dead horse.

As to what might happen if the war should continue until the belligerents were unable to settle the score, that—like the result of a comet's collision with the earth—is something for a frightened imagination to dally with.

A Bit of Salvage

THE CZAR has stopped selling vodka to his subjects; the Kaiser has warned his troops to shun John Barleycorn; and, along with some square yards of war news, the London Times recently contained this:

"The London Licensing Authority has decided that the hour for suspension of sales of intoxicants shall be ten P. M. This order affects all licensed premises, including clubs and restaurants. The Licensing Authority also expressed a strong opinion that the opening hour for the sale of intoxicants should be ten A. M., and this view has been conveyed to the Chief Commissioner of Police."

We hope the brewers are right in their prediction that a war tax of seventy-five cents a barrel will diminish the consumption of beer. At any rate, war has been no boon to the booze industry.

National Trade Guilds

SIR GEORGE PAISH, the British Treasury representative, who is now in this country, suggests we should pay our debts to England in cotton instead of in gold. The desirability of that is obvious. We probably owe London on current accounts about a quarter of a billion dollars. To ship that much gold would be extremely inconvenient; but we have millions of bales of raw cotton, and to find a market for it is one of our most acute business problems. England needs our cotton much more than our gold. Her great textile industry is starving for it. Yet in September our exports of cotton were under six million dollars in value, against over sixty-five millions last year.

On both sides of the water the cotton trade is completely demoralized. All exchanges were closed for weeks. British spinners, with no place to hedge their purchases, will not buy cotton at seven cents a pound, for fear it will fall to five cents. They would not buy at six, for fear it would fall to four. So they demand that their government shall intervene and buy the cotton for them. At the same time American cotton growers demand that our Government shall buy their cotton. In England every big interest that has been hit by the war has turned at once to the government for help. In both England and America the war has illustrated the great extension of government activities in late years; and that extension naturally begets an increased inclination to fall back on the government.

All this suggests a picture of the government as a vast bureaucracy supervising everything, helping everything, with myriad fingers in a million pies. As against that single, myriad-fingered political organization we prefer the picture of many great trade organizations, each comprehensive and powerful enough to deal with the crises that develop in its own field.

Irrespective of antitrust theories we look for a big extension of business organization.

Too Many Reserves

FROM the low point following the beginning of the present war up to the middle of October the Bank of England gained a hundred and sixty million dollars of gold. In the same time the New York clearing-house banks—which in their relation to the whole banking system are the nearest analogy to the Bank of England this country affords—gained barely fifty millions. And for weeks money on the best commercial paper cost borrowers in London about half what it cost them in New York and Chicago, the British interest rate being from three to three and a half per cent and the American from six to seven.

This is one effect of a centralized bank reserve. The new banking system now coming into operation is a great improvement on the old one in that respect, but much behind the European systems. It provides ultimately twelve reservoirs for bank reserves, instead of some hundreds, as at present. It should have provided only one. We do not recall a person competent to speak on the subject who doubted that one would be better than twelve. The reasons for making twelve instead of one were purely political. The argument was: "One may be better than twelve, but the poorer arrangement will be more popular."

If Congress were passing a banking law now—in the light of the world's financial experience since July last—we have no doubt there would be one central bank instead of twelve regional banks.

However, the new banks are a welcome improvement.

Profits of Statecraft

BISMARCK was the last century's great master of statecraft. His diplomacy made an empire and got him vast admiration and many monuments.

And after it was all done—to wit, on Sunday, the twenty-first of October, 1877, as Busch scrupulously records: "While he was seated in the position I have described, and after gazing for a while into space, he complained to us that he had had little pleasure or satisfaction in his political life; he had made no one happy thereby—neither himself nor his family nor others. We protested, but he continued:

"'There is no doubt, however, that I have caused unhappiness to great numbers. But for me, three great wars would not have taken place. Eighty thousand men would not have been killed and would not now be mourned by parents, brothers, sisters and widows.'"

Probably the makers of the present war will philosophize about it that way long after it is too late.

Women Who Kill

OCCASIONALLY there is an exception to the rule that any female who is not wholly disreputable and has not a positive squint can kill anybody she chooses and go free. Making due allowance for infants and for females who are handicapped by physical repulsiveness or by vulgar police records, we should say that, as to fully a quarter of the population of the United States, the chance of being punished for homicide is barely one out of a hundred. Women are in much the same position as though the law defined homicide as a misdemeanor punishable by a fortnight's attendance in court, attired in their most becoming clothes and duly wept over by sympathetic spectators.

In view of the almost total immunity for mob murders, the near immunity for female homicides, the near immunity for male murderers who plead the unwritten law, and the chance that any other male homicide the police capture will escape on some technicality, it is an open question whether the death penalties and life imprisonments with which the law threatens murderers are of any value in protecting life.

We consider it highly probable that if every murderer were quickly and surely punished by a year's imprisonment there would be fewer homicides in the United States than there are to-day, when the law threatens awful penalties, but rarely inflicts them.

As to women who kill, it would be a decided improvement if they could be brought before some unsentimental judge who would sternly sentence them to scrub the courthouse floors for the next six months.

Politics in High C

WE IMAGINE the country is very tired of politics in high C. The prolonged scream causes a reaction. We never were, as a matter of fact, tottering on the brink of a precipice. The house, in sober truth, never was on fire: only the gasoline stove was smoking.

Of late we have been rescued so many times and with such infernal clamor that the next man who leaps through a closed window and yells, amid a crash of falling glass, that he has come to save our lives—well, without further inquiry, we should prefer just to kick him out and resume the game of pinochle.

Politics tells you the only serious fault you can commit is to vote the wrong ticket—that otherwise you are all right; and if you are not flourishing as you wish you must look for the cause somewhere outside yourself—in some fell conspiracy against you that operates through the tariff or the trusts, or the banks or the railroads.

As an antidote, take this: Whether you form a cocktail habit or decide to stay on the water wagon is of infinitely more importance to you than who shall be President of the United States. Smoking three cigars a day too many counts for vastly more in your weal or woe than what party is in power. In the enrichment or impoverishment of your own life, what you shall read this winter counts for a hundred, while the state of the tariff counts for only fifty.

Deciding whether to borrow a hundred dollars on your life-insurance policy or to get along with last winter's overcoat is an act of incomparably greater weight in determining your success or failure than the vote you cast at the last election.

The Bill of Warfare

THE European countries now at war owe, in round numbers, twenty billion dollars of funded debt, excluding debts of the German states, and the annual debt charge exceeds three-quarters of a billion. In all probability this war will increase the debt by at least ten billion dollars, and the increase in the annual debt charge will be proportionately greater, because on new borrowings a higher interest rate than has prevailed in the last twenty years will be paid.

If there had been no war these countries would have spent this year on army and navy over a billion and a half dollars, or double their present debt charge. That sum would pay the interest at five per cent on a debt of thirty billion dollars.

The brightest spot in the present situation consists of the strong probability that wholesale reduction in armaments will be necessary in order to meet the financial burden imposed by the war.

Germany and England—the Real Issue

By Bernhard Dernburg
FORMER MINISTER FOR THE COLONIES

DECORATION BY HENRY J. SOULEN

AS EVERYBODY knows, the trouble that led to the present world war started in a little corner in the Southeast of Europe, and it is remarkable to see how, in spite of this common knowledge, in the eyes of the world the European conflict has resolved itself into a question between Germany and England as to supremacy in Europe. Of course England claims that she went to war on account of the breach of Belgian neutrality and that she must fight to destroy the spirit of militarism that has led to such a flagrant disregard of solemn treaties, a tendency that is endangering the peace of the world and consequently must be crushed entirely. While England fosters no ill feeling whatsoever and no antagonism toward the good people of Germany, unfortunately, in order to crush militarism, led by the emperor and the military caste, the German people will have to be destroyed as a nation, reducing what is left to the size of a subordinate power. For this purpose England has created in her literary arsenal a special docket called German Militarism, with the works of Von Bernhardi, Treitschke and Nietzsche as the main exhibits.

How Germany Has Kept the Peace

IT IS interesting to note the number of copies of the books of these three men that were sold in America before the beginning of the war. I dare say there were not twenty of the works of any one of them in the hands of Americans, outside of clubs and public libraries. Von Bernhardi is the chief witness for the prosecution. He is a retired German general of great learning, independent views and strong personality. His book makes interesting reading. Yet he is not among the German generals in the present war, having been retired from the service just because his writings and sayings did not meet with the approval of his superiors and because his teachings were considered very extravagant. His book has excited some comment also in Germany, but it has been printed in only two editions, and certainly never more than ten thousand copies in all have been sold in our country. The book appeared in 1911, a little over two and a half years ago, and I fail to see how it can have created the feeling of militarism that is said to have been predominant in Germany for the last thirty years. I further fail to see how a book that is obviously written to warn the German people against existing dangers; to rouse in them a warlike spirit; to teach them the ethics of war and the rights of the stronger, can be used to prove that such a spirit of war was rampant in Germany. If it already existed there was no need to write such a book!

There are Von Bernhardis in all countries. I refrain from citing American examples, because I have made it a rule in this country not to fall back on them. The feeling of obligation I have as a guest of the United States does not permit me to become personal. But what about Lord Charles Beresford, who, together with Captain Faber, has for years and years been egging on the English to increase the British Navy at a great sacrifice to the country? What about Lord Roberts' writings and sayings for years back that England must have universal conscription and a compulsory service? What about Senator Humbert, who has vigorously denounced the French ministry for neglecting the defense of the country? Did they teach anything different from Von Bernhardi's teachings? I cannot see it.

Then about Treitschke. He was a professor of history and the historian of the Prussian Government. His ideas were formed from a lifelong study of this history. He hated England sincerely and thoroughly for the way in which she had conquered her Empire, by using might versus right; but his conferences were mainly attended on account of his refined rhetoric, for he was indeed an orator of the first order. But from being an orator to having an influence on the German people as a whole is a very far cry, and Treitschke's preachings of twenty years ago have not even formed a school. You might just as well say that it can be proven that America is a warlike nation because a celebrated Harvard professor at a later day impressed upon his women audience to go into war and help the Allies. If that were presented to the world as a proof of the American spirit there would be a very energetic protest.

And now I come to Nietzsche: He was one of the finest of poetical philosophers, or perhaps rather a philosophizing poet. His teaching of the right of the individual as the basis of all right is in direct contradiction to Von Bernhardi's teaching that the right of the collectivity—that is, of the state—is paramount to the right of the citizen as an individual. How, therefore, can it be said that Von Bernhardi is a disciple of Nietzsche?

The expression "superman" is universally attributed to Nietzsche. This is just as incorrect as it is to cite the German song Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles as a proof of the world-wide aspirations of my people. Superman, in German *Uebermensch*, is a word coined by Goethe and used repeatedly in his Faust, and so one might just as well lay the present war to the door of Goethe.

The absurdity of the thing is patent, and those who cite Deutschland, Deutschland Ueber Alles in proof of German aspirations do not know even the first lines of this song so dear to the Germans. It is a song of modesty and shows better the tendencies of the German nation than anything else could:

Germany, Germany above everything, above everything in the world.
May her sons ever stand united for defense and protection
From the Maas unto the Memel
From the Etsch unto the Belt
Germany, Germany above everything, above everything in the world.

Now the Maas is part of the western frontier of my home country and the Memel part of the eastern frontier, and so are the Etsch in the south and the Belt in the north. Could a patriotic song be more modest? You may compare it with your own saying that the United States is the finest country in the world. The meaning is the same. Everybody praises his country and loves it best. And is Rule Britannia without aspiration, without pretensions?

And just as our national anthem is cited, so is our militarism. It has been created as a dire necessity for the defense of our four frontiers and has never been used beyond them. If every country could stand on so good a record as Germany there would not be so much cant about the reasons for the present war. It has been stated that militarism in general is a threat to the peace of the world. Yet German militarism has kept the peace for forty-four years. While Russia went to war with Turkey and China, and, after having promoted The Hague Conference, battled with Japan and "protected" Persia, conquering territory double the size of the United States on the might-is-right principle; while England, the defender of the rights of the small states, smashed the Boer republics, took Egypt, Cyprus and South Persia; while the French Republic conquered the Sudan, Tunis, Madagascar, Indo-China and Morocco; while Italy possessed itself of Tripoli and the islands in the Ægean Sea; while Japan fought China, took Formosa, Corea and Southern Manchuria, and has now with the aid of her allies invaded China, a neutral country—there is not one annexation or increase of territory to the charge of Germany. She has waged no war of any kind, has never acquired a territory in all her existence except by treaty and with the consent of the rest of the world.

The Battleground of All Europe

BUT why, then, did she keep up such a tremendous army? Certainly not for aggressive purposes. She never was aggressive toward anybody. She needed this army because her exposed situation in the middle of Europe, without natural boundaries, between unsettled neighbors, has made her for ages and centuries the cockpit and the battleground of all Europe. Her soil was drenched with blood and her population nearly exterminated in the Thirty Years' War; Louis XIV in the Palatinate left hardly one stone on the other, destroyed old Heidelberg and took Alsace and Lorraine, then a German-speaking dukedom; the devastations of the Seven Years' War, the battles and six years' occupation of the Napoleonic times, all taught Germany bitter lessons. Her soil has been the rendezvous of Swedes, Danes, Russians, Croats, Poles, Italians, French and Spaniards for centuries past. Impotent and not able to ward them off, she has been continually destroyed, until the genius of Bismarck welded her twenty-six states together into one unit, and Germany made the vow that she would never again give anyone such chances. That is why we kept our army, and if a people have an army at all, it is a waste not to make it strong enough for any emergency. That it is not too strong may be judged from the fact that Germany is now attacked by seven nations.

You hear people say that the large standing establishment, the enormous cost of it and the time wasted, is a sin

The Best Pen is the Cheapest Pen

WATERMAN FOUNTAIN PEN

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

is the one with

Many Advantages

The trade-mark Waterman's Ideal means a great deal to writing convenience, and writing convenience means a great deal to you.

Self-Filling Regular & Safety Types
$2.50 TO $50.00
WATERMAN'S IDEAL NEW YORK
WATERMAN'S IDEAL NEW YORK
Safety Type for Ladies.
The Clip-Cap Prevents Loss

THE advantages in Waterman's Ideals started the world using fountain pens. The advantages increase with the popularity of the pen. The first advantage is to carry ink safely in your pocket ready for immediate use. You write without the dip. Messy inkwells and scratchy steel pens are discarded. The patented Spoon Feed is the advantage feature that assures proper ink flow in Waterman's Ideals and prevents inky fingers and blots. The Gold Pens are an artful advantage. They are strong. They write smooth'y, are of every degree, from finest to coarsest. Hard iridium tips make them last for years. The Clip-Cap advantage prevents loss of pen from pocket or rolling off the desk.

Waterman's Ideal is the cheapest pen.

Every pen stamped "Waterman's Ideal" is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Good points furnished to suit every hand.

Illustrated Christmas booklet on request.

Sold at the best stores in most all cities and towns.

L. E. Waterman Company
173 Broadway, New York

17 Stockton St., San Francisco
115 So. Clark St., Chicago
24 School St., Boston
Kingsway, London
107 Notre Dame St. W., Montreal
Paris Buenos Aires

against culture, advancement and scientific progress. The Germany of to-day proves the contrary. While we have been keeping up a big army—which, by the way, is the cheapest of the European armies so far as the taxpayer is concerned—we have increased our population, we have enormously increased our wealth, we have built up a gigantic oversea trade, we have constructed the second largest merchant marine in the world. More, we have been able to spend as much as $250,000,000 a year to take care of our workmen, giving them a compulsory insurance against sickness and invalidism, accident and old age, pensioning widows and providing for orphans. Every German employee earning less than 5000 marks a year can with a degree of security look forward to a comfortable provision for himself and for the people dear to him when his own forces fail. We pay yearly more for this social work than we ever paid for our army.

And our productive and inventive genius has not suffered. I do not say that Germany's civilization is superior to that of England and France; it certainly is superior to the civilization of any of the other warring nations. We have been able to give our people a primary and technical education of the first order, and that in turn has led to the perfection of scientific work and to inventions that are a comfort to all the world. Germany stands in the first rank in applied science, be it in chemistry, or electricity, or in the perfection of medicines. With just pride the Germans provide a great many absolute necessities of life to a very large part of the world. While the population has increased fifty per cent, the wealth of the nation is now three times what it was before, and thanks to our democratic government the repartition of this wealth is such that we have a well-to-do middle class and few colossal fortunes; and the number of really poor people in Germany is infinitely small in comparison with other countries.

This is the story of German militarism, unaggressive and certainly not unproductive, based on actual facts. Those antagonistic to our nation say it has created a warlike spirit, and that such a spirit by itself is a danger. This warlike spirit is generally shown by people going to war; and yet of all the European peoples Germany alone did not do that.

The case of Belgium is frequently cited as proving Germany's reckless warlike spirit. It is said we have broken wantonly most solemn treaties, and therefore we ought to be punished for it. The question as to the right—so far as obligations under treaties go—has been decided by nearly all nations in the same spirit—namely, *that no nation can bind itself by a treaty to its own destruction*, just as no individual can so bind himself by contract; that the national interest supersedes the international interest, and that treaties are closed on the basis of circumstances existing at the time they are made, and that therefore they are not binding when those circumstances change.

Treaties That are Not Binding

England, who claims to have gone to war on account of the breach of Belgium's neutrality, has never hesitated to break her obligations whenever she considered doing so of paramount interest. She has done so in this war any number of times. There is a treaty of peace and amity between Germany and Portugal, which is to be broken on England's bidding. There is the Triple Alliance, which is to be severed at English solicitation. Egypt is a sovereign state, where the rights of the foreigner are guaranteed by solemn pledges, yet the Khedive had to banish the German Minister and even the judges of the mixed tribunal at England's command. China is a neutral country and bound to the open-door policy by international treaties; she has been invaded by the Allies in breach of these treaties. Morocco has pacts binding England as well as Germany, regulating the rights of the foreigners; yet the German diplomatic representative has been chased out of the country.

When Sir Edward Grey expounded the European situation before the English Parliament he cited Gladstone in regard to Belgium—Gladstone, who said that the maintenance of the obligations of a treaty without regard to changed circumstances was an impracticable, stringent proposition to which he could not adhere; and when England seized two Turkish dreadnoughts on the Tyne on August eighth, she proclaimed the fact with the following words: "In accordance with the recognized principle of the right and supreme duty to assure national safety in times of war." France has been doing the same in Morocco; and Japan, when she sent to the German Consul in Mukden—a Chinese city in Manchuria—his passports, acted on the same principle, leaving aside all her other infractions on Chinese treaties and rights.

This is sad and does not portend well for the permanent peace by arrangement of international affairs through treaties; yet it seems that it cannot be helped. The United States Supreme Court says in a judgment rendered in 1889, written by Judge Field, expressing the unanimous conviction of the whole court: "Circumstances may arise which would not only justify the Government in disregarding their treaty stipulations, but demand in the interest of the country that it should do so. There can be no question that unexpected events may call for a change of the policy of the country." This judgment was handed down when the Chinese were excluded from the United States in violation of a previous treaty which had assured them the same rights as United States citizens; and the United States has acted on the quoted decision ever since.

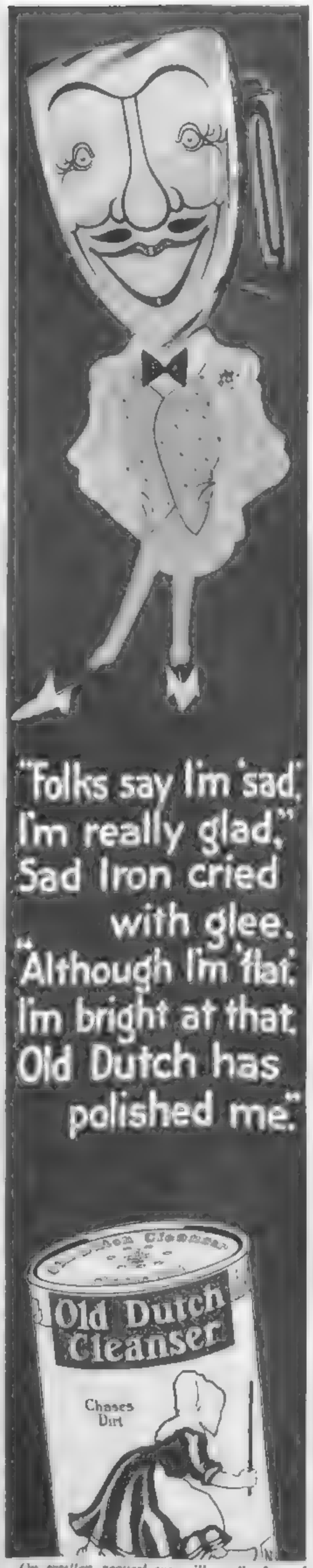
The Case of Belgium

It is; therefore, universally recognized that the vital interests of a country supersede its treaty obligations. But though this is the theoretic side of the question, there is a practical one as regards Belgium: When the war broke out there was no enforceable treaty in existence to which Germany was a party. Originally, in 1839, a treaty was concluded providing for such neutrality. In 1866 France demanded of Prussia the right to take possession of Belgium, and the written French offer was made known by Bismarck in July, 1870. Then England demanded and obtained separate treaties with France and with the North-German Federation to the effect that they should respect Belgium's neutrality, and such treaties were signed on the ninth and twenty-sixth of August, 1870, respectively. According to them both countries guaranteed Belgium's neutrality *for the duration of the war and for one year thereafter*. The war came to an end with the Frankfurt Peace in 1871, and the treaty between Belgium and the North-German Federation expired in May, 1872.

Why the new treaties, if the old one held good? The Imperial Chancellor has been continuously misrepresented as admitting that in the case of Belgium a treaty obligation was broken. What he said was that the neutrality of Belgium could not be respected and that we were sincerely sorry that Belgium, a country that in fact had nothing to do with the question at issue and might wish to stay neutral, had to be overrun. But it should not be forgotten that the offer of indemnity to Belgium and the full maintenance of her sovereignty had been made not only once but even a second time after the fall of Liège, and that it would have been entirely possible for Belgium to avoid all the devastation under which she is now suffering.

England takes the position that in case France had used Belgium as a stepping stone England would have gone to war against France for breaking the Belgian neutrality. This is a remarkable proposition. On July thirtieth the Belgian chargé-d'affaires at St. Petersburg wrote to his government—and the authenticity of this letter cannot be impeached—that the Russian war party got the upper hand upon England's assurance that she would stand in with France. This was written before the Belgian question ever came up; and before Sir Edward Grey expounded in the Parliament the Belgian question he insisted that England was obliged to protect the French coast against Germany because of the amity and friendship existing between the two nations. He then read the correspondence of 1912 between himself and the French Minister of War, where the arrangement is alluded to that the French fleet should protect the Mediterranean Sea and the English fleet the northern coast of France. So in consequence of this Sir Edward Grey insisted to Count Lichnowsky that the maintenance of Belgium's neutrality *alone* would not keep England from going to war, but that if France should be attacked England would aid her.

I wish an intelligent American reader to picture to himself a situation where England


"Folks say I'm 'sad,' I'm really glad," Sad Iron cried with glee. "Although I'm 'flat,' I'm bright at that. Old Dutch has polished me."
Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt

On written request we will mail—free of charge—a booklet, "The Spickanspan Folks," containing six beautiful colored prints especially designed for young folks.
"Old Dutch," 149 West Monroe St., Chicago

Clothes that put money in the bank!

Men who wear Styleplus Clothes $17 are the kind of whom you can say: "Good job, good clothes, and money in the bank!"

These clothes have the look, the wear, the *feel* that appeal instantly to men who demand "only the best."

And the unusual, moderate price enables these same men to tuck away $3 to $8 on every suit and overcoat!

Styleplus Clothes $17

"The same price the world over

Our plant is tremendous. In it we *specialize* on this *one* Styleplus suit and overcoat. These two facts explain why we are able to offer you such extraordinary values at the *one* medium standard price—$17.

You Save $3 to $8!

See these remarkable clothes at the ONE Styleplus Store in your town. Style + all wool fabrics + perfect fit + expert workmanship + guaranteed wear.

Every Genuine Styleplus has our Label in the Coat, our Ticket on the Sleeve, and our Guarantee in the Pocket.

Send for our book: "Clothes For All Men, For All Occasions."

Henry Sonneborn & Co.
Founded 1849
Baltimore, Md.

protects the French coast against Germany and goes to war against France for breach of the Belgian neutrality.

But Belgium was not neutral at all any more, and with her circumstances had greatly changed. Even since 1906 she had been in correspondence with England, elaborating plans for a common defense, providing for the landing of a hundred thousand English at Antwerp. She had been in correspondence with France, building fortresses all along the German frontier, which form a continuous chain with the French fortresses along that same frontier. She had been changing her military system to a system of compulsory conscription, establishing an army of more than three hundred thousand men, creating—on English instigation—a spy system on her eastern frontier, acquiring enormous oversea possessions of nine hundred thousand square miles, an area three times as great as Germany and populated by nine million inhabitants. This acquisition, by the way, was also obtained by breach of treaty.

Belgian population at home is bigger by one-half than that of Portugal. Though Belgium left her frontiers toward France entirely unprotected and open, she was actively preparing to make a stand against Germany. This is not the "poor little country" that is being pictured to the Americans. I think the Belgian fighting, which she has had to do almost quite alone against a large part of the German forces, should fully prove that.

But she did more. The Imperial Chancellor said that he had proofs that the French were to invade Germany by way of Belgium. Proof there is. French soldiers and French guns, in spite of all the denials made by the French ambassador at Washington, were in Liège and Namur before the thirtieth of July. Certainly this proof is only in private letters, but it comes from absolutely unimpeachable people. Of course it is not in the White Books, such as are held up as evidence of the purest water.

But do Americans believe all the "official news" that the Russians are sending continuously from the seat of war as to their enormous successes, the routing of the Austrians, the destruction of their whole army, the march on Vienna and Berlin, and so forth? I do not think they do; but why then place an implicit faith on so-called White Books, written by identically the same people? Such books are written for the purpose of making out a nation's case, and they are the diplomatic war weapons used in the war of diplomatists that always precedes the war at arms.

There is a great deal of talk of crushing Germany, and the necessity for it, because of her military spirit. I confess we are a manly people, and want to be strong and want to be secure. We want to live and to thrive, and are ready to pay for our civic liberty and national independence with our blood. And we should despise a nation that did not feel the same way.

Safety for the Monroe Doctrine

The case of England is different. Though she wants to be free and independent, she has always managed to have her fighting done for her by others, from the time she trafficked in Hessians, and that is why she has not had a standing army such as Lord Roberts and his friends have always demanded. Though there is a fighting spirit in the English Army, it is mostly Irish, and so are the leaders—Lord Roberts, Lord Beresford, Sir John French, Admiral Jellicoe and Lord Kitchener of Khartum. The way in which she cares for the little nations whose interests she has so much at heart is to allow her fighting to be done by the Belgians, of whom Sir Edward Grey said that he expected them to fight to the last man for the independence of the country. And so she called in the Canadians, who should have much better things to do; and she made a treaty with Portugal to help her—the Portuguese, who do not know what the conflict is about. She brings over ambitious Indian princes and poor ignorant Indian soldiers to fight against the white men; she relies on Japan and she gets the Boers to attack the German possessions; she tries to persuade Italy to do some fighting for her. Most of these are "poor little states," who now are expected to fight for the sovereignty and independence of Great Britain. In this way she has time left to talk at home and to force the unemployed into a new army that is going to be created. That she too must become militaristic she now finds out to her surprise and grief.

The fact that Canada has taken part in this struggle has opened up a new prospective to Americans. It is a willful breach of the Monroe Doctrine for an American self-governing dominion to go to war, thereby exposing the American Continent to a counter-attack from Europe and risking to disarrange the present equilibrium. But I think America can set her mind at rest on that point. I at least would most emphatically say that no matter what happens the Monroe Doctrine will not be violated by Germany either in North America or in South America. When she is victorious there will be enough property of her antagonists lying about over the four parts of the globe to keep Germany from the necessity of looking any farther, and causing trouble where she seeks friendship and sympathy.

While England in the Venezuelan case of 1895 most coolly challenged the Monroe Doctrine, it was Germany in 1904, in a similar case, also with Venezuela, who submitted her claim in Washington and got the consent of the United States Government to prosecute the collection. Moreover, I am in the position to state here that immediately after the outbreak of the war, by one of the first mails that reached the United States, the German Government sent of its own free initiative a solemn declaration to the Department of State that whatever happened she would fully respect the Monroe Doctrine.

The Dangers of Navyism

I wish also to make clear to the American people that Germany neither wanted nor started this war, which had its origin in Russia's pretensions to mix in Austrian affairs, and that got its size from the fact that England and France joined the conflict, the latter from treaty obligations, the former from self-interest, and that *we have no ambitions of enlargement in Europe or in America.* Modern democracies and especially the German one, which is directed by the most liberal ballot law that exists, even more liberal than the one in use in the United States, rest at least in Europe on a national basis.

We do not believe in incorporating in our Empire any parts of nations that are not of our own language and race. The history of Europe has shown us the danger of such a thing. The difficulties between France and Germany are over the French-speaking population in Lorraine; the small internal differences in Germany came because of some millions of Poles and thirty thousand Danes; the trouble between Austria and Italy is because of a few hundred thousand Italian-speaking people under Austrian government. England had what nearly amounted to a civil war because of Ireland. The trouble in Russia is on account of the Poles, Finns and Baltic Germans; and Austria, the country of many nations, is not very strong just for this very reason. And as to oversea possessions, as I said before, there are enough to be had without borrowing trouble; especially in Africa, where considerable parts of land lend themselves to colonization by the white man.

Even there our ambitions do not go very far and we are quite content with what we have, and with our spheres of influence in Mesopotamia, and some countries such as Morocco, that a civilized nation with great resources and inventive genius might open to the world's culture. All assertions that our ambition goes beyond this are untrue, and simply invented for the purpose of rousing distrust between the United States and a country that has for generations been the friend of the Stars and Stripes, and that has never gone to war with you as England has done.

I have read in your papers statements to the effect that probably the next thing Germany would do after the close of the present war would be to invade the United States or take Brazil. Why not say the same of England? She has always had a navy twice the size of that of any other nation; she is now creating a big army; she has always been aggressive, she has conquered half the world, she has shown utter disregard of treaties; she has coaling stations all along the American coast, which form a fighting basis from Halifax down to the Falklands and from Chile up to British Columbia, she controls the entrance to the Panama Canal; she is even now dictating to Uncle Sam her own rights and laws in regard to contraband, seizing American petroleum, seizing American ships flying the Stars and Stripes, harassing American citizens, cutting cables, using wireless stations

Dollar Christmas Gift for Men Who Smoke

(—not much to pay for a gift, but *this* gift will make a hit with any smoker.)

(—your friend, brother, husband—it's a safe gift, sure to please.)

It is Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed in a pound humidor tin. It is choice tobacco. It is the tobacco that induced Mr. H. J. Kline, 1050 Leader-News Building, Cleveland, Ohio, to write the producers of Edgeworth as follows:

[illegible] willing to give half the sum for what he did for me. Since that time I have smoked Edgeworth and nothing else. And it has the same flavor today that it had the first time I smoked it. I have told a thousand friends about it and they are now all Edgeworth devotees. Pipe smokers who come to my house go 'daffy' over my Edgeworth.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) H. J. KLINE.
Secretary, Forest City Live Stock & Fair Co.
General Manager, The Forest City Fair
Secretary, The Grand Circuit."

If you can't get Edgeworth in one-pound humidor tins (price $1.00) at your retail tobacco store, Larus & Brother Co. will ship you direct on receipt of $1.00, all charges prepaid. If you want to make one or more of your friends Christmas gifts of these Edgeworth packages, give your instructions to your dealer, or, if he will not supply you, send us names and addresses of friends with your cards and check to cover your order at $1.00 per package and we will gladly attend to the shipping.

If you have smoked Edgeworth through some long, quiet evening, this is all you need to know. If you have never smoked Edgeworth, we will cheerfully give to you a sample of the tobacco we suggest that you give your friends.

A sample of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed is something easy to obtain. All you have to do is to make up your mind to ask for it and send a post-card request to Larus & Brother Co., 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Virginia, who will be glad if you will also mention your dealer's name. You are invited to send for the sample.

The original Edgeworth is a Plug Slice, wrapped in gold foil and sold in a blue tin. Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed may be bought in 10c and 50c tins everywhere and in the handsome $1.00 humidor package which is so suitable as a Christmas gift. Edgeworth Plug Slice, 15c, 25c, 50c and $1.00. Sold by practically all dealers or mailed prepaid if yours has none.

To the Retail Tobacco Merchant:—If your jobber cannot supply Edgeworth in dollar humidor packages, Larus & Brother Co. will gladly ship you direct at the same price you would pay the jobber.

Elgin Wonder Watch

Lost in struggle with prisoners. Recovered after strenuous night.

The Elgin Watch long ago established a wonderful record for endurance and world-wide use. A remarkable instance comes from Alberta, Canada:

"My father gave me my Elgin Watch in London, when I emigrated to Canada. I carried it for two years of heavy farm work. I joined the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, at Regina, and during my three years in that force my watch got some very rough handling.

"On one occasion another constable and myself had arrested some drunken Indians and had trouble getting them into a four-horse wagon to take them to the lockup. Arriving there, I found my watch missing. Next morning I looked into the wagon and found my Elgin lying on the bottom, *still going*, but the glass was broken and the stem ring was off. The watch must have fallen out when I was subduing our prisoners, about 24 miles down the rough trail. *The watch had ridden in the bottom of the wagon all that distance and was still keeping perfect time.*

"Later, I went to Australia, where I again broke the crystal when I was struck by a belt coming off an engine wheel. I used the watch then about seven months without a crystal, being too far in the bush to get one."

ELGIN Watches

LORD ELGIN
The Masterwatch. $135 to $85

LADY ELGIN
A Dainty Timekeeper—pendant and bracelet. A wide range of prices.

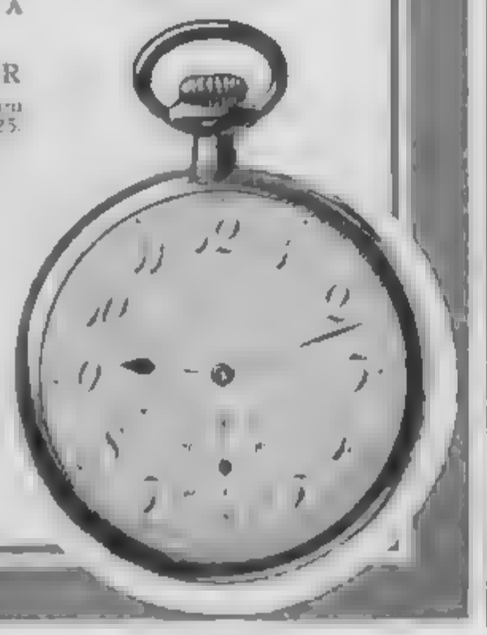
B. W. RAYMOND
The Railroad Man's Watch. $80 to $32 50

G. M. WHEELER
[illegible] $50 to $25.

Your local jeweler—an Elgineer, master of watchcraft—can prove to you the sturdiness, precision and handsomeness of Elgin Watches.

Write us for booklet.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
Elgin, Illinois



as she pleases, maiming the trade of America, locking up the Mediterranean, the North Sea, the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf.

Why not consider navyism under the same light that we do militarism? I ask, who is bulldozing the rest of the world, including America, at this present moment? England wants to rule the seas. There lies her power; thence comes her commerce and therefore her riches. Whenever a nation that is but human—as I think the English are—poses as being on a higher level than any other nation, doing everything for the benefit of the under dog, because of altruism and a recognition of the sacredness of her given word, disclaiming emphatically any self-interest, while at the same time advertising through her writers the loftiness of her intentions, I cannot help feeling suspicious, and everybody else should, it seems to me, feel the same way.

Americans have been hearing a great deal about the English angel without wings standing with a sword drawn for the protection of liberty, freedom and humanity and just causes, using as watchwords the fight against militarism, the principle that might is right, the infringement of the Monroe Doctrine, and so on. She has sent a host of English authors of a very special type to defend her case. I read articles by W. K. Chesterton, Hall Caine, H. G. Wells, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, and other writers of fiction. They consider the American people a sentimental people, preferring humane stories to the cold truth, fiction to facts, and unused to doing their own thinking. Well, fiction is what these men are writing; that is their business, and the gentleman who detailed the English case in the issue of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of October seventeenth, Mr. Arnold Bennett, is an artist of no common attainments.

But I shall make free to dig somewhat deeper into what I see to be the reason for the English attitude. England has created a large shipping trade and acquired enormous possessions oversea, and she felt secure in her supremacy. She was uneasy only on account of the United States, which—until Germany loomed up on the horizon as a big power—she tried to treat as she was treating Germany before the war. But now she feels that her absolute sway is in danger. Even in her own domain she does a very large share only by foreign help. Most of the big bankers, from Rothschild down, are of German descent; the whole English credit would have broken down if the English authorities had not within four hours forced Baron Schroeder to become a British citizen; the diamond and gold business is in the hands of Anglicized Germans; theirs is a large share in the produce business. The English cannot do without German clerks.

A Commercial Quarrel

I remember a speech by the chairman of the London Chamber of Commerce, Lord Southwark, not longer ago than last June, in which he said: "You Germans are getting ahead of us because you are working sixteen per cent longer than we and because you do not consider Saturday a holiday." That state of things was not felt much so long as it was going on within British confines and for the interest of Great Britain alone—that is, until about 1880; but then the German nation commenced to assert itself. Germans learn all the languages, whereas the English very seldom do. If an Englishman wants a stenographer to write Portuguese letters to Brazil he must take a German clerk. German dominion in trade all over the world has been established through the fact that the German talks to the people in their own language, respects their national feeling, finds out their national wants and delivers to them exactly what they wish to get. He never says "We cannot do this" or "You have to take our standard," but carefully carries out their orders according to the best scientific methods and therefore at the best price. The German iron industry has, because of its improved methods, obtained a great part of England's trade. German machinery, except in the textile business, is more efficient than English machinery. The field of electricity has been entirely abandoned by England to America and Germany. Dyestuffs are now even shipped by way of America and Canada back to England. German proprietary medicines have conquered the world market and the German competition is felt everywhere.

Then, too, there is the enormous increase of German shipping, in spite of the fact that practically all the English companies doing passenger service are half broke. While the International Mercantile Marine Company has suspended payment and the big liners of the Cunard Line can live only by subsidies, Germany has been building up a most magnificent merchant marine, with ships that exceed in comfort and size anything launched from England's shipyards. Even in the tramp-steamer business, the backbone of English shipping, the Germans have made big inroads. So while the trade of Great Britain and Ireland since 1870 has risen from two billion dollars to five and a half billions, that of Germany has risen from one billion to five billions—in other words, while Germany's trade is now five times what it was in 1870, English trade is only two and a half times its former amount. For a commercial nation such as England this condition is very serious. It goes to the very core of the nation's existence. Therefore, Great Britain faced the alternative of getting better habits of work, improved machinery, better education, better knowledge of foreign languages—that is, being more industrious, less luxurious and more painstaking—or of fighting. But England was not accustomed to doing her own fighting, save with her fleet. The other fellows, whose welfare she has so much at heart, could fight for her, so it was not very difficult for her to make her choice.

This is the real explanation of the present war. The correctness of this view is proved by the constant invitations sent out from England to America to help her get away with the German trade, an idea that is justly repulsive to the American mind. So it was not Germany's militarism that England feared, but German trade and commerce, which she could not destroy because of the military and naval forces behind them.

Germany is now attacked by seven nations. She is fighting morally for her freedom and for her existence. She has no special grudge against anybody. She is modest in her aspirations, and merely wants to maintain her place under the sun. She wants equal opportunity, open-door politics and open commerce throughout the world. Nor is she either Hunnic or barbarian, as Americans will have learned from the twenty-five million German or German-American people who live in their midst. She is out for conquest on a peaceful line, the line where the higher culture wins, where the more industrious and laborious are sure to prevail. This is to the interest of all the world. Germany has to her record forty-four years of peace, and she has never coveted her neighbors' possessions. So, as far as the moral issue goes, she has much the best showing to make of all the nations now at war, and it is within eternal justice that she should and will prevail.

Editor's Note—This is the third and last article in a series presenting the cases of England, France and Germany as they appear to representative men in these three nations. The first article in the series was Liberty—A Statement of the British Case, by Arnold Bennett; and the second, The Cause of France, by Former Premier Clemenceau.

Only a Captain

October 22, 1914.

EDITOR, SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Penna.

PERMIT me to call your attention to a misstatement of facts in Arnold Bennett's article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. Mr. Bennett speaks of a "General" von Edelsheim who he tells us is a member of the German general staff as well as the author of a strategic plan for an attack on the United States in case of a war with Germany. My information is based on the following letter from Colonel von Papen, Imperial German Military Attaché:

"*Dear Sir:* In reply to your inquiry about Mr. A. Bennett's article in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST I beg to state that there never has existed a 'General' von Edelsheim in the German Army nor has an officer of this name at any time been a member of the German general staff. This can be easily proved by studying the German Army lists. The author mentioned by Mr. Bennett, as far as I know, only held the position of a captain in the Prussian Army years ago. It seems to me an absurdity to charge on the German general staff the responsibility for a publication which already so often has been repudiated not only by the authorities but by the whole German public opinion."

Very sincerely yours,
GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

My Thanksgiving Sentiment

On November 26th I will pass my eightieth Thanksgiving Day. Still very much in the ring, if you please! Still living and loving life to its fullest; still meeting each day's call, at my desk, with the joy and zest of one who has always found prime fun in his work.

As I look back over the years, my deepest gratitude is that the day's work has brought me into active and constant relationship with thousands of the best merchants in America; merchants who stand for constructive Americanism; clean, characterful men, who have played a big part in making the square deal a leading plank in today's business policies.

I am proud to be a member of the Royal family. I am proud of my long connection with it. It is the greatest family of broad-gauged retailers in the world.

Joseph Nehan

President, The Royal Tailors

Published by

The Royal Tailors *Chicago-New York*

DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR CAR

It Speaks for Itself

UNIT POWER PLANT—Cone Clutch

MOTOR—Four-cylinder, cast en bl ⁄ 3⅞-inch bore by 4½-inch stroke, 40 35 H. P. Water Cooled. Centrifugal Pump

RADIATOR—Tubular Type

STARTER GENERATOR—Single unit. 12-volt, 40-amp. Battery.

HIGH TENSION MAGNETO—Waterproof

LUBRICATION—Splash and force feed

GASOLINE SYSTEM—Pressure feed. 15-gallon tank hung on rear

REAR AXLE—Full-floating Removable cover plate to give access to differential

TRANSMISSION—Selective sliding gear type—three speeds forward and reverse. Vanadium steel gears, heat treated

TIMKEN BEARINGS thruout, including wheels and differential

S. R. O. BALL BEARINGS in clutch and transmission

STEERING GEAR—17-inch wheel Irreversible nut and sector type

DRIVE—Left side, center control

WHEELBASE—110 inches

BODY—Real five passenger, comfortably upholstered in genuine grain leather with deep springs and natural hair

SPRINGS—All Chrome Vanadium steel, self lubricating

FENDERS—Exceptionally handsome oval design

RUNNING BOARDS AND FOOT BOARDS—Wood, linoleum covered and aluminum bound

WHEELS—Hickory; demountable rims. 32 by 3½ inches

TIRES—Straight side type—Non skid rear

WINDSHIELD—Rain vision, clear vision and ventilating

TOP—One-man type, Mohair cover with jiffy curtains and boot

LIGHTS—Electric, head (with dimmers and automatic focusing device), tail and dash

INSTRUMENT BOARD—Carries full equipment of oil pressure gauge, gasoline pressure gauge and pump, battery gauge, switches and speedometer. Speedometer driven from transmission

EQUIPMENT—
Electric Horn Robe Rail
License Brackets Foot Rail Tools
Demountable rim mounted on rear.

SHIPPING WEIGHT—
Approximately 2200 pounds

PRICE—$785, f. o. b. Detroit

DODGE BROTHERS, DETROIT

THE FOREHANDED MAN

By Will Payne

MONEY is cheaper in London than it was a year ago. In October of this year the current discount rate for sixty and ninety day bills was from three and an eighth to three and a quarter per cent. In October last year, with war undreamed of, the rate for like bills was from four and three-quarters to four and seven-eighths per cent.

In the middle of October last year an issue of seventeen million dollars in bonds of the New Zealand Government, bearing four per cent interest, was offered on the London market at ninety-eight and a half cents on the dollar. The loan was a complete failure, the public subscribing to little over one million dollars of the bonds. This so discouraged British bankers that they held a meeting and decided that no further bond issues of any sort should be floated until the situation improved.

From the beginning of the present war up to the middle of October the British Government offered three hundred million dollars' worth of six months' treasury bills on the London market. The issue was quickly taken at rates not much over three per cent a year. Seventy-five million dollars' worth of them was offered in October. Subscriptions amounted to more than a hundred and fifty million dollars and the interest return to the investor was about three and a half per cent.

With the nation engaged in the greatest war of its long history—a war involving destruction of capital and with demands for capital far in excess of any predecessor—why should money on sixty and ninety day commercial paper be decidedly cheaper than it was a year ago? Why should there be a rush to subscribe to a government loan paying only three and a half per cent now, when a government loan paying over four per cent went begging then?

The reason, of course, is that war acts on the money market in two opposite ways. An immediate effect of war is greatly to curtail commercial and industrial operations. Cotton mills, with the Continental demand for their goods cut off, are half idle. Consequently spinners are not borrowing money as usual to buy raw cotton and finance foreign sales. All plans for industrial or commercial expansion go by the board. Nobody is seeking to borrow for the purpose of extending a plant, establishing new agencies, and so on. With the Stock Exchange closed, there is no borrowing for investment or speculation. So the ordinary trade demands for money fall off all round.

Money Both Cheap and Dear

The British fiscal quarter ending with September included two months of war. Practically every item of government revenue showed a decrease. Customs, excise or internal revenue, stamp taxes, income tax, postal service, telegraph service and telephone service, all declined as compared with the year before, reflecting a decrease in the general volume of business in the country. This obviously makes for easier money.

Except British Treasury notes, hardly any new securities are offered; so for the time being money tends to accumulate. No one expects any important change in the situation for some time to come, so a ninety-day bill is readily taken at a quite low rate of interest. A treasury bill running six months easily finds buyers at three and a half per cent interest; but the huge war bill is to be settled later on—so when it comes to a long-time use of money there is a different situation.

For example, the British Government has borrowed three hundred million dollars on short-time bills at about three and a half per cent. The German Government, however, elected to take its medicine at the start, and so borrowed a billion dollars for several years; and to do so it was obliged to sell five per cent bonds at a discount. In October one of the strongest English railroads, in order to borrow only five million dollars for a term of years, had to sell five per cent bonds at a discount—which brought vigorous protests from bond houses that were loaded with gilt-edge railroad bonds acquired before the war at a much higher level.

Investors here should remember this twofold effect of the war on the money market. By curtailing or stopping business it tends to make money easier; but the huge war bill must be footed later on, and that will involve an immense demand for investable capital.

There are all sorts of estimates as to what the bill will be. In October the French Minister of Finance calculated France's war outlay at seven million dollars a day. About the same time Berlin said the war was costing Germany five million dollars a day. It is perfectly obvious, however, that it is costing Germany with one army in France, far from the home base, and another army at its eastern frontier—considerably more than it is costing France.

A well-known French economist has calculated that the war, if continued six months, will cost the belligerents sixteen billion dollars. Evidently not all of this is outlay of a sort that will have to be met by bond issues; but that several billion dollars in bonds will be offered to investors, to meet the war cost, is pretty certain. So, though short-time money may be cheap, long-time money is dear. Moreover, the outlook for the near future is tolerably settled. Beyond that everything is uncertain.

If you look back to a year ago, when there was no war demand, but when, nevertheless, bankers had to put an embargo on bond offerings in London, and the investment market was in much the same state on the Continent and in this country, you may conclude that this huge war demand will put interest rates on gilt-edge bonds up to about what a conscientious pawnbroker charges when he makes a loan on a stolen watch. But that will not happen, because the war is also operating powerfully to make money easier—that is, it is causing liquidation and curtailing of business all over the world—even in the United States, which is much less affected than any other important country.

When the Exchanges Open

Therefore do not sit back until somebody offers you a gilt-edge bond on a ten per cent interest basis. It is as safe an axiom in investment as it is in speculation, that the man who waits to buy at the very lowest price and sell at the very highest will never make any money. Good bonds will be cheap, but they will not be given away. You may get one per cent more for your money on equally good security—possibly one and a half per cent. That is a good deal. Six per cent instead of five per cent means a twenty per cent gain in income. Six per cent instead of four and a half per cent means a thirty-three and a third per cent gain in income. Or eighty-three and a third dollars invested at six per cent brings the same return as a hundred dollars invested at five per cent.

To take the other side of the account, six per cent money costs the borrower twenty per cent more than five per cent money, and there is obviously a point at which advancing interest rates would prohibit all but absolutely necessary borrowing—or, for that matter, where it would be cheaper for a concern to go through bankruptcy than to fund its debts.

I suppose the ordinary accumulation of investable capital in this country cannot be less than a hundred and fifty million dollars a month. In the year covered by the last report of the Comptroller of the Currency, for instance, savings deposits increased nearly five hundred million dollars; and it seems unlikely that savings deposits represent so much as a third of the accumulation of investable capital.

For three months, at this writing, there has been hardly any investing. All stock exchanges have been closed and all listed securities have been pegged at the closing prices of July thirtieth. Very few investors will pay those prices and the result has been little buying. Again, almost no new securities have been brought out in the three months. There has been some buying of municipal bonds and some buying of farm mortgages; but undoubtedly a great amount of investable capital has accumulated during the three months, which has been piled up to await the lifting of the embargo on investment business. This accumulation should, of course, have a steadying effect on prices when business is resumed; and this, in turn, will tend to disappoint those who wait to buy gilt-edge bonds on a ten per cent basis.

For buy-at-the-bottom-and-sell-at-the-top investors the closing of the exchanges has been a signal mercy. If the exchanges had remained open they would undoubtedly have seen their listed investments selling at a price lower than the one they paid; and that would have made them unhappy, though there is no reason why it should.

The investment is as good as it was when they bought it and is yielding the return they calculated on. That ought to be entirely satisfactory. And in picking out a new investment it does not matter at all that it may possibly, later on, sell somewhat lower. If it is a sound investment and yields a good interest return it is a good bargain, irrespective of whether it may sell lower at some future time.

The exchanges were closed to prevent a slump in security prices. When they are opened, no doubt, banks, brokers and bond houses with large amounts of securities on hand will try to uphold prices. But with open markets the actual equation between supply and demand will soon assert itself, and the level on which a given grade of securities ought to sell under conditions then existing will be determined. The moment that level is determined, people with investable capital lying in the banks had better buy, without waiting for the extraordinary bargain that may never materialize.

And, whatever you do, do not buy any blue-sky stuff, or any dubious, unproved, little-known stuff at any price. Stick to things you know are good. This is no time to consider even third-rate things. Here are some general rules:

Do not make any investment simply on the strength of an advertisement or circular. If the names signed to the advertisement or circular are not already known to you as those of thoroughly responsible, well-established, reputable concerns, ask the nearest banker you know. If he, on his own knowledge or on the advice of his city correspondent, cannot recommend the advertiser, do not touch the investment.

If you are considering any investment, and cannot get a satisfactory explanation and recommendation of it from somebody you personally know to be trustworthy and experienced, let it alone. True, the investment may possibly be a good one, though nobody you know and can rely on is able to get a satisfactory indorsement of it; but you do not have to take that chance. You have no business, in fact, to take the chance, because plenty of investments that come with good credentials, and are sold and recommended by concerns of high standing, are available.

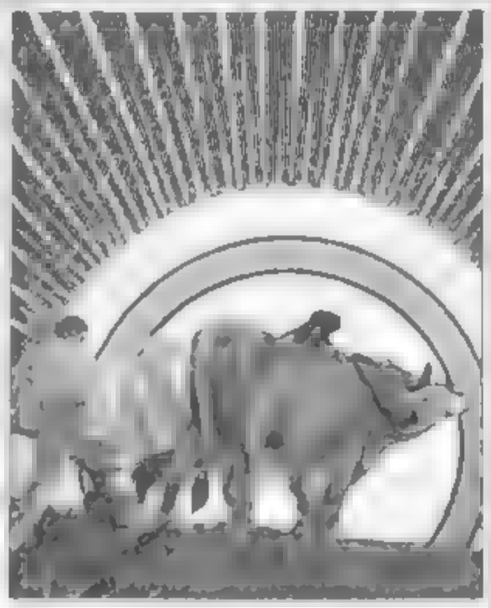
Beating the Line-Hog

THE eavesdropper and the line-hog on party telephone lines are attacked in the latest of the numerous inventions to stop the national habit of "listening in." The device is small and simple, inclosed in a little box attachable to any ordinary telephone instrument; and it is now going through the practical test of daily trial on a number of rural telephone lines. A dial on the box gives the numbers on the party line as well as a number for Central. By turning a pointer to any one of the numbers conversation becomes impossible except between the two numbers so connected, and no other instruments on the line can detect the conversation. At the end of the talk the line automatically restores itself to normal. This takes care of the listening-in trouble.

In order to prevent the unreasonable use of the line by any of the patrons, another little device at the central office, at the end of three or five minutes—whichever the manager sets it for—will throw all the telephones on the whole line into the circuit, so the conversation will no longer be secret. Thus any other person on the line will get a chance to kick for the use of the line. If no other patron insists on using the line the original talkers can have three minutes more for secret conversation.

Each of the boxes has an emergency call, which can be reached only by smashing a small pane of glass. If a secret conversation is going on and some other patron has an important and immediate call to make he can send in this emergency call and obtain Central's attention without delay.

Chilly-Weather
Comfort
You can laugh at the snow and the winter winds when you're snug and warm in a Clothcraft overcoat.
Light weight, warmth, great durability. That's where pure-wool comes in—all Clothcraft Clothes, you know, are *guaranteed* all-wool.
Then, too, there's the fine workmanship. Every little operation in making a suit or overcoat has been perfected in the Clothcraft shops.
Thousands of dollars are saved by this scientific tailoring and put back into fabrics, linings and other additions to quality.
That's why we can offer you such a variety of beautiful Clothcraft patterns in suits and overcoats at $10 to $22.
You'll be specially interested in Clothcraft No. 4130 Blue Serge Special that sells for $18.50.
The Clothcraft Store
(in your town)



Labor is effort. Ability is Experience. Let the last *guide* the first and Brains *govern* both. Then will you have a product *expressing* Brains.

It is the guiding Ability and the governing Brains that make

Benjamin Correct Clothes

for DISCERNING MEN & YOUNG MEN

MADE BY ALFRED BENJAMIN WASHINGTON COMPANY NEW YORK

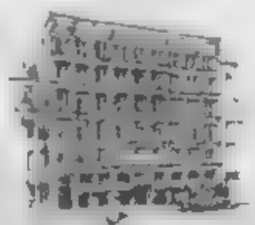
the finest ready-for-service garments in all the world.

Nor has that fact limitations—it is relatively true of Benjamin Clothes at twenty dollars and to and through to forty dollars.

The supreme strength of the Benjamin organization is manifested in the garments at $25.00. It is not merely a matter of disposition but of condition, since *all* vital factors—fabrics, tailoring and linings—are relatively equal.

You find in $25.00 Benjamin Correct Clothes the maximum dollars-and-cents value in the things that insure character, distinction and service, without a tax for luxury.

Shall we send you the Book of New Models and the name of a merchant in your vicinity who would count it an honor to serve you? Yes? Then, a post-card please, to.



Alfred Benjamin Washington Company

[illegible] New York

WAR AND THE HEARTH

(Continued from Page 19)

as the soldiers in the field; as wanting to consider first and last the credit of Canada. The directors of a Montreal firm deferred payment of the preferred dividend, wishing, in spite of the reduction in business, to keep the finances of the company in a strong position and to take care of its nine hundred employees.

"Our duty officially," wrote one manufacturer, "is to conduct ourselves so that our credit shall be preserved. Our duty privately is to play the game with good courage and bear the other fellow's burden rather than ask him to bear ours."

"We have advised our employees," runs a circular letter to customers, "that, rain or shine, temporary defeat or ultimate victory, orders or no orders, we shall keep them and pay them until the war is over. If we have orders so much the better; if we have not then we shall make flannel shirts and present them to the Red Cross Society for distribution among our brave lads at the front. God bless them!

"Will you help us? Naturally we prefer orders; and the object of this letter is to ask you to refrain, as a patriotic duty, from buying your dresses and your waists from American manufacturers at this crisis, and to place orders with Canadian houses that are crying for them to keep their help employed."

Everywhere the motto is: Use Goods Made in Canada! A household league of women has printed a list of household things made in Canada which ought to be used by Canadians. It goes without saying that there is a bar on things made in Germany. The Department of Trade and Commerce has published a list of articles formerly imported from Germany. The idea is to be patriotic in the fullest sense of the word; to stimulate trade so that men out of work may get employment.

Advertisers frame their appeals to the public in much the same way. Patriots who have nothing to gain personally buy space in the newspapers, begging people to get Canada-made goods, so as to employ Canadian workmen and help to look after those who remain at home. Newspapers publish in conspicuous places and in heavy-faced type such items as these:

"Every citizen in the Dominion can be a unit in welfare work by purchasing the products of our own mills, looms and factories."

"To insist that what you buy is made in Canada is to conserve the natural resources of the Dominion."

"Every dollar spent in buying goods made in Canada is aiding some Canadian workman."

The Advisory Committee of the Board of Education of the Toronto schools was disturbed when it found out that a contractor had subcontracted for Michigan-made doors, because they were cheaper than Canadian doors. At best, however, the suffering will be severe; and it will fall, for the most part, on the common people.

How Rich Men Go on Half Pay

"Look at the way I'm placed," said a lumberman. "I've got my yards and mills full of wood, and there is a year's cut in the river; but there isn't a ghost of a chance of exporting it or selling it. I employ close to four thousand men, and it takes about a million dollars to put me through the winter. Ordinarily I could get money from the banks; but now the banks refuse to advance large sums. I've got a thousand married men in my employ and I'll keep them on at a loss; but I've got to let the rest of them go if I'm to hold the firm together."

Middle-class people, and even rich people, are on half pay, as it were. The rich man's method of putting himself on half pay is to cut down his luxuries; so wealthy householders are giving up their motor cars, and their chauffeurs are out of work. They are dismissing superfluous servants, and these have nothing to do. Their wives are economizing on gowns, and so dressmakers are dismissing their assistants; and some of them are glad to go out sewing by the day. The rich people are not entertaining, and caterers and florists are shutting up their shops.

Individually some cities are suffering less than others. It is said that Quebec is always the last to feel either a depression or a boom. Besides, Quebec reaped a rich harvest while the soldiers were at the volunteer camp. The population of the city was increased by a half. The hotels were full of visitors who shopped—the officers bought their outfits and the camp canteens coined money.

Ottawa will not suffer much, for a large percentage of the people are government employees. Toronto and Montreal are feeling the depression most—particularly Montreal. There is a hard sort of irony in this, for Montreal sent more men to the front than any other city. Many little shops have failed in Montreal; commercial travelers are being laid off or having their salaries reduced; and the dry-dock men are all out of work—for where seven or eight steamers came in daily to load and unload, now there is hardly one.

Keeping the Soldiers Warm

The need of collecting money was seen from the beginning; and it was also seen that the dependents of the fighting soldiers must be protected first. The Canadian Patriotic Fund, one of the best-handled organizations that have arisen out of the war, was begun by the Duke of Connaught. He assembled certain prominent men of Ontario and explained to them the need of caring for those dependent on the soldiers. He got through a special Act of Parliament at the short session, voting fifty million dollars for this purpose. A central organization was formed in Ottawa, and branch organizations in other places rapidly followed.

All the funds collected go into the central branch. The cases requiring relief are carefully looked into by local investigators. A soldier may or may not assign his pay to his wife or mother; but, even though he does, she receives in addition a sum that will keep her going. If she has three children the executors of the fund see that she gets as much as forty-five dollars a month, exclusive of her husband's or son's pay. If some employer or other organization pays her anything that sum is deducted from the forty-five dollars.

When the fund was started people were asked to give money if they could, and if they could not afford to give money, to donate anything they could spare. An old woman of eighty, in Ottawa, came to headquarters and said she was too poor to give money, but that she wanted to offer the only piece of jewelry she had except her wedding ring, a quaint old brooch—which had belonged to her mother—of gold set with pearls and containing a lock of her grandmother's hair. It was sold by auction at a dinner given to the executors of the Fund; and it brought a hundred dollars.

A little girl came in with a set of Queen Victoria Jubilee stamps, which her mother had collected as a young girl, and which had been her most cherished possession. Another little girl, from Kingston, brought in a tiny hank of yarn. A boy offered a little paper box full of coppers; he said he had been standing on a street corner for three days to collect money, and he had fifty-seven cents.

An old Belgian shotgun was put up at auction; and, just because it had the word Belgium stamped on it, it brought seven hundred and fifty dollars. A girl whose lover had gone to the war sent in a box of candy, and it was sold for ten dollars.

From the beginning the various women's organizations of Canada began to work. Their first endeavor was to raise a hundred thousand dollars for a hospital ship or for other medical service. Some women who had profited by the South African experience doubted whether hospital ships were needed so much as some other things. Nearly three hundred thousand dollars was raised, almost two-thirds of which was appropriated to equip a hospital to be called the Canadian Woman's Hospital, near Portsmouth, England, the rest to be given to the Admiralty for the imperial military medical service.

The next movement of the women was the starting of the Red Cross work. There had been an active Red Cross Association during the South African War, and a fund had been left over. Across the whole territory of Canada women at once began to make sheets, shirts and bandages.

More than one letter appeared from veteran soldiers saying, without too much explanation, that sheets and bandages would be a waste of time. It was whispered that, after the Boer War, the English burned bale after bale of sheets and shirts in South Africa. To the layman it seems a pity they did not hang them on the bushes of the veldt. Given time, there would be enough Boers born to wear the shirts and be wrapped in the sheets.

The practical Canadian women began at once to stop all sentimental activity and to fight every emotion not backed by judgment. They groaned when they heard that the workers had already made six miles of sheets, and they called a halt. Their concerted voices rose in the sharp command: "Knit!"

"Wherever the men go," they said, "they can find sheets and bandages in the next town. Every one over there will be making them. Knit!"

One little old lady, who belonged to a group of women sewing for the Red Cross Society, and who had gone to Africa with her husband, was asked to tell her experiences. She shook her head; she was shy of speaking before an audience, however small. When they insisted she rose.

"I really cannot make a speech," she said; "but, as many of you know, my husband is bedridden from his experiences in the South African War—not because of wounds, but because of rheumatism. A wound heals, but rheumatism like his does not. My husband says he often lay out all night, encamped on the bare ground, and heard brave, big men sobbing from the cold. I can't make a speech, but sheets don't make men warm. I have a son going to the front, and I gave him the stockings and a Balaklava cap and cholera band and shirt and scarf that I had knitted for my husband after the South African War—not that they did my husband any good, but it helped me. Now my son will wear them. I can't make a speech; but I can't bear to think of any woman's son, who wouldn't cry for a wound or for hunger or for weariness, crying for the cold, when he's giving all he has for the Empire. I know I can keep one boy warm besides my son."

Everybody Learning to Knit

Some of these people were young girls, sewing away as they would at any Dorcas society, on whom the realization of what war meant had not dawned. Others were sending lovers and husbands and sons to the front; but they had been, perhaps, preoccupied with the emotional price they and their men were paying, and with fear of death and wounding. They had not thought much of weariness and cold. Tears fell on the cotton and the scissors; and they were put away, and knitting needles and yarn brought out. To-day, in many a club in Canada, while some report or literary paper is being read, the members ply knitting needles in a fashion that would have delighted their grandmothers.

"Don't knit the wrong things!" comes the warning advice. "Remember that cholera bands ought to fit and that an inexperienced knitter cannot possibly make them to fit. Let the factories provide them, and you stick to knitting socks. A man can almost wear a pair out in two days of forced marching."

"We can't make too many socks," said Queen Mary. "Give me three hundred thousand pairs more!"

Princess Pat's eleven hundred men had not been provided with Balaklava caps; so the women knitted them. It goes without saying that when thirty-three thousand men had to be equipped certain of their supplies failed to reach some of them—such as helmet caps. The women hastened to provide them.

The men liked wristlets for cold or rainy weather, and the government did not allow for them. Some of the Winnipeg men came to the Valcartier camp with long woolen scarfs to wind round neck and chest, and the other men thought they would like scarfs too. They had only to ask. They were exactly in the position of convalescent children, who may have anything they want. Finally the men wanted mittens knit with a thumb and one finger, and thousands of women are taking comfort in learning to make them.

"Don't knit the wrong things!" comes the advice. "Remember we may need the twenty-five cents you spend for yarn for some other purpose."

The Red Cross people intend to make no mistakes. They have sent a man over the

sea to watch supplies and cable back reports of the needs at the front. Meantime there is no doubt about the need of supplies. Just before the Canadian oversea expedition sailed, Ottawa alone shipped forty-seven bales of clothing.

Another work Canadian women are continuing eagerly is the collection for the Belgian relief supplies. They are shipping money, clothing, food—everything that will carry. The sympathy of Canadians for Belgium is very strong. They realize, almost as though they had seen it, the desperate case of thousands of men, women and children—stripped of their homes and their harvests; their towns as well as their homes destroyed; the very face of their familiar landscape changed; with no possessions but the clothes they wear; suffering from the loss of their husbands and brothers, fathers, mothers and children; without a country and without food. Love and gratitude for the little country makes the Canadians want to share with her. The government has appropriated twenty-five thousand dollars and more will be forthcoming from that source, while private contributions are multiplying.

Seeking the Bright Side of War

The women, like the manufacturers and other patriotic business men, have a keen realization of the number of people out of work.

"We can't minimize it," said one member of the International Council of Women. "When five hundred girls in Toronto answered an advertisement asking for one stenographer, it is a sign that times are hard."

The women have established boarding clubs, where girls whose pay has been cut down can live, or where girls who have no work at all may stay until they can be otherwise provided for. There is a plan on foot to send unemployed girls to farms, where they can work for their board. There will be a hard problem there of readjustment; a stenographer will be awkward at housework and will not be muscular enough to do it well—she may even strike her farmer host as lazy. Yet all this is part of the price to be paid for war.

The problem of what to do with the men is equally difficult. Gardeners and chauffeurs, when thrown out of work, cannot on a moment's notice become carpenters and bricklayers.

The impulse to help goes on still, as keen as it was at first. All sorts of good advice is being offered to the people. One newspaper warned them not to spend their money like drunken sailors. They are told to avoid false economy, and not to be so saving as to deprive some one else of bread. A woman who is not obliged to dismiss her charwoman should not let her go. All bills should be paid promptly. Manufacturers working for the soldiers are exhorted to give them of their best, and are reminded of the unscrupulous contractors in the Crimean War and the Civil War. All sorts of suggestions come from women whose men are at the front.

"I wish," one such woman wrote to a newspaper, "you would not print any more dreadful pictures of the war. You had one the other day of a dying soldier, and it was called Somebody's Son. When I looked at it I said: 'Somebody's Son! Why not mine?' Every woman with a boy at the front will feel as I do. We can show better faces at home if we don't meet our grief until we must."

The doctors of Welland and Port Colborne have offered to give their medical services without charge to the families of soldiers who have gone to the front. The Canadian life-insurance companies are insuring the lives of soldiers at an extra war-premium rate of only fifty dollars a thousand, though they would be justified in asking a hundred. In London the offices of the Canadian Government are providing information as to the requirements of the Canadian market, and are showing British merchants how they can get from Canada at least part of the supplies they formerly got from Germany.

It appears as though no device to secure aid and to keep up courage has been undiscovered. There seems to be a tacit compact to minimize the ills of the present by looking forward to a prosperous future. Canadians are reminded that though the outside world will lend them less money now it will buy more of their products. They are told that thirty-three thousand men are gone, which will give employment to thousands of the unemployed, who will take their places. They are told that the war has brought to North Toronto what may turn out to be the biggest horse market of the world. They are reminded that next summer the Continent will not be overrun with wealthy tourists, and that there must be a See-your-home-country-first movement, in which Canada should attract marked attention. Even the street cars have such posters as this:

BRITAIN'S MOTTO

BUSINESS AS USUAL!

Let the foe who strikes at England know her wheels of commerce turn;
Let the ships that war with England see her factory furnace burn—
For the foe most fears the cannon, and his heart most quakes with dread,
When behind the man in khaki is the man who keeps his head!

In one respect Canada may profit by the war. The back-to-the-land movement is sure to come. Canada has an area about as large as the whole of Europe; she has about four hundred million acres of the finest agricultural land waiting to be cultivated.

This war has already shown the thinking Canadians that so long as a man has a farm of his own he cannot lose his job, and his food problem is solved for him. A clerk, dependent on the resources of the city in which he lives, when he is thrown out of work feels the ground slipping from under his feet—precisely because it is not his ground.

Already men on half pay, fearful they may lose even that, are reading pamphlets on farming, trying to see what they could raise and how far they could go with a very little capital. The impulse is aided by the fact that crops are unusually good in Canada this year—especially such things as grain, vegetables and fruit. There may be increased work for laborers, as the Canadian farmers have been asked to plow an increased acreage.

The Sporting Spirit of Canada

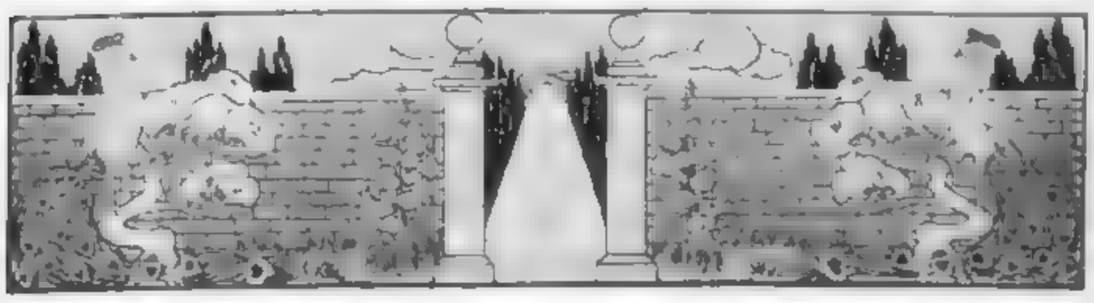
A splendid sporting spirit, however, is nothing but a good shield. Underneath is vulnerable flesh that is easily hurt. The war has given Canada a deep scar, financially and emotionally.

"It's hard to go through it again," said an old woman, whose son was a reservist who had fought in South Africa and had sailed with the Canadian oversea expedition to fight for the Empire a second time. "The days I dread are not far off, when the printed lists come in of the men who are dead and wounded. I read them slowly for fear the next name may be my lad's: and before every name I say a prayer: 'O God, don't let it be my son!'"

Poor old woman! It was, after all, only human, perhaps, that she should pray: "O God, don't let it be my son! Let it be some other woman's son!"

When the war is over the Canadians will begin their reconstruction in the spirit Lincoln advised in his Second Inaugural Address:

"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right—let us strive to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace . . . with all nations."



Delicious Golden Dates

in Clean Dust-proof Packages

Such dates are ideal sugar plums. Their luscious flavor has made them a favorite fruit for generations. Now that it is possible to get them clean and moist as though freshly gathered, people are eating more.

Dromedary Dates

From the Garden of Eden

"Good to eat" as candy, Dromedary Dates are also just as real a food as meat, eggs or bread. They are a *growth* food for children and a *work* food for men and women. Dromedary Dates are not only highly nourishing; they are easily digested and slightly laxative. With taste and flavor to tempt the appetite, they make an ideal food. Such dates make children of us all

Buy Dromedary Dates regularly, as you buy meat and bread. They belong in your regular diet. They lend themselves to the making of many unusual dishes described in

PRIZE RECIPE BOOK
Free on Request

Standard Dromedary Products

Besides **DROMEDARY DATES** there is **DATENUT BUTTER** made [illegible] Dates and nuts [illegible] ing "spread [illegible]
DROMEDARY COCOANUT is as full flavored as though *just grated*. Comes in novel, fresh keeping" cartons.
DROMEDARY TAPIOCA is a very high quality granulated Tapioca, ready for "Instant" use. It requires no soaking

Ask your grocer or fruit dealer for Dromedary Dates and other products. He has them or can easily supply you

The HILLS BROTHERS Company
Dept. K, 375 Washington Street New York

Standard DROMEDARY Products

Any one mailed for your grocer's name and 10 cents

SIX Overl

Specifications of Model 82

Seven passenger touring car
125-inch wheel base
Electrically started
Electrically lighted
Full stream-line body design
Color—Royal blue, ivory white striping
Black leather upholstery
One man top
Pockets in all doors
Rain vision ventilating type windshield, built in
Extra long underslung rear springs
Full floating rear axle
35 inch x 4½ inch tires; smooth tread in front, non-skid in rear
Left hand drive
Centre control
45–50 horsepower motor
High tension magneto
Demountable rims
One extra rim
High grade magnetic speedometer
Electric horn
Electric control buttons on steering column

THE CLIMAX OF SIX C

THIS announces the widely discussed and keenly anticipated Overland Six—the Six that we predicted would upset all previous and present six cylinder value standards.

For Sixes of similar proportions and specifications *have* always sold for considerably more money.

The new Overland Six costs less than many competing Sixes, yet more is offered.

But the advanced knowledge of our experienced engineers, coupled with the huge manufacturing economies, which we are in a position to practice on account of our greater production, has made it possible for us to produce a Six of the very first grade to sell at a price which is below current Six quotations.

By the simple method of comparing Overland specifications and the price with the specifications and the price of any other Six you can easily prove this.

The Overland Six is of the very latest and most modern design and construction. It was designed and developed cautiously, carefully and judiciously. For months exhaustive experiments have been going on. It has been tested and tried successfully under every possible condition.

The Overland Six is a luxurious and large seven passenger touring car. The magnificent stream-line body design supplies the very utmost in style, grace and comfort.

Prices for United States: *Overland Six, . . . $1475* *Overland Model 80 T $1075* *Overland Model 80 R. $1050*
Overland Model 80 Coupé, $1600 *Overland Model 81 T $850* *Overland Model 81 R. . $795*
All Prices f. o. b. Toledo, Ohio

THE WILLYS-OVERLAND C

The Willys-Overland of Canada

land $1475

COLES PHILLIPS

YLINDER EFFICIENCY

The body is finished in rich Royal blue, trimmed with fine hair-line striping of ry white. It is upholstered with the finest grade of hair and bright French finish, e grain, black hand-buffed leather.

The Overland Six cylinder motor marks the climax of six cylinder efficiency. is, too, is of the very latest en bloc design. It has a 3½" bore and a 5¼" stroke. is rated at 45-50 horsepower. This motor is one of the most flexible, economical d reliable six cylinder power plants ever designed. It is remarkably quiet and won- rfully smooth. Also it is light in proportion to the power, very compact and a utifully finished job.

The tonneau is big and roomy. With its two extra seats ample room is provided seven passengers.

It is electrically lighted and started. All electric buttons, controlling the electric starter and the electric horn, head, side, tail and dash lights, are located on the steering column within natural reach of the driver.

The Overland Six is an unusually substantial car. Every part is of very generous dimensions. Nothing has been skimped. On the contrary, every individual piece of the chassis is designed with a large factor of safety

Built of the very best materials the market affords, under the most scientific and efficient methods, by the highest grade and most skilled motor car craftsmen, this Six will completely revolutionize all present standards.

Six cylinder catalogue on request. Please address Dept. 26.

MPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO *Prices for Canada:* Overland Six $1975 Overland Model 80 T. . $1425 Overland Model 80 R $1300
Overland Model 80 Coupé, $2150 Overland Model 81 T. . $1135 Overland Model 81 R. . $1065
All Prices f. o. b. Hamilton, Ontario
imited, Hamilton, Ont.

BY INVITATION MEMBER OF

The Overland is the car selected by the Rice Leaders of the World Association as prizes for the leading salesmen of the world.

Copyright Hart Schaffner & Marx

Full dress suit for $35

made by

Hart Schaffner & Marx

SOME men hesitate about buying full dress clothes, not because they do not want or need them, but because of the outlay.

For such men, we have produced a special full dress suit for $35, made of fine black dress cloth, lined and faced with silk, hand tailored, silk braid on trousers, latest design.

Dealers in our clothes are prepared to supply you with this unusual value. Your satisfaction is guaranteed.

Hart Schaffner & Marx

Good Clothes Makers

The "SANITARY" ERASER includes an adjustable metal Holder 3 inches long by ¾ inch wide and a strip of Rubber ⅛ inch thick, of a width and length nearly that of the Holder.

Two Rubbers of best quality are made, one for Typewriter & Ink, one for Pencil. These Rubbers last six months to a year, the Holder a lifetime.

By slight pressure, at the loop end, clean rubber is fed down until used. Its narrow edge allows a letter or line to be erased without injuring another.

Well Made — Easy To Operate — They Always Work

EVERYBODY should have this NEW ERASER

Price 10¢ each. Refills 5¢ each. All Stationers.

By mail 2¢ extra — State whether Typewriter or Pencil.

Booklets of our "O. K." Paper Fasteners, Letter Openers and Erasers Free.

The O. K. Manufacturing Co., Syracuse, N. Y., U. S. A.

FOR HIS CHRISTMAS

Give him for 1915 a

Rockwell Reminder

A daily calendar (twelve monthly pads) on bond

Size 3 in. by 5 in. Just fits the vest pocket.

Fine Black Leather $ .60 Real Morocco (Gilt-edge) $1.40
Genuine Pigskin or Seal 1.00 Genuine Walrus 2.00
Extra: Name in gold $ .25; Silver Pencil in loop $1.00

Postpaid on receipt of price — Money back if not satisfied

ROCKWELL PRINTING CO., 1095 Clinton St., Hoboken, N. J.

ARABELLA'S HOUSE PARTY

(Continued from Page 9)

person in a modish automobile coat, stared at them a moment and then burst out laughing.

"Zaliska!" screamed Coningsby.

"Well," she cried, "that's what I call some entrance! Lordy! But I must be a sight!"

She calmly opened a violet leather tango box, withdrew various trifles and made dexterous use of them, squinting at herself in a mirror the size of a silver dollar.

Farrington groaned and shuddered, but delayed his flight to watch the effect of this last arrival.

Banning turned on Coningsby and shouted:

"This is your work! You've brought this woman here! I hope you're satisfied with it!"

"My work!" piped Coningsby very earnestly in his queer falsetto. "I never had a thing to do with it; but if Zaliska is good enough for you to dine with in New York it isn't square for you to insult her here in your own house."

"I'm not insulting her. When I dined with her it was at your invitation, you little fool!" foamed the Senator.

Zaliska danced to him on her toes, planted her tiny figure before him and folded her arms.

"Be calm, Tracy; I will protect you!" she lisped sweetly.

"Tracy! Tracy!" gasped Mrs. Banning.

Miss Collingwood laughed aloud. She and the Bishop seemed to be the only persons present who were enjoying themselves. Outside, the machine that had brought Zaliska had backed noisily off the steps and was now retreating.

"Oh, cheer up, everybody!" said Zaliska, helping herself to a chair. "My machine's gone back to town; but I only brought a suit-case, so I can't stay forever. By the way, you might bring it in, Harold," she remarked to Coningsby with a yawn.

Mrs. Banning alone seemed willing to cope with her.

"If you are as French as you look, mademoiselle, I suppose ——"

"French, ha! Not to say aha! I sound like a toothpaste all right, but I was born in good old Urbana, Ohio. Your face registers sorrow and distress, madam. Kindly smile, if you please!"

"No impertinence, young woman! It may interest you to know that the courts haven't yet freed me of the ties that bind me to Tracy Banning, and until I get my decree he is still my husband. If that has entered into your frivolous head kindly tell me who invited you to this house."

The girl pouted, peered into her tango box, and slowly drew out a crumpled bit of yellow paper, which she extended toward her inquisitor with the tips of her fingers.

"This message," Mrs. Banning announced, "was sent from Berkville Tuesday night." And then her face paled. "Incredible!" she breathed heavily.

Gadsby caught the telegram as it fluttered from her hand.

"Read it!" commanded Miss Collingwood.

"MADEMOISELLE HELENE ZALISKA,
"New Rochelle, N. Y.

"Everything arranged. Meet me at Senator Banning's country home, Corydon, Massachusetts, Thursday evening at eight.

"ALEMBERT GIDDINGS,
"Bishop of Tuscarora."

The Bishop snatched the telegram from Gadsby and verified the detective's reading with unfeigned astonishment. The reading of this message evoked another outburst of merriment from Miss Collingwood.

"Zaliska," fluted young Coningsby, "how dare you!"

"Oh, I never take a dare," said Zaliska. "I guessed it was one of your jokes; and I always thought it would be real sporty to be married by a bishop."

"Yes," said Miss Collingwood frigidly, "I suppose you've tried everything else!"

The Bishop met Mrs. Banning's demand that he explain himself with all the gravity his good-natured countenance could assume.

"It's too deep for me. I give it up!" he said. He crossed to Zaliska and took her hand.

"My dear young woman, I apologize as sincerely as though I were the guilty man. I never heard of you before in my life; and I wasn't anywhere near Berkville day before yesterday. The receipt of my own telegram in New Hampshire at approximately the same hour proves that irrefutably."

"Oh, that'll be all right, Bishop," said Zaliska. "I'm just as pleased as though you really sent it."

Miss Collingwood had lighted her pipe—a performance that drew from Zaliska an astonished:

"Well, did you ever! Gwendolin, what have we here?"

"What I'd like to know," cried Mrs. Banning, yielding suddenly to tears, "is what you've done with Arabella!"

The mention of Arabella precipitated a wild fusillade of questions and replies. She had been kidnaped, Mrs. Banning charged in tones that rolled somberly through the house, and Tracy Banning should be brought to book for it.

"You knew the courts would give her to me and it was you who lured her away and hid her. This contemptible little Coningsby was your ideal of a husband for Arabella, to further your own schemes with his father. I knew it all the time! And you planned to meet him here, with this creature, in your own house! And he's admitted that you've been dining with her. It's too much! It's more than I should be asked to suffer, after all—after all I've—borne!"

"Look here, Mrs. Lady; creature is a name I won't stand for!" flamed Zaliska.

"If you'll all stop making a rotten fuss ——" wheezed Coningsby.

"If we can all be reasonable beings for a few minutes ——" began the Bishop.

Before they could finish their sentences Gadsby leaped to the doorway, through which Farrington was stealthily creeping, and dragged him back.

"It seems to me," said the detective, depositing Farrington, cowed and frightened, in the center of the group, which closed tightly about him, "that it's about time this fellow was giving an account of himself. Everybody in the room was called here by a fake telegram, and I'm positive this is the scoundrel who sent 'em."

"He undoubtedly enticed us here for the purpose of robbery," said Senator Banning; "and the sooner we put him in jail the better."

"If you'll let me explain ——" began Farrington, whose shirt collar had been torn loose when the detective grabbed him and whose bedraggled appearance was little calculated to inspire confidence.

"We've already had too many explanations!" declared Mrs. Banning. "In all my visits to jails and penitentiaries I've rarely seen a man with a worse face than the prisoner's. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he turned out to be a murderer."

"Rubbish!" sniffed Miss Collingwood. "He looks like somebody's chauffeur who's been joy-rolling in the mud."

The truth would never be believed. Farrington resolved to lie boldly.

"I was on my way to Lenox and missed the road. I entered these grounds merely to make inquiries and get some gasoline. This man you call Gadsby assaulted me and dragged me in here; and, as I have nothing to do with any of you or your troubles, I protest against being detained longer."

Gadsby's derisive laugh expressed the general incredulity.

"You didn't say anything to me about gasoline. You were prowling round the house, and when I nabbed you you tried to bolt. I guess we'll just hold on to you until we find out who sent all those fake telegrams."

"We'll hold on to him until we find out who's kidnaped Arabella," declared Mrs. Banning.

"That's a happy suggestion, Fanny," affirmed the Senator, for the first time relaxing his severity toward his wife.

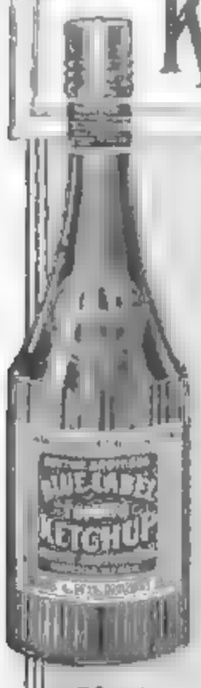
"What's this outlaw's name?" demanded Miss Collingwood in lugubrious tones.

Clever criminals never disclosed their identity. Farrington had no intention of telling his name. He glowered at them as he involuntarily lifted his hand to his mud-spattered face. Senator Banning jumped back, stepping heavily on Coningsby's feet. Coningsby's howl of pain caused Zaliska to laugh with delight.

"If you hold me here you'll pay dearly for it," said Farrington fiercely.

"Dear, dear; the little boy's going to cry!" mocked the dancer. "I think he'd be nice if he had his face washed. By the way, who's giving this party anyhow? I'm perfectly famished and just a little teeny-teeny bite of food would go far toward saving your little Zaliska's life."

BLUE LABEL KETCHUP



Keeps after opening

DELICIOUS
APPETIZING
SATISFYING

— down to the last drop

Choicest red-ripe tomatoes, cooked lightly—thus retaining the natural flavor — and pure spices for delicate seasoning, produce this tempting relish with true tomato taste.

Contains only those ingredients Recognized and Endorsed by the U. S. Government

Our Soups, Jams, Jellies, Preserves, Meats, Canned Fruits and Vegetables are of the same high quality as Blue Label Ketchup.

Write for our instructive booklet, "Original Menus." A postal mentioning your grocer's name and this weekly will bring it.

Curtice Brothers Co.
Rochester, N. Y.

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

YOU don't have to take any other garters than

PARIS GARTERS
No metal can touch you

Your haberdasher has Paris; and he wants you to have them if you say so.

Say so; say plainly: "Paris Garters." The name is on the back of the shield.

At the best stores, 25 and 50 cents

A. Stein & Co., Makers Chicago and New York

"That's another queer thing about all this!" exclaimed the Senator. "Some one opened the house and stocked it with provisions. The caretaker got a telegram purporting to be from me telling him I'd be down with a house party. However, the servants are not here. The scoundrel who arranged all this overlooked that."

This for some occult reason drew attention back to Farrington, and Gadsby shook him severely, presumably in the hope of jarring loose some information. Farrington resented being shaken. He stood glumly watching them and awaiting his fate.

"It looks as though you'd all have to spend the night here," remarked the Senator. "There are no trains out of Corydon until ten o'clock to-morrow. By morning we ought to be able to fix the responsibility for this dastardly outrage. Meantime meantime this criminal shall be locked up!"

"Shudders, and clank, clank, as the prisoner goes to his doom," mocked Zaliska.

"The sooner he's out of my sight the better," Mrs. Banning agreed heartily. "If he's hidden my poor dear Arabella away somewhere he'll pay the severest penalty of the law for it. I warn him of that."

"In some states they hang kidnapers," Miss Collingwood recalled, as though the thought of hanging gave her pleasure.

"We'll put the prisoner in one of the servants' rooms on the third floor," said the Senator; "and in the morning we'll drive him to Pittsfield and turn him over to the authorities. Bring him along, Gadsby."

Gadsby dragged Farrington upstairs and to the back of the house, with rather more force than was necessary. Banning led the way, bearing a poker he had snatched up from the fireplace. Pushing him roughly into the butler's room, Gadsby told Farrington to hold up his hands and be searched.

"We'll just have a look at your pockets, young man. No foolishness now!"

This was the last straw. Farrington fought. For the first time in his life he struck his fellow man, and enjoyed the sensation. He was angry, and the instant Gadsby thrust a hand into his coat pocket he landed on the detective's nose with all the ginger he could put into the blow.

Banning dropped the poker and ran out, slamming the door after him. Two more sharp punches in the detective's face caused him to jump for a corner and draw his gun. As he swung round, Farrington grabbed the poker and dealt the officer's wrist a sharp thwack that knocked the pistol to the floor with a bang. In a second the gun was in Farrington's hand and he backed to the door and jerked it open.

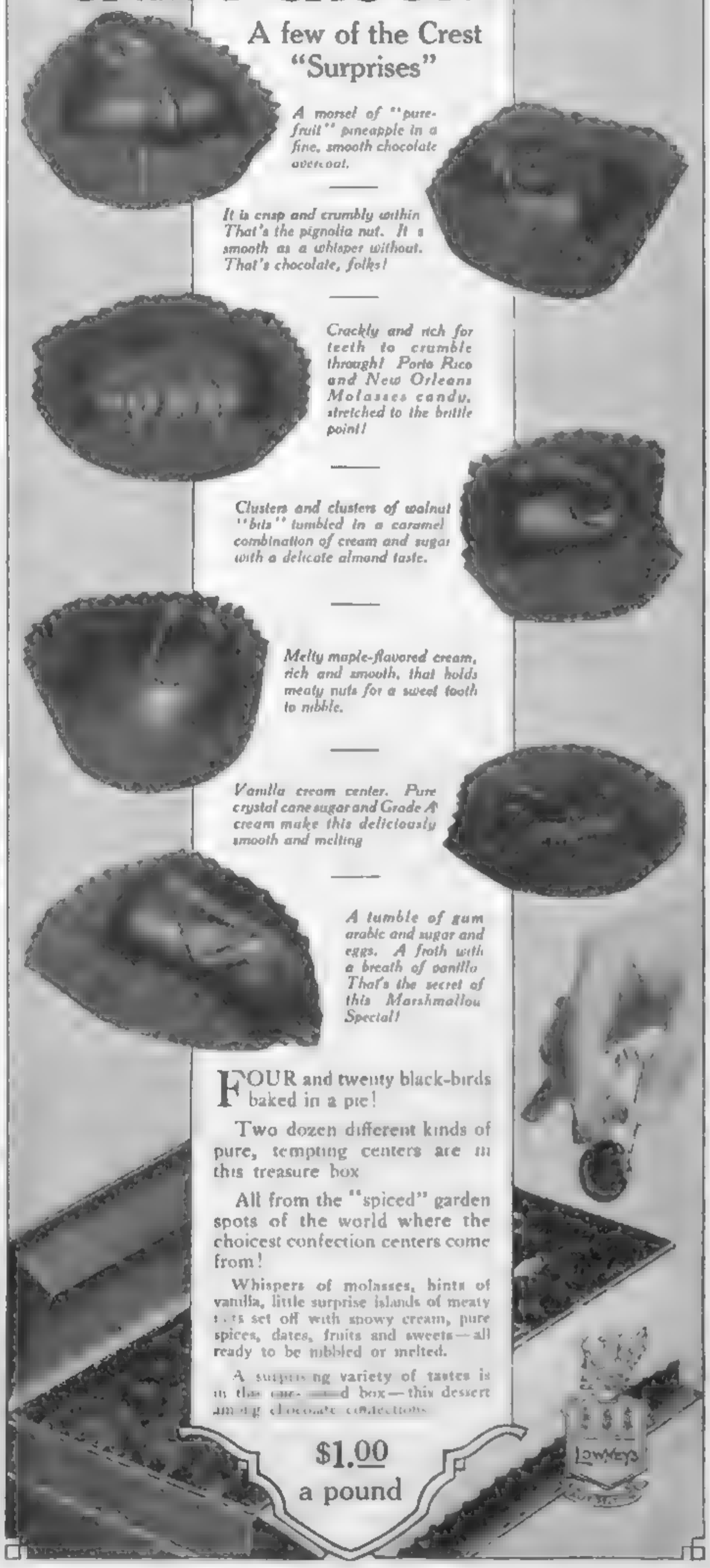
"Come in here, Senator!" he said as Banning's white face appeared. "Don't yell or attempt to make a row. I want you to put the key of that door on the inside. If you don't I'm going to shoot your friend here. I don't know who or what he is, but if you don't obey orders I'm going to kill him. And if you're not pretty lively with that key I'm going to shoot you too. Shooting is one of the best things I do—careful there, Mr. Gadsby! If you try to rush me you're a dead man!"

To demonstrate his prowess he played on both of them with the automatic. Gadsby stood blinking, apparently uncertain what to do. The key in Banning's hand beat a lively rat-tat in the lock as the frightened statesman shifted it to the inside. Farrington was enjoying himself; it was a sweeter pleasure than he had ever before tasted to find that he could point pistols and intimidate senators and detectives.

"That will do; thanks! Now Mr. Gadsby, or whatever your name is, I must trouble you to remove yourself. In other words, get out of here—quick! There's a bed in this room and I'm going to make myself comfortable until morning. If you or any of you make any effort to annoy me during the night I'll shoot you, without the slightest compunction. And when you go downstairs you may save your faces by telling your friends that you've locked me up and searched me, and given me the third degree—and anything you please; but don't you dare come back! Just a moment more, please! You'd better give yourself first aid for nosebleed before you go down, Mr. Gadsby, but not here. The sight of blood is displeasing to me. That is all now. Good night, gentlemen!"

He turned the key, heard them conferring in low tones for a few minutes, and then they retreated down the hall. Zaliska had begun to thump the piano. Her voice rose stridently to the popular air: Any Time's a Good Time When Hearts are Light and Merry.

LOWNEY'S CREST CHOCOLATES



A few of the Crest "Surprises"

A morsel of "pure-fruit" pineapple in a fine, smooth chocolate overcoat.

It is crisp and crumbly within That's the pignolia nut. It is smooth as a whisper without. That's chocolate, folks!

Crackly and rich for teeth to crumble through! Porto Rico and New Orleans Molasses candy, stretched to the brittle point!

Clusters and clusters of walnut "bits" tumbled in a caramel combination of cream and sugar with a delicate almond taste.

Melty maple-flavored cream, rich and smooth, that holds meaty nuts for a sweet tooth to nibble.

Vanilla cream center. Pure crystal cane sugar and Grade A cream make this deliciously smooth and melting

A tumble of gum arabic and sugar and eggs. A froth with a breath of vanilla That's the secret of this Marshmallow Special!

FOUR and twenty black-birds baked in a pie!

Two dozen different kinds of pure, tempting centers are in this treasure box

All from the "spiced" garden spots of the world where the choicest confection centers come from!

Whispers of molasses, hints of vanilla, little surprise islands of meaty nuts set off with snowy cream, pure spices, dates, fruits and sweets—all ready to be nibbled or melted.

A surprising variety of tastes is in the assorted box—this dessert among chocolate confections

$1.00 a pound

We ask you to revise your idea of a dentifrice if you expect to save your teeth as well as merely keep them clean

Cleanliness alone is not enough. "Acid-mouth" is the chief foe to good teeth. Dentists say that 9 out of 10 people have it and that its ravages cause 95% of all tooth-decay.

PEBECO
TOOTH PASTE

is the dentifrice that overcomes "acid-mouth" in addition to cleaning and whitening teeth, keeping them white, removing bad tastes and odors and refreshing the whole mouth.

It's easy to prove the virtues of Pebeco if you will

Use one-third of a brushful only

Send for Free Ten-Day Trial Tube and Acid Test Papers

The Test Papers will show you whether you have "acid-mouth" and how Pebeco counteracts it, and you will also enjoy the use of the trial tube.

Pebeco comes in extra-large tubes, and as only one-third of a brushful is needed at a time, its use is highly economical.

Manufactured by

Lehn & Fink

Manufacturing Chemists

106 William Street, New York

Canadian Office, 1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

A Fortune to the Inventor

who needs a [illegible] we can [illegible] cents postage. [illegible]

R. S. & A. B. LACEY Dept. A. WASHINGTON, D. C.

ARLINGTON Nathan's Flexible No-Metal Arch Supports

Each Year There Are Over Three Million *New* Users of Krementz Collar and Cuff Buttons

One-piece construction and the heavy shell of hammered gold protect every exposed part from wear and tear.

Krementz Unbreakable Collar Buttons are made in 25 shapes. 14 Kt. Rolled Gold, 25c. each; 10 Kt. and 14 Kt. Solid Gold, $1.00 and $1.50.

Krementz one-piece-bean-and-post Cuff Buttons are built by exactly the same wear-proofing process as Krementz Collar Buttons.

A wide variety of exclusive patterns, with the newest flat or curved fronts; plain, engine-turned or engraved. $2.00 a pair.

The purchaser is fully protected by [illegible] rock ribbed Krementz guarantee

"If damaged from ANY cause, a new button FREE."

Jewelry stores, haberdasheries and select drug stores sell Krementz [illegible] Collar and Cuff Buttons. Look for the name on each button.

KREMENTZ & COMPANY
34 Chestnut Street, Newark, N. J.

Farrington sat on the bed and consoled himself with a cigarette. As a fiction writer he had given much study to human motives; but just why the delectable Arabella had mixed him up in this fashion with the company below was beyond him. Perversity was all he could see in it. He recalled now that she herself had chosen all the names for her list, with the exception of Banning and Gadsby; and, now that he thought of it, she had more or less directly suggested them.

To be sure he had named the Senator; but only in a whimsical spirit, as he might have named any other person whose name was familiar in contemporaneous history. Arabella had accepted it, he remembered, with alacrity. He had read in the newspapers about the Bannings' marital difficulties, and he recalled that Coningsby, a millionaire in one of the Western mining states, had been implicated with Banning in a big irrigation scandal.

It was no wonder Mrs. Banning had been outraged by her husband's efforts to marry Arabella to the wheezing son of the magnate. In adding to the dramatis personæ Zaliska, whose name had glittered on Broadway in the biggest sign that thoroughfare had ever seen, Arabella had contributed another element to the situation, which caused Farrington to grin broadly.

He looked at his watch. It was only nine-thirty, though it seemed that eternities had rolled by since his first encounter with Gadsby. He had taken a pistol away from a detective of reputation and pointed it at a United States Senator; and he was no longer the Farrington of yesterday, but a very different being, willing that literature should go hang so long as he followed this life of jaunty adventure.

After a brief rest he opened the door cautiously, crept down the back stairs to the second floor, and, venturing as close to the main stairway as he dared, heard lively talk in the hall below. Gadsby, it seemed, was for leaving the house to bring help and the proposal was not meeting with favor.

"I refuse to be left here without police protection," Mrs. Banning was saying with determination. "We may all be murdered by that ruffian."

"He's undoubtedly a dangerous crook," said the officer; "but he's safe for the night And in the morning we will take him to jail and find means of identifying him."

"Then for the love of Mike," chirruped Zaliska from the piano, "let's have something to eat!"

Farrington chuckled. Gadsby and Banning had not told the truth about their efforts to lock him up. They were both cowards, he reflected; and they had no immediate intention, at least, of returning to molest him.

After a glance through the guest rooms he meditated a dash downstairs for the front door, but decided against it as a foolish risk. In a room where Banning's suit-case was spread open he acquired an electric lamp, which he thrust into his pocket. Sounds of merry activity from the kitchen indicated that Zaliska had begun her raid on the jam pots, assisted evidently by all the company.

One thought was uppermost in his mind—he must leave the house as quickly as possible and begin the search for Arabella! He wanted to look into her eyes again, he wanted to hear her laughter as he told of the result of her plotting. There was more to the plan she had outlined at the ten house than had appeared, and he meant to know its whys and wherefores; but he wanted to see her for her own sake. His pulses tingled as he thought of her—the incomparable girl with the golden-brown eyes and the heart of laughter!

He cautiously raised a window in one of the sleeping rooms and began flashing his lamp to determine his position. He was at the rear of the house and the rain purred softly on the flat roof of a one-story extension of the kitchen, fifteen feet below. The sooner he risked breaking his neck and began the pursuit of Arabella the better; so he threw out his rubber coat and let himself out on the sill.

He dropped and gained the roof in safety. Below, on one side, were the lights of the dining room, and through the open windows he saw his late companions gathered about the table. The popping of a cork evoked cheers, which he attributed to Zaliska and Coningsby. He noted the Bishop and Miss Collingwood in earnest conversation at one end of the room, and caught a glimpse of Banning staggering in from the pantry bearing a stack of plates, while his

DEAF?
Send for Two Acousticons For Free Trial
No Deposit Required

By [illegible] effort and scientific experiment, there is a marked improvement continuously being made in the [illegible] of the [illegible] Acousticon for the Deaf. [illegible] has never developed more rapidly than now, and its improvements can be applied nowhere with greater results than in a hearing device whose maker is watchfully devoting every energy to make it give more perfect results. That's the reason we ask you to try these Acousticons, entirely at our expense, without a penny or a promise, no matter what instruments you have tried, or what results you have gotten or failed to get in the past

What We Send You

No. 1.—We send you on request our Auris type, which is the smallest, handiest and most powerful instrument obtainable outside of our stronger types. If you are moderately deaf this type will meet all your requirements perfectly and we invite its comparison with any device at anything like the cost. It is offered at the surprisingly low price of **$15**

No. 2.—We also send you our R. A. type, which is a considerably stronger instrument, and is intended for those whose hearing is more seriously affected, these give you an opportunity to see for yourself that our patented features and constant improvement produce the nearest to perfection procurable in any aid to hearing.

Time To Pay We want every one whom it will benefit to have an Acousticon. If, therefore, it is not convenient to arrange for cash payment after you decide to keep it, liberal terms will be arranged. Write today for your free trial to

GENERAL ACOUSTIC COMPANY
1360 Candler Building New York City
Toronto, Ont.—448 Yonge Street
London, Eng.—7 Southwark Street

Keeps It Comfortable All Day

You wake up to a warm house if your heating plant is equipped with the Jewell Heat Controller (with time clock attachment).

It reduces the heat during the night and automatically increases it to the day temperature by the time you rise. And it keeps the house within one degree of this uniform temperature every hour of the day without any attention or trouble on your part.

The JEWELL HEAT CONTROLLER By automatically [illegible] Guaranteed efficient on any heating plant. Lasts a lifetime. Installed by dealers on 30 days' trial.

Booklet Free—Make your family cozy and healthy this winter. Write now for "The House Comfortable," which describes the money-saving comfort-giving Jewell.

JEWELL MANUFACTURING COMPANY
20 Clark Street, Auburn, N. Y.

A GOLDEN TREAT

for appropriate Fall desserts and confections is

MAPLEINE

It gives a delicious mapley flavor and color. Try it for flavoring ices, ice cream, puddings, sauces and sugar syrup.

1-oz. bottle 20c 2-oz. 35c

Get it from your grocer or write

Dept. E 1

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
Seattle, Wn.

Send 2c stamp for receipt book

wife distributed napkins. They were rallying nobly to the demands on their enforced hospitality.

He crawled to the farther side of the roof, swung over and let go, and the moment he touched the earth was off with all speed for the road. It was good to be free again, and he ran as he had not run since his school-days, stumbling and falling over unseen obstacles in his haste. In a sunken garden he tumbled over a stone bench with a force that took the wind out of him for a moment; but he rubbed his bruised legs and resumed his flight.

Suddenly he heard some one running over the gravel path that paralleled the driveway. He stopped to listen, caught the glimmer of a light—the merest faint spark, as of some one flashing an electric lamp—and then heard sounds of rapid retreat toward the road.

Resolving to learn which member of the party was leaving, he changed his course and, by keeping the lights of the house at his back, quickly gained the stone fence at the roadside.

When he had climbed halfway over he heard some one stirring outside the wall between him and the gate; then a motor started with a whir and an electric headlight was flashed on blindingly. As the machine pushed its way through the tangle of wet weeds into the open road he clambered over, snapped his lamp at the driver, and cried out in astonishment as the light struck Arabella full in the face.

She ducked her head quickly, swung her car into the middle of the road, and stopped.

"Who is that?" she demanded sharply.

"Wait just a minute! I want to speak to you; I have ten thousand things to say to you!" he shouted above the thumping of the engine.

She shut off the power instantly, flashed her lamp on him, and burst out laughing. She was buttoned up tightly in a rubber coat, but wore no hat; and her hair had tumbled loose and hung wet about her face. Her eyes danced with merriment.

"Oh, it's too soon!" she said, putting up her hand to shut out the light he was holding on her face. "Not a word to say to-night; but to-morrow—at four o'clock—we shall meet and talk it over. You have done beautifully—superbly!" she continued. "I was looking through the window when they dragged you off upstairs. And I heard every word everybody said! Isn't it perfectly glorious?—particularly Zalissa! What an awful mistake it would have been if we'd left her out! Back, sir! I'm on my way!"

Before he could speak, her car shot forward. He ran to his own machine and flung himself into it. By the time he got under way Arabella was half a mile ahead. Her car, a low-hung white roadster, moved with incredible speed. The rear light rose until it became a dim red star on the crest of a steep hill, and a second later it blinked him good-by as it dipped down on the farther side.

He gained the hilltop and let the machine run its maddest. When he reached the bottom he was sure he was gaining on the flying car, but suddenly the guiding light vanished. He checked his speed to study the trail more carefully, found that he had lost it, turned back to a crossroad where Arabella had plunged more deeply into the hills, and was off again.

The road was a strange one and hideously soggy. The tail light of Arabella's car brightened and faded with the varying fortunes of the two machines; but he made no appreciable gain. She was leading him into an utterly strange neighborhood, and after half a dozen turns he was lost.

Then his car landed suddenly on a sound piece of road and he opened the throttle wide. The rain had ceased and patches of stars began to blink through the broken clouds, but as his hopes rose the light he was following disappeared; and a moment later he was clapping on his brake.

The road had landed him at the edge of a watery waste he was unable to identify—a fact of which he became aware only after he had tumbled out of his machine and walked off a dock into it. Some one yelled to him from a house at the water's edge and threatened to shoot if he didn't make himself scarce. And it was not Arabella's voice!

He slipped and fell on the wet planks, and his incidental remarks pertaining to this catastrophe were translated into a hostile declaration by the owner of the voice. A gun went off with a roar and Farrington sprinted for his machine.

"If you've finished your target practice," he called from the car with an effort at irony, "maybe you'll tell what this place is!"

The reply staggered him:

"This pond's on Mr. Banning's place. It's private grounds and ye can't get through here. What ye doin' down here anyhow?"

Farrington knew what he was doing. He was looking for Arabella, who had apparently vanished into thin air; but the tone of the man did not encourage confidences. He was defeated and chagrined, to say nothing of being chilled to the bone.

"You orto turned off a mile back there; this is a private road," the man volunteered grudgingly, "and the gate ain't goin' to be opened no more to-night."

Farrington got his machine round with difficulty and slowly started back. His reflections were not pleasant ones. Arabella had been having sport with him. She had led him in a semicircle to a remote corner of her father's estate, merely, it seemed, that he might tumble into a pond concealed for the purpose or be shot by the guardian of the marine front of the property.

He had not thought Arabella capable of this; it was not like the brown-eyed girl who had fed him tea and sandwiches two days before to lure him into such a trap. In his bewildered and depressed state of mind he again doubted Arabella.

He reached home at one o'clock and took counsel of his pipe until three, brooding over his adventure.

Hope returned with the morning. In the bright sunlight he was ashamed of having doubted Arabella; and yet he groped in the dark for an explanation of her conduct. His reasoning powers failed to find an explanation of that last trick of hers in leading him over the worst roads in Christendom, merely to drop him into a lake in her father's back yard. She might have got rid of him easier than that!

The day's events began early. As he stood in the doorway of his garage, waiting for the chauffeur to extract his runabout from its shell of mud, he saw Gadsby and two strange men flit by in a big limousine. As soon as his car was ready he jumped in and set off, with no purpose but to keep in motion. He, the Farrington of cloistral habits, had tasted adventure; and it was possible that, by ranging the county, he might catch a glimpse of the bewildering Arabella, who had so disturbed the even order of his life.

He drove to Corydon, glanced into all the shops, and stopped at the post office on an imaginary errand. He bought a book of stamps and as he turned away from the window ran into the nautical Miss Collingwood.

"Beg pardon!" he mumbled, and was hurrying on when she took a step toward him.

"You needn't lie to me, young man; you were in that row at Banning's last night, and I want to know what you know about Arabella!"

This lady, who sailed a schooner for recreation, was less formidable by daylight. It occurred to him that she might impart information if handled cautiously. They had the office to themselves and she drew him into a corner of the room and assumed an air of mystery.

"That fool detective is at the telegraph office wiring all the police in creation to look out for Arabella. You'd better not let him see you. Gadsby is a brave man by daylight!"

"If Arabella didn't spend last night at her father's house I know nothing about her," said Farrington eagerly. "I have reason to assume that she did."

She eyed him with frank distrust.

"Don't try to bluff me! You're mixed up in this row some way; and if you're not careful you'll spend the rest of your life in a large, uncomfortable penitentiary. If that man at the telegraph office wasn't such a fool ——"

"You're not in earnest when you say Miss Banning wasn't at home last night!" he exclaimed.

"Decidedly I am! Do you suppose we'd all be chasing over the country this morning looking for my niece and offering rewards if we knew where she is? I live on a schooner to keep away from trouble, and this is what that girl has got me into! What's your name, anyhow?"

He quickly decided against telling his name. At that moment Gadsby's burly frame became visible across Main Street, and Farrington shot out a side door and sprinted up an alley at his best speed. He struck the railroad track at a point beyond

Third Call for Christmas Dinner—

yet the only response is the merry click of the balls as mother banks the number "7"—*right into the corner pocket!*

"Bully shot!" cries Master Dick.

Father groans—"*That* finishes me!"

"And it also ends this hunger strike," adds mother.

A good laugh all around. Then they're off to the dining room, where everybody plays the whole game over at the feast!

* * * *

This is the royal sport of *CAROM or POCKET BILLIARDS* that thousands of families are playing *right at home!*

And now—*this* Christmas—give *your* folks a scientific Brunswick Table. Only a small investment. Yet *it keeps boys home,* and pays big dividends in pleasure *all your life!*

For Christmas—The Brunswick "BABY GRAND"

Home Carom or Pocket Billiard Table

An imposing masterpiece—not a toy—built of rare San Domingo mahogany, richly inlaid. Has the life, the speed, the accuracy—all the scientific playing qualities that have made the name BRUNSWICK stand for super-excellence around the world. Equipped with genuine Vermont slate bed, fast imported billiard cloth and Monarch cushions, famed for lightning action. Sizes 3 ft. by 6 ft., 3½ ft. by 7 ft., and 4 ft. by 8 ft.; Brunswick "Grand," 4½ ft. by 9 ft.

FREE Home Trial—A Year to Pay

Yes, you are welcome to try any Brunswick right in your own home, 30 days free. Then pay us only a small amount monthly, *terms as low as 20 cents a day!*

High-class Playing Outfit given free with each table—balls, hand-tapered cues, rack, markers, table cover, tips, cue clamps, spirit level, expert book, "How to Play," etc.

Royal New Billiard Book Ready

"Billiards—The Home Magnet" richly pictures all tables in actual colors, including unique "Convertible" models that serve as perfect Dining and Library Tables when not in use for billiards. This book reveals the rollicking sport thousands are planning for Christmas! Gives full details—low factory prices. Sent free! **Now mail the coupon before the edition is gone.**

Send This for Billiard Book FREE

The Brunswick-Balke-Collender Co.
Dept. 8C, 623-633 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Please send me free color illustrated book,
"Billiards—The Home Magnet"
and details of your 30-day home trial offer.

Name _____

Address _____ 355)

GE ELECTRICAL CHRISTMAS GIFTS

"Made in America"

5 Million Homes want Electrical Gifts this Christmas

Every one in these modern homes will appreciate G-E Electrical Gifts. They are moderate in price, economical to use, ornamental in appearance and highly efficient in operation. These handsome, useful, practical appliances will be purchased by the discriminating Twentieth Century buyer. Check over your Gift List today. Mark "G-E" for Gifts Electrical—then go to the Electrical Shop and make your selections from these novel, distinctive and beautiful presents. The G-E trade mark assures you that the receiver will have the same pride in owning your gift that you have in giving it—for this is the trade mark that places any article on which it appears far above question as to service and quality.

GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

Sales Offices in all Large Cities Agencies Everywhere

5220

An Army of Fifty Thousand Boys

marching four abreast would form a column seven miles long. It would require about two hours for them to march past a given point.

Take this army, distribute it among the cities and towns and villages of the country, give each boy twenty or thirty copies of *The Saturday Evening Post* to sell—and you will have formed some idea of the legion of the best youth of the country who are now engaged in selling that periodical.

These boys earn over a million dollars a year—over twenty thousand dollars a week. Each year, in addition, they obtain over 80,000 prizes including cameras, tool-chests, jack-knives, etc.—more than 1500 prizes a week. It is well paid, this army of 50,000.

Any boy can enlist. His "hours on duty" are only those leisure hours he chooses to devote to his customers on the last two days of the week. His "pay" is as much or as little as he wants it to be. Whatever prizes he wants, he selects from a catalogue which describes over 600 different articles. Boys! To enlist in this army, write a letter of inquiry to

Sales Division, Box 677 **The Curtis Publishing Company** Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

2 IN 1

BLACK TAN WHITE

SHOE POLISHES

Better for the Shoes

Easy to Use

All Dealers

10¢

The Great Home Polishes

In the new "Easy-Opening" Box

The F. F. Dalley Co. Ltd. Buffalo N. Y. Hamilton Can

the station where it curved through the hills, and followed it for a mile before stopping to breathe.

As he approached a highway he heard a motor coming and flung himself down in the grass at the side of the track. The driver of the car checked its speed and one of his companions stood up and surveyed the long stretch of track. The blue glint of gun barrels caught Farrington's eye.

There were three men in the machine and he guiltily surmised that they were deputy sheriffs or constables looking for him. He stuck his nose into the ground and did not lift his head again until the sounds of the motor faded away in the distance. Probably no roads were safe, and even in following the railroad he might walk into an ambush.

He abandoned the ties for flight over a wooded hill. It was hard going and the underbrush slapped him savagely in the face. A higher hill tempted him and a still higher one, and he came presently to the top of a young mountain. He sat for a time on a fallen tree and considered matters. In his perturbed state of mind it seemed to him that the faint clouds of dust he saw rising in the roads below were all evidences of pursuit. He picked out familiar landmarks and judged that his flight over the hills had brought him within four miles of his home.

Thoughts of home, and a tub, and clean clothes, pleased him, and he resolutely began the descent. The only way he could free himself from suspicion was by finding Arabella. And how could he find Arabella when he was likely at any moment to be run down by a country constable with a shotgun? And as for meeting Arabella at four o'clock, he realized now that he had stupidly allowed the girl to slip away from him without designating a meeting place.

The actual business of life was too much for him; he was convinced of that; and his conscience dug into him with a sharp elbow. So far as he knew, he was the only person who had seen Arabella since her escape from Miss Collingwood's schooner.

It might be best for him to volunteer to the Bannings such information as he had; but the more he thought of this the less it appealed to him. It would be difficult to give a plausible account of his meeting with Arabella at the tea house; and, moreover, he shrank from a betrayal of the light-hearted follower of the silver trumpet. As a gentleman he could give no version of the affair that would not place all the blame on himself; and this involved serious personal risks.

He approached his house from the rear, keeping as far as possible from the road, lingered at the barn, dodged from it to the garage, and crept furtively into his study by a side door as the clock struck two.

He had seen none of his employees on the farm and the house was ominously still. He rang the bell and in a moment the scared face of Beeching was thrust in.

"Beg pardon; are you home, sir?" asked the servant with a frightened gulp.

"Of course I'm home!" said Farrington with all the dignity his scratched face and torn clothes would permit.

"I missed you, sir," said the man gravely. "I thought maybe you was off looking for Arabella."

The book Farrington had been nervously fingering fell with a bang.

"What -what the devil do you know about Arabella?"

"She's lost, sir. The farmer and the chauffeur is off looking for her. It's a most singular case."

"Yes," Farrington assented; "most remarkable. Have there been any—er—have any people been looking here for—for her?"

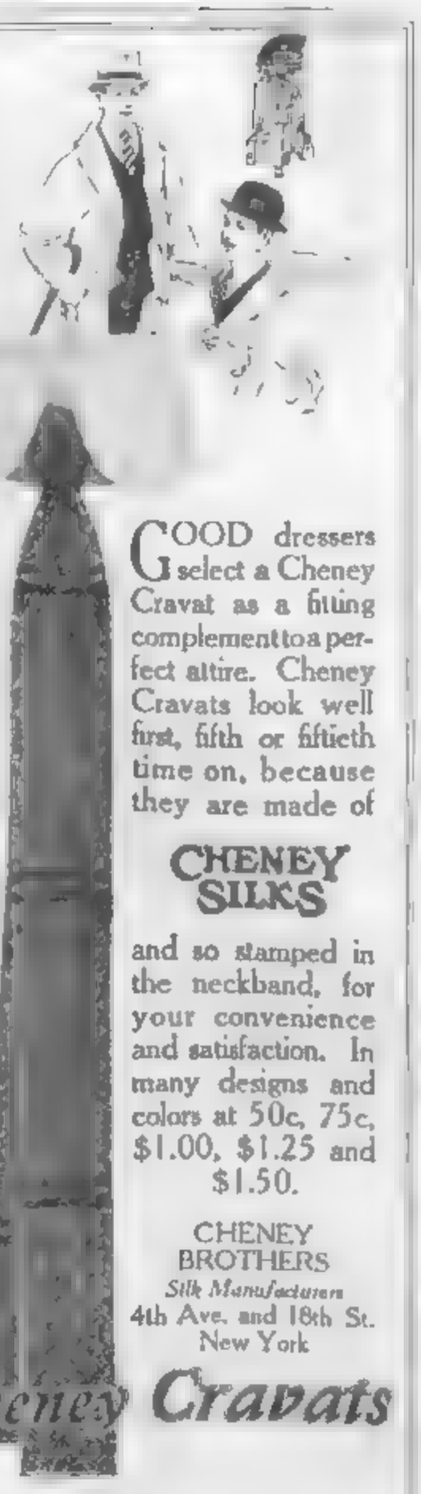
"Well, sir, the sheriff stopped a while ago to ask whether we'd seen such a girl; and there was a constable on horseback, and citizens in machines. Her father has offered a reward of ten thousand dollars. And there's a man missing, they say, sir; a dangerous character they caught on the Banning place last night. There's a thousand on him; it's a kidnaping matter, sir."

Farrington's throat troubled him and he swallowed hard.

"It's a shameful case," he remarked weakly. "I hope they'll kill the rascal when they catch him."

"I hope so, sir," said Beeching. "You seem quite worn out, sir. Shall I serve something?"

"You may bring the Scotch—quick—and don't bother about the water. And, Beeching, if anyone calls I'm out!"



GOOD dressers select a Cheney Cravat as a fitting complement to a perfect attire. Cheney Cravats look well first, fifth or fiftieth time on, because they are made of

CHENEY SILKS

and so stamped in the neckband, for your convenience and satisfaction. In many designs and colors at 50c, 75c, $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50.

CHENEY BROTHERS
Silk Manufacturers
4th Ave. and 18th St.
New York

Cheney Cravats

KEEP OUT COLD and WIND

with the warm fleece-lined garment known everywhere

Brown's Beach Jacket

Wears like iron and doesn't shrink when washed; warmer and more durable than a sweater and costs less than a good one. For out-door men there is nothing like it. Vest retails at $2.00, coat without collar, $3.50, coat with collar, $3.75. If your dealer can't supply you, we will upon receipt of price. Write for Catalog No. 1.

WM. W. BROWN
395 Chandler Street, Worcester, Mass.

Protect Your Horse

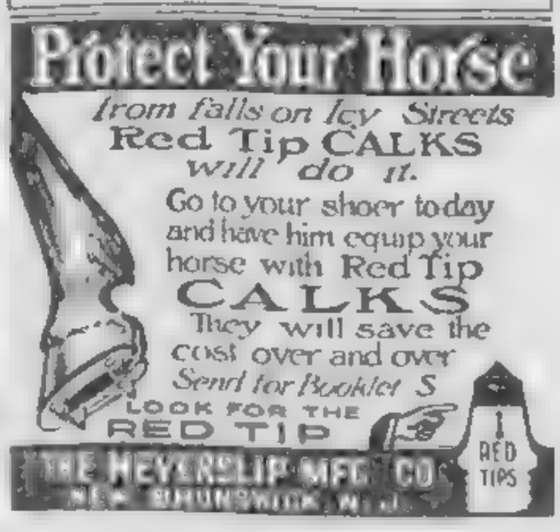
from falls on Icy Streets

Red Tip CALKS *will do it.*

Go to your shoer today and have him equip your horse with Red Tip CALKS

They will save the cost over and over

Send for Booklet S



By the time he had changed his clothes and eaten a belated luncheon it was three o'clock. From time to time mad honking on the highway announced the continuance of the search for Arabella. He had screwed his courage to the point of telephoning Senator Banning that Arabella had been seen near her father's place on the previous night. His spirits sank when the Corydon exchange announced that the Banning phone was out of order. The chauffeur, seeing Farrington's roadster on Main Street, telephoned from Corydon to know what disposition should be made of it, and Farrington ordered him to bring it home.

His self-respect came back as he smoked a cigar. He had met the issues of the night and day bravely; and if further adventures lay before him he felt himself equal to them. And, in spite of the tricks she had played on him, Arabella danced brightly before him. He must find Arabella!

He thrust the revolver he had captured from Gadsby into his pocket and drove resolutely toward the Bannings'.

A dozen machines blocked the entrance, indicating a considerable gathering, and he steeled himself for an interview that could hardly fail to prove a stormy one. The door stood open and a company of twenty people were crowded about a table. So great was their absorption that Farrington joined the outer circle without attracting attention.

"Mister Sheriff," Senator Banning was saying, "we shall make no progress in this affair until the man who escaped from custody here last night has been apprehended. You must impress a hundred—a thousand deputies into service if necessary, and begin a systematic search of every house, every hillside in Western Massachusetts. I suggest that you throw a line from here ——"

They were craning their necks to follow his finger on the map, when Miss Collingwood's voice was heard:

"I tell you again that I saw that man in the post office this morning, and the clerk told me he is Laurance Farrington, the fool who writes such preposterous novels."

"Madam," said the sheriff irritably, "you've said that before; but it's impossible! I know Mr. Farrington and he wouldn't harm a flea. And the folks at his house told me an hour ago that he was away looking for the lost girl."

"Only a bluff!" squeaked Coningsby. "He looked to me like a bad man."

"Oh, I didn't think he looked so rotten," said Zaliska; "but if he's Farrington I must say his books bore me to death!"

"Can't you remember this isn't a literary club?" shouted Senator Banning. "What do we care about his books if he's a kidnaper! What we're trying to do is to plan a thorough search of Berkshire County—of the whole United States, if necessary."

"So far as I'm concerned ——" began Farrington in a loud voice; but as twenty other voices were raised at the same moment no one paid the slightest attention to him. Their indifference enraged him and he pushed his way roughly to the table and confronted Banning. "While you've wasted your time looking for me I've been —— Stand back! Don't come a step nearer until I've finished or I'll kill you!"

It was Gadsby who had caused the interruption, but the whole room was now in an uproar. With every one talking at once Coningsby's high voice alone rose above the tempest. He wished he was armed; he would do terrible things!

"Let the man tell his story," pleaded Mrs. Banning between sobs.

"I've spent the night and day looking for Arabella!" Farrington cried. "I have no other interest—no other aim in life but to find Arabella. All I can tell you is that I saw her at the Sorona Tea House Tuesday afternoon, and that last night she was on these grounds; in fact, she saw you all gathered here and heard everything that was said in this room until you gentlemen carried me upstairs and locked me in!"

"Young man, you know too little or too much," said Banning. "Gadsby, do your duty!"

The detective took a step forward, looked into the barrel of his own automatic, and paused, waving his hand to the sheriff and his deputies to guard the doors and windows.

"How do you know she was at the tea house?" asked Mrs. Banning. "It seems to me that's the first question."

"I met her there," Farrington blurted. "I met her there by appointment!"

"Then you admit, you villain," began Banning, choking with rage, "that you lured my daughter, an innocent child, to a lonely tea house; that you saw her last night; and that now—now!—you know nothing of her whereabouts! This, sir, is ——"

"Oh, it's really not so bad!" came in cheery tones from above. "It was I who lured Mr. Farrington to the tea house, and I did it because I knew he was a gentleman."

Farrington had seen her first—the much-sought Arabella—stealing down the stairway to the landing, where she paused and leaned over the railing, much at ease, to look at them.

Her name was spoken in gasps, in whispers, and was thundered aloud only by Miss Collingwood.

"This was my idea," said Arabella quietly as they all turned toward her. "I've been hiding in the old cottage on the pond, right here on father's place—with John and Mary, who've known me since I was a baby. This is my house party—a scheme to get you all together. I thought that maybe, if papa and mamma really thought I was lost, and if papa and Mr. Coningsby and Mademoiselle Zaliska all met under the same roof, they might understand one another better—and me!

"I telegraphed for Mr. Gadsby," she laughed, "just to be sure the rest of you were kept in order! And I sent for Bishop Giddings because he's an old friend, and I thought he might help to straighten things out."

She choked and the tears brightened her eyes as she stood there gazing down at them.

"You needn't worry about me, Arabella," said Coningsby; "for Zaliska and I were married by the Bishop at Corydon this morning."

This seemed to interest no one in particular, though Miss Collingwood sniffed contemptuously.

Mrs. Banning had started toward Arabella, and at the same moment Senator Banning reached the stairway. Arabella tripped down three steps, then paused on tiptoe, with her hands outstretched, half-inviting, half-repelling them. She was dressed as at the tea house, but her youthfulness was lost for the moment in a grave wistfulness that touched Farrington deeply.

"You can't have me," she cried to her father and mother, "unless we're all going to be happy together again!"

Half an hour later Senator Banning and his wife, and Arabella, wreathed in smiles, emerged from the library and found the sheriff and his deputies gone; but the members of the original house party still lingered.

"Before I leave," said Gadsby, "I'd like to know just how Mr. Farrington got into the game. He refuses to tell how he came to see you at the tea house. I think we ought to know that."

"Oh," said Arabella, clapping her hands, "that's another part of the story. If Mr. Farrington doesn't mind ——"

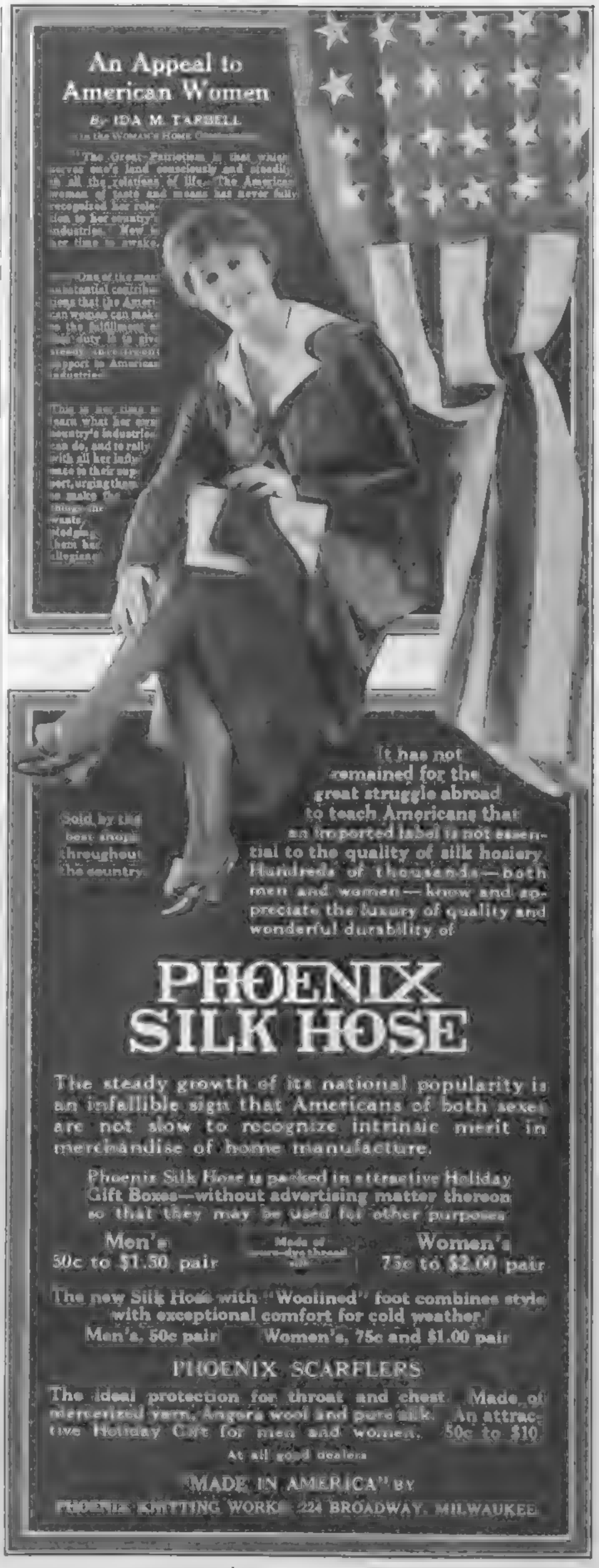
"Now that you're found I don't care what you tell," Farrington declared.

"You may regret that," said Arabella, coloring deeply. "I sat by Mr. Baker, of The Quill, at a dinner a little while ago, and we were talking about your books. And he said—he said your greatest weakness as a novelist was due to your never having well"—she paused and drew closer under the protecting arm of her father—"you had never yourself been, as the saying is—in love—and he thought —— Well, this is shameful—but he and I—just as a joke—took a chance of attracting your attention by printing that plot advertisement.

"He said you were working too hard and seemed worried, and might bite; and then I thought it would be good fun to throw you into the lions' den here to stir things up, as you did. And I had my car on the road last night ready to skip if things got too warm. Of course I couldn't let you catch me; it would have spoiled all the fun!

"And it was I who shot off that gun last night to scare you—when old John was scolding you away from the place. But it was nasty of me, and not fair; and now, when everything else is all fixed and I'm so happy, I'm ashamed to look you in the face and think what a lot of trouble I've given you. And you'll always hate me ——"

"I shall always love you," said Farrington, stepping forward boldly and taking her hands. "You've made me live for once in my life—you've made me almost human," he laughed. "And you've made me a braver man than I know how to be! You pulled down the silver trumpet out of heaven and gave it to me, and made me rich beyond words; and without you I should be sure to lose it again!"


An Appeal to American Women
By IDA M. TARBELL
"The Great Patriotism is that which serves one's land consciously and steadily in all the relations of life. The American woman of taste and means has never fully recognized her relation to her country's industries. Now is her time to awake.
This is her time to learn what her own country's industries can do, and to rally with all her influence to their support, urging them on to make the best that is in them.
It has not remained for the great struggle abroad to teach Americans that an imported label is not essential to the quality of silk hosiery. Hundreds of thousands—both men and women—know and appreciate the luxury of quality and wonderful durability of
PHOENIX SILK HOSE
The steady growth of its national popularity is an infallible sign that Americans of both sexes are not slow to recognize intrinsic merit in merchandise of home manufacture.
Phoenix Silk Hose is packed in attractive Holiday Gift Boxes—without advertising matter thereon so that they may be used for other purposes
Men's 50c to $1.50 pair
Women's 75c to $2.00 pair
The new Silk Hose with "Woolined" foot combines style with exceptional comfort for cold weather.
Men's, 50c pair Women's, 75c and $1.00 pair
PHOENIX SCARFLERS
The ideal protection for throat and chest. Made of mercerized yarn, Angora wool and pure silk. An attractive Holiday Gift for men and women. 50c to $10
At all good dealers
"MADE IN AMERICA" BY
PHOENIX KNITTING WORKS, 224 BROADWAY, MILWAUKEE

Williams' PATENTED Holder Top Shaving Stick

The convenient Holder Top by which you hold the Shaving Stick completes your shaving comfort. You have the pleasant, soothing effect of the Williams' lather, softening, creamy and abundant, and as firm and easy a grip on the stick during the last shave as at first.

Address

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY
Dept. A, Glastonbury, Conn.

Three other forms of the same good quality:

STICK
POWDER
CREAM

Send 4 cents in stamps

for a miniature trial package of either Williams' Shaving Stick, Powder or Cream, or 10 cents for Assortment No. 1, containing all three articles.

ARROW
Evening SHIRTS

"Donchester" A dress shirt with the bosom put on in such a way that it remains flat and in its place, whether the wearer sits, stoops or stands. It is the most practical, popular and comfortable evening dress shirt made $2 to $3

CLUETT, PEABODY & CO., Inc., *Makers of* ARROW COLLARS, TROY, N.Y.

MR. GREX OF MONTE CARLO

(Continued from Page 21)

table for a typewriter; a telephone instrument stood against the wall. A man whose likeness to Felicia was at once apparent swung round in his chair as Hunterleys entered. He had taken off his coat and his trousers seemed smothered with dust.

"Regular newspaper correspondent's den," Hunterleys remarked as he looked round him. "I never saw such a mess in my life. I wonder Felicia allows it."

"We don't let her come in," her brother chuckled. "Is the door closed?"

"Fast," Hunterleys replied, moving away from it.

"Things are moving," the other went on. "I took the small car out to-day on the road to Cannes and I expect I was the first to see Douaille."

"I saw him myself," Hunterleys announced. "I was out on that road, walking."

"Douaille," Roche continued, "went direct to the Villa Mimosa. Grex was there waiting for him. Draconmeyer and Selingman both kept out of the way."

Hunterleys nodded.

"Reasonable enough, that. Grex was the man to pave the way. Well?"

"At ten o'clock Draconmeyer and Selingman arrived. The Villa Mimosa gets more difficult every day. I have only one friend in the house, although it is filled with servants. Three-quarters of them speak only Russian. My man's reliable, but he is in a terrible minority. The conference took place in the library. It lasted about an hour and a half. Selingman and Draconmeyer came out looking fairly well satisfied. Half an hour later Douaille went on to Mentone, where his wife and daughters are staying. No writing at all was done in the room."

"The conference has really begun, then," Hunterleys observed moodily.

"Without a doubt," Roche declared. "I imagine, though, that the meeting this evening was devoted to preliminaries. I am hoping," he went on, "to be able next time to pass on a little of what is said."

"If we could only get the barest idea as to the nature of the proposals," Hunterleys said earnestly. "Of course one can surmise. Our people are already warned as to the long conferences that have taken place between Grex and Selingman. They mean something, there's no doubt about that. And then this invitation to Douaille and his coming here so furtively. Everything points the same way, but a few spoken words are better than all the surmises in the world. It isn't that they are unreasonable at home, but they must be convinced."

"It's the devil's own risk," Roche sighed, "but I am hard at it. I was about the place yesterday as much as I dared. My plans are all ready now, but things looked pretty awkward at the villa to-night. If they are going to have the grounds patrolled by servants every time they meet I'm done for. I've cut a pane of glass out of the dome over the library, and I've got a window-cleaning apparatus round at the back, and a ladder. The passage along the roof is quite easy and there's a good deal of cover among the chimneys, but if they get a hint it will be touch and go."

Hunterleys nodded. He was busy now, going through the long sheets of writing which the other young man had silently passed across to him. For half an hour he read, making pencil notes now and then in the margin. When at last he had finished he returned them, and sitting down at the table drew a packet of press cable sheets toward him and wrote for some time steadily. When he had finished he read through the result of his labors and leaned back thoughtfully in his chair.

"You will send this off from Cannes with your own, Briston?" he asked.

The young man assented.

"The car will be here at three," he announced. "They'll be on their way by eight."

"Press message, mind, to the Daily Post. If the operator wants to know what 'Number 1' means after 'Daily Post' you can tell him that it simply indicates to which editorial room the message is to be delivered."

"That's a clever idea," Roche mused. "Code dispatches to Downing Street might cause a little comment."

"They wouldn't do from here," Hunterleys declared. "They might be safe enough from Cannes, but it's better to run no risks. These will be passed on to Downing Street unopened. Be careful to-morrow, Sidney."

"I can't see that they can do anything but throw me out, Sir Henry," Roche remarked. "I have my Daily Post authority in my pocket, and my passport. Besides, I got the man here to announce in the Monte Carlo News that I was the accredited correspondent for the district, and that David Briston had been appointed by a syndicate of illustrated papers to represent them in these parts. That's in case we get a chance of taking photographs. Moreover, I had some idea of going out to interview Monsieur Douaille."

Hunterleys shook his head.

"I shouldn't. The man's as nervous as he can be now, I am pretty sure of that. Don't do anything that might put him on his guard. Mind, for all we know he may be an honest man. The fact that he listens to what these fellows have to say doesn't prove that he's prepared to fall in with their schemes. By the by, you've nothing about the place, I suppose, if you should be raided?"

"Not a thing," was the confident reply. "We are two English newspaper correspondents, and there isn't a thing to be found anywhere that's not in keeping, except my rather large make-up outfit and my somewhat mixed wardrobe. I am not the only newspaper correspondent who goes in for that though. Then there's Felicia. They all know who she is and they all know that she's my sister. Anyhow, even if I do get into trouble up at the Villa Mimosa I can't see that I shall be looked upon as anything more than a prying newspaper correspondent. They can't hang me for that."

Hunterleys accepted a cigarette and lighted it.

"I needn't tell you fellows," he said gravely, "that this place is a little unlike any other in Europe. You may think you're safe enough, but all the same I wouldn't trust a living soul. By the by, I saw Felicia as I came in. You don't want her to break down, do you?"

"Good heavens, no!" her brother exclaimed.

"Break down?" David repeated. "Don't suggest such a thing!"

"It struck me that she was rather nervous," Hunterleys told them. "One of you ought to look after her for an hour or two to-morrow."

"I can't spare a moment," her brother sighed.

"I'll take her out," Briston declared eagerly. "There's nothing for me to do to-morrow till Sidney gets back."

"Well, between you keep an eye on her," Hunterleys advised. "And, Sidney, I don't want to make a coward of you, and you and I both know that if there's danger ahead it's our job to face it, but have a care up at the Villa Mimosa. I don't fancy the law of this principality would see you out of any trouble if they got an idea that you were an English secret-service man."

Roche laughed shortly.

"Exactly my own idea," he admitted. "However, we've got to see it through. I shan't consider I've done my work unless I hear something of what Grex and the others have to say to Douaille the next time they meet."

Hunterleys found Felicia waiting for him outside. He shook his head reproachfully.

"A future prima donna," he said, "should go to bed at ten o'clock."

She opened the door for him and walked down the path, her hands clasped in his arm.

"A future prima donna," she retorted, "can't do always what she likes. If I go to bed too early I cannot sleep. To-night I am excited and nervous. There isn't anything likely to bring trouble upon them, is there?"

"Certainly not," he replied promptly. "Your brother is full of enterprise, as you know. He runs a certain amount of risk in his eagerness to acquire news, but I never knew a man so well able to take care of himself."

"And—and Mr. Briston?"

"Oh, he's all right anyway," Hunterleys assured her. "His is the smaller part."

She breathed a little sigh of relief. They had reached the gate. She still had something to say. Below them flared the lights of Monte Carlo. She looked down at them almost wistfully.

For a Christmas Gift!

A Stylish Crêpe de Chine Waist in a Pretty Holiday Box

IF YOU can't decide what to give Her for Christmas, here is a solution of your difficulty. No woman can have too many waists, and a dressy, stylish, up-to-date Crêpe de Chine Blouse like this one will delight the heart of any well-dressed woman. It's a bargain at this price.

$2.98

2-G1225

2-G1225—A Stylish Blouse Waist, made of a beautiful quality All-Silk Crêpe de Chine [illegible] ready for Christmas morning. Colors: black, white, navy blue and flesh color (an exquisite shade of rose pink). Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. Special holiday price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us. $2.98

REMEMBER

We guarantee to please you or refund your money immediately, and we pay all mail or express charges. Send for our free illustrated Catalog today. It will save you money on your Christmas shopping.

BELLAS HESS & CO
WASHINGTON, NORTON & BARROW STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

The Heart of the Heating Plant

You can have exactly the degree of warmth desired during the day, indicate at bed time the temperature for the night and secure automatically at the "getting up hour" a resumption of the warmer daytime temperature.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR
with time attachment

Not only maintains these even, healthful temperatures but does away with all guess work, worry and constant attention to dampers. Square clock model [illegible] and morning [illegible] any [illegible] or stock [illegible] be saved.

The Standard For Thirty Years

1 Day Clock — 8 Day Clock

Sold, installed and guaranteed satisfactory by the heating trade everywhere.

Write for Booklet

Minneapolis Heat Regulator Co.
Factory & General Offices
2750 Fourth Ave., So.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

THE BEST LIGHT

makes and burns its own gas. Costs 2c. a week to operate. No dirt, grease or odor. A pure white light, more brilliant than electricity or acetylene. Every lamp warranted. Agents wanted. Write for catalogue and prices.

BEST BY TEST

THE BEST LIGHT CO.
5-25 E. 5th Street, Canton, O.

"Very soon," she murmured, "I shall know my fate. Sir Henry," she added suddenly, "did I see Lady Hunterleys to-day on the terrace?"

"Lady Hunterleys is here," he replied.

"Am I—ought I to go and see her?" she inquired. "You see, you have done so much for me, I should like to do what you thought best."

"Just as you like, child," he answered a little carelessly.

She clung to his arm. She seemed unwilling to let him go.

"Dear coguardian," she murmured, "to-night I felt for a little time so happy, as though all the good things in life were close at hand. Then I watched you come up, and your step seemed so heavy, and you stooped as though you had a load on your shoulders."

He patted her hand.

"Little girl," he advised, "run in and take care of your throat. Remember that everything depends upon the next few hours. As for me, perhaps I am getting a little old."

"Oh, la, la!" she laughed; "that's what Sidney says when I tease him. I know I am only the mouse, but I could gnaw through very strong cords. Look!"

Her teeth gleamed white in the moonlight. He swung open the gate.

"Sing your way into the hearts of all these strange people," he bade her, smiling. "Sing the envy and malice away from them. Sing so that they believe that England, after all, is the one desirable country."

"But I am going to sing in French," she pouted.

"Your name," he reminded her, "is English. 'The little English prima donna,' that is what they will be calling you."

She kissed his hands suddenly as he parted from her and swung off down the hill. Then she stood at the gate, looking down at the glittering lights. Would they shine as brightly for her, she wondered, in twenty-four hours' time! It was so much to strive for, so much to lose, so wonderfully much to gain. Slowly her eyes traveled upward. The symbolism of those higher lights calmed her fear. She drew a great sigh of happiness.

"Felicia!"

She turned round with a soft little laugh.

"David!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

EFFICIENCY OVER THE COUNTER

(Continued from Page 12)

Every morning the manager finds on his desk the sales-slips of each clerk in the store. These give him at a glance not only the total sales of each clerk for the preceding day but also the character of the sales in detail. The manager's office is on a balcony overlooking practically the entire store.

Every clerk and salesman entering the store must serve an apprenticeship in the packing room, where the orders are put up. This applies to the experienced salesman hired from another store as well as to the green recruit. All orders are routed before they are put up, and therefore the training of the packing room instills a familiarity not only with the stock but also with routes, customers and all the mechanism of distribution.

Though the manager of this enterprise has an efficient force of telephone salesmen, and practically all the other efficiency features and methods found in the smaller store already described, he declares that the great problem of his business is to get people into the store.

"Though I recognize that I must make shopping by telephone easy and safe, I have no desire to see that end of trade grow out of proportion to the personal-shopping end. I have faith enough in my goods and in my salesmen to feel that a customer in the store can always be sold more goods than the same customer at the end of the telephone wire. If this were not true there would be nothing in the theory of displaying goods. Moreover, the personal visit insures the customer's getting exactly what she desires. In the store she has more time to shop than over the phone and will see many unthought-of items from which to select."

One of the big trade-building methods of this merchant is what he calls his Census Department. His census taker is a well-poised woman of middle age, who conducts a house-to-house canvass for the purpose

The Dealer says to the Car Buyer

"Look at this Top especially. Notice its beauty and quality.

"None but the best was good enough for our cars so we selected Neverleek Top Material as standard equipment.

"Neverleek is *the* material made especially for automobile tops—to look well and wear well through long, hard service. It is not an imitation leather designed for furniture upholstery and offered as a makeshift for motor car use, but a material constructed primarily and solely for top requirements.

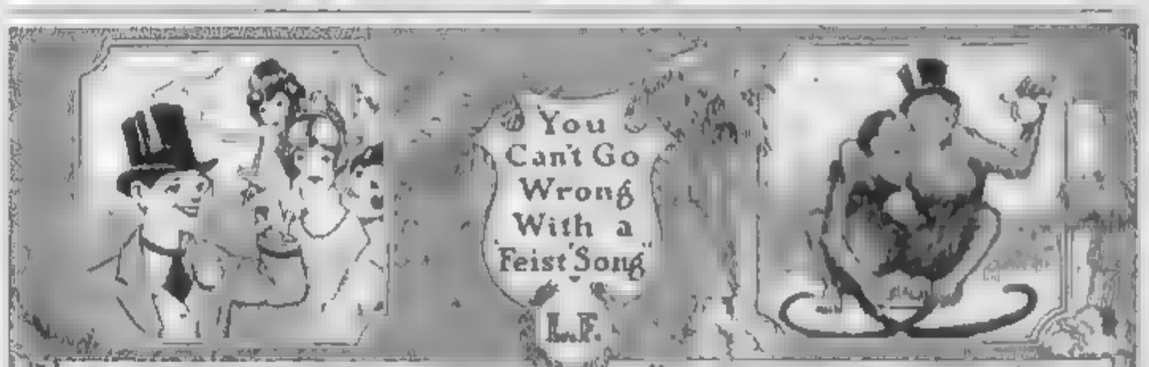
"Neverleek is guaranteed without time limit—your top will be replaced if it ever leaks through the material. No other top ever carried such a guarantee."

Before you buy a car, write for samples of Neverleek in the new semi-bright and dull finishes.

If your old top is shabby or leaking write for the name of a top-maker who will re-cover it with Neverleek.

F. S. Carr Company
31 Beach St., Boston, Mass.
Audrey House, Ely Place, London, England
Factories at South Framingham, Mass., and Tilbury, Ontario, Canada

TRADE MARK
NEVERLEEK
Top Material



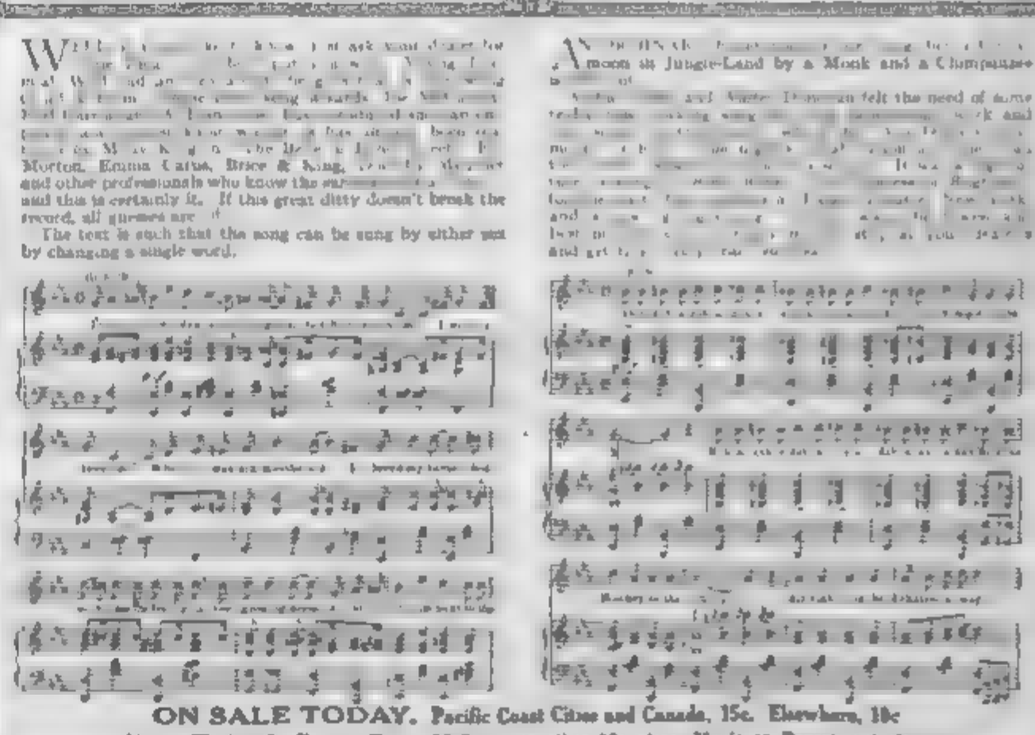
I'VE ONLY ONE IDEA ABOUT THE GIRLS AND THAT'S—?

"ABA DABA HONEY MOON"

[illegible] moon at Jungle-Land by a Monk and a Chimpanzee

[illegible] and other professionals who know the [illegible] and this is certainly it. If this great ditty doesn't break the record, all gunners are [illegible]

The text is such that the song can be sung by either sex by changing a single word.



ON SALE TODAY. Pacific Coast Cities and Canada, 15c. Elsewhere, 10c
At any Woolworth, Kresge, Kress, McCrory, or other 10c store, Music or Department store

Other Popular "FEIST" Songs!

"We Take Our Hats Off to You, Mr. Wilson," the [illegible] of the hour dedicated to the man of the hour. Sets the audience wild with enthusiasm. Each copy bears hand-[illegible]

"You're Here and I'm Here"—[illegible]

"When It's Moonlight on the Ammo," by [illegible] of "Peg O' My Heart" and "M[illegible]"

"Game of Love"—another [illegible] That's How I Need You"

"I'm Glad My Wife's in Europe [illegible] Dancing the Blues Away"

"The A B C Kid of the U S A" [illegible]

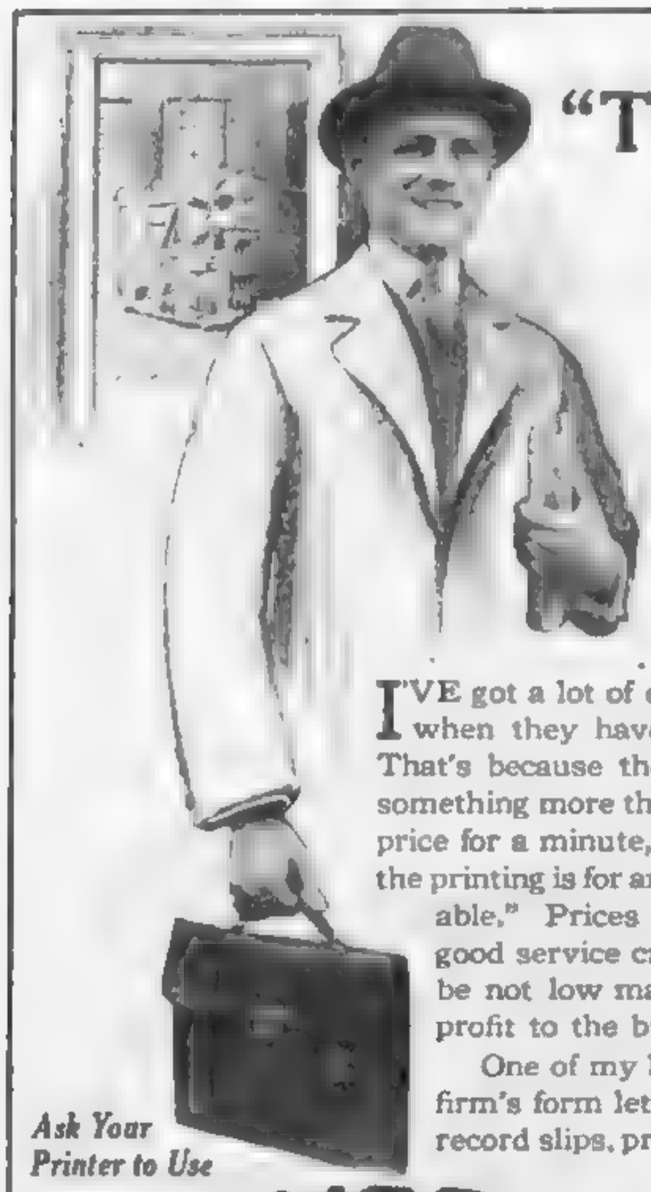
"The High Cost of Loving" [illegible]

"When You Were a Tulip," [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible]

Most of these pieces may also be procured for your Talking Machine or Player Piano. Orchestra leaders will gladly play any of them on request.

SPECIAL NOTE: [illegible] If you can't [illegible] stamps for [illegible]

LEO FEIST, Inc., FEIST Bldg., 231 W. 40th St., New York City



"They call me first"

By a Printing Salesman

I'VE got a lot of customers who call me first when they have a printing order to place. That's because they know I try to give them something more than printing. "Let's forget the price for a minute," I say, "and figure out what the printing is for and how we can make it profitable." Prices are always competitive, but good service creates a monopoly. I want to be not low man on price but high man on profit to the buyer.

One of my best leads is to standardize a firm's form letters, office and factory forms, record slips, price lists, etc., on Hammermill Bond, using a different color for each form. That saves them a lot of money and time and gives them a good paper of uniform quality, with a crackle, finish and strength not at all suggestive of its moderate cost. When a job on Hammermill Bond is delivered they say, "How can you do it for the price?"

Yours very truly, *A Printing Salesman.*

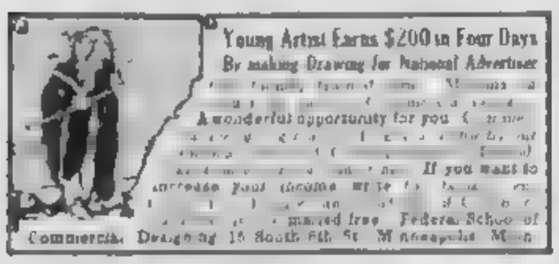
Ask Your Printer to Use

HAMMERMILL BOND

"The Utility Business Paper"
Envelopes to match

Made in twelve colors and white in three finishes. Sold by Wholesale Paper Houses in Every Large City. Send for Signal System and portfolio of samples. Investigate Hammermill Safety Paper, used by the United States Government.

HAMMERMILL PAPER CO., ERIE, PA.



Young Artist Earns $200 in Four Days
By making Drawing for Industrial Advertiser

A wonderful opportunity for you ... If you want to increase your income ... trained free. Federal School of Commercial Designing, 16 South 6th St., Minneapolis, Minn.

TEXAS PECANS

New crop pecans direct from native home.

10 lbs., $2.00 20 lbs., $3.75 50 lbs., $8.75

Prices are for choice nuts f. o. b. Coleman, Texas. 3-lb. trial order prepaid to any post office in United States for $1.00. Write for prices on larger quantities. Remittance must accompany order.

Concho-Colorado Pecan Co., Coleman, Texas

"Now, what did that carbon copy have on it originally? I can't read it."

For permanent carbon copies you must use

MULTIKOPY

CARBON PAPER

In blue or black, its copies are absolutely indelible. So permanently clear ... generation from it ... will copy 100 letters.

Write for FREE Sample Sheet

F. S. WEBSTER CO., 335 Congress St., Boston, Mass.

New York Chicago Philadelphia Pittsburgh

Makers of Star Brand Typewriter Ribbons

The Restful Glow Without the Glare

"EMERALITE" DESK AND TABLE LAMPS

A strong, rich light that never strains the eyes streams from the "Emeralite." No glare; no shadows. The adjustable shade—emerald green outside, opal inside—is scientifically constructed to throw the light exactly where it is wanted, and is easiest on the eyes.

Dealers everywhere can supply you

Write for booklet. It prices and pictures in actual colors the thirty handsome styles of "Emeralite" Lamps for office, library, parlor, sick-room, piano and many other uses.

H. G. McFaddin & Co. 37 Warren Street New York

BE KIND TO YOUR EYES

of finding out whether each housewife on whom she calls gives her trade to Blank Company—and if not, why not? This woman is kept in the field from one year's end to the other and costs her employer fifteen dollars a week and car fare. He could not be induced to dispense with her services.

Though she is not a demonstrator, she has served her apprenticeship in the packing room, has a comprehensive and intimate knowledge of the stock, a keen appreciation of the policy of the house as to service, rules relating to the return of goods, and every other point that a dissatisfied customer might bring forward; and she knows the day's prices as she does the alphabet.

Consequently she is one of the most productive salespeople in the employ of the house. As a puller of new business the census taker holds first rank; but the totals of her sales-slips are by no means the measure of her service. Her main value is that of giving the manager a first-hand knowledge of why customers quit trading at his store and why others have not begun to trade there.

The results of each call are recorded on a slip specially printed for the purpose. Without these records the manager confesses he would feel very much in the position of a physician attempting to prescribe for a patient without taking his temperature or counting his pulse beats. The slips returned by the census taker are followed up by letters dealing individually with the causes that have led to the defection of the customers covered by the reports.

The Adjusting Department of this store is one of its most highly developed efficiency features. This is in charge of an elderly man of good presence and with an even temper. As a leak stopper this department is one of the heaviest earners in the store. Formerly adjustments were largely made on an offhand judgment of human nature. If the complaining customer appeared to be fairly reliable the return of goods said to be unsatisfactory was an easy matter; but the percentage of invisible losses was so high that it was decided to tighten the lines and reduce adjustments to a scientific basis. This change revealed the fact that the art of beating the grocery store was certainly not in its infancy, but had already been developed to a high degree of efficiency.

An adept at this art would order a dozen eggs and very promptly after their delivery would notify the store that four of the eggs had been broken in process of delivery. To give the claim a circumstantial backing four of the individual compartments in the carton would be slightly smeared and called to the attention of the driver on his next trip.

Again, customers of this class would order a bushel of potatoes and then notify the store that they were unsatisfactory, and that the driver should be requested to call for them. When they were returned they would be found to be several pounds short.

Of course, not all commodities were subject to this kind of manipulation, but the new system of adjustments showed that some customers had developed an almost fiendish ingenuity in beating the grocery store by the return route.

To-day every complaint is entered on a slip reading as follows:

ADJUSTING DEPARTMENT
BLANK COMPANY
COMPLAINT

No._____ Date_____ 191__

Name_____
Address_____
Telephone Number_____
Date of Purchase_____
Charge, C. O. D., or Paid_____
Department_____ Article_____
Salesman_____
Driver_____
Nature of Complaint_____

Complaint first reported to
In person or by telephone
Referred to_____
How adjusted_____

One copy is retained by the Adjusting Department and another goes to the manager. Then a Call-for Ticket is issued. This is so perforated that it can be torn into three parts. It reads:

No. 1000
CALL-FOR TICKET

Date_____
Name_____
Address_____
Charge, Cash, or C. O. D._____
Clerk Number_____
Driver_____
Driver must return this with the goods

The right-hand portion remains in the office; the left-hand section comes back with the goods, and the narrow strip in the middle must be personally returned by the customer before the returned goods will be credited. Returned goods are carefully weighed or counted and are credited accordingly. Even broken eggs come under this rule.

According to the experience of this merchant grocers are systematically robbed by unscrupulous customers to an extent of which they do not dream. He admits that the grocer in a small country town or village cannot well put his adjustments on a thorough efficiency basis; but he insists that no leading grocery in a town of ten thousand inhabitants can afford to neglect this expensive leakage.

Another fertile source of loss and waste to which efficiency methods are consistently applied in this store is the leftovers. One of the nicest and most exacting games played by the management is to so regulate buying and the receipt of goods that the smallest possible stock is carried over from one day to another. Though this applies especially to perishable goods, it may be extended to other lines in a way to increase profits.

This store, for example, sells a carload of potatoes a week; but at the close of business on Saturday night it generally has on hand about ten sacks. Other stocks are handled on the same close schedule. Here is where eternal vigilance—beforehand!—spells efficiency.

Occasionally, however, a mistake in buying, a delay in the arrival of an incoming shipment, or an unexpected change in selling conditions, will bunch goods in the latter part of the week and threaten a heavy loss in holdovers. Such an emergency is always met by a special selling effort, to which the manager contributes the personal punch.

In season the normal orange trade of this store is a carload a week; but on a well-remembered week transportation delays brought in three carloads on the same day. Here was an emergency to test the possibilities of a special-sale effort. Fortunately a large portion of the oranges were of the smaller sizes. The manager did some quick figuring and then put out placards and advertisements reading:

ORANGES ONE CENT APIECE—CHEAPEST EVER SOLD!

The salesmen were told to speed up on oranges and were given the right line of talk. As a result twenty-one thousand six

Why My Panatela Burns Evenly

I honestly believe that my Panatela cigar "wears better" than any cigar that is made. I know men who have been smoking it every day ever since I started making it, and that was eleven years ago.

This cigar burns evenly, draws well and is strikingly uniform, first because it is a hand-rolled cigar. My cigarmakers are all skilled adult men. The tobacco they receive for their day's work is carefully selected and blended.

Each man gets a certain quantity of long Havana filler and Sumatra leaves for wrapper.

Regardless of variation in the price of tobacco, I have stuck to the policy of buying the same high grade of Cuban and Sumatra tobacco that I have always used. This is another reason for the uniformity of my cigars.

This Panatela of mine, sold direct to the smoker, by the box costs $5.00 per hundred or $2.50 for a box of 50. Please don't get the idea that this makes it a five cent cigar. If I sold it to a retail store it would have to resell at 10c or three for a quarter, and at that there would be no cigar in the store at the same price that would excel it.

If you will smoke several of these cigars and cut one open and examine the filler you will taste and see its quality.

You can do this without paying, or risking having to pay, any money.

MY OFFER IS: I will, upon request, send fifty Shivers' Panatelas on approval to a reader of *The Saturday Evening Post*, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining forty at my expense and no charge for the ten smoked if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased with them and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $2.50, within ten days.

In ordering, please use business stationery or give references, and state whether you prefer mild, medium or strong cigars.

Shivers' Panatela

HERBERT D. SHIVERS
913 Filbert Street Philadelphia, Pa.

"Makes Work a Pleasure" --- Say Stenographers

Everything tidy in the Uhl Art Steel Typewriter table-cabinet because there's a place for everything. Spacious when open. When closed everything must be in place.

Indestructible steel frame with built up wood platforms. Dust proof steel shelf for writing roll-top. No drawers but ample stationery pockets for week's supply.

UHL ART STEEL Typewriter Table-Cabinet

Moves easily on casters but simple turn of lever makes it rigid

15 Days' Trial

X Ray view

100% Practical

Note the Lever

Warning

We also make low expense Typewriter Stands, Typewriter and Office Chairs, Magazine and Catalog Stands, Mercantile Tables, Adding Machine Stands, Soda Fountain Tables and Chairs, Indestructible Furniture Steels, etc. Write for free catalog.

DEALERS A money making proposition for you. Write us for details today.

The Toledo Metal Furniture Co., 2041 Dorr St., Toledo, Ohio

Blaisdell Paper Pencils

Blaisdell 151 king of blue pencils

Philadelphia

hundred oranges were sold in a single day. As they were of the two-hundred-and-fifty size and smaller, they represented a handsome profit. Those of a larger size were placarded:

ORANGES CHEAPER THAN APPLES! 50 CENTS A PECK FOR FRESH CALIFORNIA NAVELS!

At the close of the week it was found that the big orange scare had been turned into a festival of profits.

"We would never have had the nerve," says the manager, "deliberately to have planned the arrival of three carloads of oranges at the same time; but this accident was a blessing in disguise. We sold the three carloads at a profit. The sale brought us new customers and gave us a great advertisement; and it demonstrated to us what a special-sale effort can do under pressure. It was one of the best things that ever happened to us."

As the manager related this incident a visitor who had listened to it remarked:

"Don't think that this principle holds in the grocery business alone. There isn't a line of retailing that isn't open to its operation. There is a little town in South Dakota where a friend of mine sells agricultural implements and runs a hardware store. His idea of merchandising is to hand out what his customers call for. Beyond that, salesmanship is an unexplored territory to him—or, at least, it was.

"One day a clever salesman induced him to buy a fairly large order of steel fence posts and woven fencing. The salesman knew that quite an extensive fencing movement was on foot among the farmers of that territory and that he had not oversold the normal demand. When he came to get a repeat order he was surprised to find that practically all the fencing was still in the merchant's stock.

"'Have you been out among the farmers to push this stuff?' he asked.

"The storekeeper replied that he had not, and that he considered it his job to stick behind the counter and wait on customers.

"'I'll show you,' returned the salesman, 'that it pays better to chase customers than to wait on them. Now I'm going to sell this whole stock for you right away, quick!—and a lot more besides. You needn't turn your hand over and I'll pay you a cash profit of five per cent.'"

Field Work That Turns a Profit

"The storekeeper told the salesman to 'go to it'; but that he wouldn't spend that commission until the sales were made. That night, after an automobile campaign among the farmers, he brought in sales on which the storekeeper's commission of five per cent amounted to two hundred and fifty dollars.

"'Did you ever make that much on a day's sales before?' asked the traveling man. The storekeeper admitted that he had never come 'within gunshot of such a day's clean-up.'

"'If you weren't a much older man than I am,' continued the salesman, 'I'd tell you that you are a storekeeper and not a merchant. Don't you realize that the big mail-order house has a salesman working overtime in every farmhouse I've visited to-day?—a silent salesman, as they call the catalogue, but a mighty insinuating one all the same. If you don't go out after them those farmers are going to buy all their fencing from the silent salesman. You bet they are! You can beat them every time, though, if you get right on their own ground, open up your muffler and make a noise like a long-lost brother right in their own back yards.

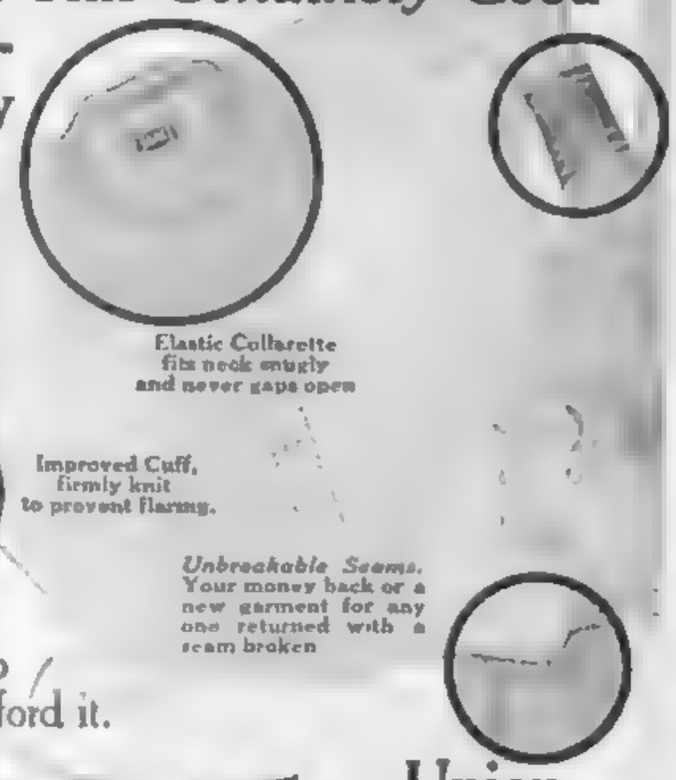
"'Figure it out for yourself. Three or four days of special-sale profits like this would be a good year's salary for you, wouldn't it? I thought so! And you don't need to confine your special efforts to fencing either. Your sales of almost everything you carry could be just about doubled if you would come out of your shell and put a little special punch into your selling.'"

But to return to the big grocery store!

This particular merchant turns his stock over nineteen times a year. His entire cost of doing business last year was 17.64 per cent.

"If we could cut out delivery we should save seven per cent," he declares. "Our delivery expense is very heavy, as we are obliged to deliver four times every weekday except Saturday, and five times on Saturday, in our territory—within a radius of twenty blocks from the store."

Look, Men, At This *Genuinely* Good Winter Underwear For Only Half a Dollar



Elastic Collarette fits neck snugly and never gaps open

Improved Cuff, firmly knit to prevent flaring.

Unbreakable Seams. Your money back or a new garment for any one returned with a seam broken

It sets a new value standard for this easy price. We've made it good to make good with men who demand the good things of life—and we've priced it so that *every* man can afford it.

Per Garment 50c

HANES ELASTIC KNIT UNDERWEAR

Union Suit $1.00

It has a silky feel, a sightly look, a sturdy make, and a refinement of finish that lift it away above its price. We've spent years *perfecting* the crowning value in fifty-cent winter underwear—and we've done it *sure*. See it at your dealer's and convince yourself! Look for the label.

If you don't know the "Hanes" dealer in your town, write us.

P. H. HANES KNITTING CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Hush-a-bye baby
On Daddy's lap,
He'd like to see you
Taking a nap;
He sings, to soothe you,
Songs most serene,
While he is shaving
With GEM DAMASKEENE.

One test proves it best

The unusual merits of the GEM DAMASKEENE RAZOR assure the quickest, easiest and most enjoyable shave—the GEM leads them all, and after ten days, if you cannot say it's a winner, return it to your dealer and get your dollar—we stand behind the dealer.

$1.00 buys the complete GEM DAMASKEENE Razor Outfit in genuine leather case, together with 7 GEM DAMASKEENE Blades and extra stropping handles.

ALL LIVE DEALERS

GEM CUTLERY COMPANY,
Incorporated
NEW YORK

CANADIAN BRANCH
591 ST CATHERINE ST., W., MONTREAL

CALARAB

from CALIFORNIA

CANDY FIGS

BISHOP & COMPANY
LOS ANGELES

This is a reproduction of a big, bright, red window display you will see in many stores this week—stores that are selling ***CALARAB***—the world's confection—from California.

Calarab CANDY FIGS—from California—will make this a glad and happy Thanksgiving wherever a box of it goes. The box is so cheery with its bright red cover, and the Calarab Candy Figs inside fairly reflect the golden California sunshine with their sweet goodness.

—If you are to play the part of host, then Calarab should play an important part in your day.

—If you are to play the part of guest—then carry a box of Calarab to your friends as a Thanksgiving remembrance.

—The price is so small and the confection so fine. A gift you can present on any occasion to the most discriminating.

Heretofore you have had to be satisfied with ordinary pressed figs—but now you have Calarab, the fig confection, with all the goodness of the pressed figs—but none of their toughness—and not one bite to waste.

Buy Calarab when you want figs and when you want a Confection.

—This sugary, fruity goody is a double pleasure—a keen enjoyment for the whole family.

And when the children ask for candy, every mother will be glad to know she can give them Calarab—all they want—as often as they want it—and it will never harm them. Why not do as many mothers do—give your child Calarab every day, for its beneficial qualities?

The genuine *Calarab* Figs are produced *only* in California—be sure you are getting *CALARAB*.

30c

—The World's Confection
—Made where the Figs grow

TO THE RETAILER—

The above window display is sent free to every dealer ordering three cases, Number One package *Calarab*. Order from our nearest office now—if you have not done so before.

PACKAGE MAILED, PREPAID, 30c.

If you cannot buy from your dealer, full size package, prepaid, will be sent you for 30c in stamps. Have this treat that *is* a treat—send for a box of *Calarab* to our nearest office.

BISHOP & COMPANY

LOS ANGELES CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO

NEW YORK
No. 1 HUDSON ST.

CHICAGO
241 MONADNOCK BLDG.

THE MINE LAYER

(Continued from Page 17)

the British Navy would not accept him as an ally on any terms whatever. He felt the point of view to be narrow-minded in the highest degree, but saw no means just then of changing it. He had no time at the moment to stop and argue an ethic point with the British Navy. So he did his best to avoid conversation with any of its units.

Twice snaky destroyers sighted him and turned in to speak, but the fog was still his friend, and his old tactics of going astern on a swerving helm carried him out of reach. He chuckled as one of them let off a rapid stream of gun-fire at some object which they mistook for the trawler among the sea mists; but the submarines worried Captain Shepherd most. A hand reported:

"There's a drainpipe cruising alongside us to starboard, skipper."

Well, there it was—an insignificant periscope, with a trifling wake of white water behind it and nothing to show whether it was British or German—or, for that matter, Venezuelan. There would be a hull down below, too, twice as big as the Bishop Argles', and full of men only too keen to interfere with his righteous work.

Captain Shepherd at last got seriously annoyed. His red face, inside its frame of whiskers, deepened to a fine plum color.

"Hard aport with that helm!" he ordered. "Hard over with it, now—yes, and steady on that. I'll make that chap dive or I'll scrape his deck plates."

And dive is what the submarine promptly did. Her periscope slid under water as though it had been pulled down by a string; and the little steamboat lumbered over her without touching, and drove ahead down the North Sea without scathe from her torpedoes. Perhaps they thought she was an ordinary blundering trawler, and it was an even chance whether she was their friend or an enemy's ship. Captain Shepherd could not tell her captain's thoughts. He did not even know whether the submarine was a British or a German craft; but they saw her no more.

Perhaps, again, when once more she got her eye above water and could see, the Bishop Argles had vanished in the fog. There is a large element of chance in modern sea warfare. Anyway, Captain Shepherd and his fellow fishermen were satisfied. They fully decided that none of them liked submarines.

It was to one of these subaqueous craft, however—and the probabilities point to its being German—that they owed their pilotage through the enemy's most dangerous defenses. A periscope appeared out of the gloom on their starboard hand and converged into their course ahead.

"Follow that feller!" said Captain Shepherd to Dick, who was in the wheelhouse, and applied himself to a study of the seascape through his night glasses.

"Appears's if he's trolling for mackerel," observed Dick as presently the periscope swerved off on a new course.

"Follow every turn he makes, to a fathom," said Captain Shepherd. "We're going through a hedge of mines just now and I shouldn't like to spoil any of them; so, as he's got the chart of how they're laid and we haven't, we'll just keep narrowly in his wake. But, as there may be other Dutchmen wanting to use this same gap in the hedge after us, I reckon we'll just put a bramble or two in it that may scratch them. Mac!"

"Yes, cap."

"Don't bawl so loud, Mac. That drainpipe affair ahead there may have ears as well as an eye, for all we know. Just get aft and dump in them boilers numbered thirty-two and thirty-seven over the counter as quick as you like. The moorings are ready shackled on at the right depth; so there's nothing to delay you."

"Right, cap!" said the engineer; and, with the help of a couple of hands, he set about his work. He spat on each mine for luck as they lowered it over the stern.

"Amazing queer dance this chap is taking us!" said Dick, with his eyes on the faint phosphorescence of the periscope's wake. He sawed hard at the wheel, with a busy clatter of cogs. "There you are again. Can you take her through this dance backward again, d'ye think, skipper?"

"No, Dick. For one reason, Mac's sealing up the hole behind us. For another, we're—we're going into harbor, Dick. We shall see your boy and my two inside an hour from now. D'ye mind?"

"That's all right, skipper. You and I have been good shipmates for a long time now, and we never differed on anything that mattered. We shailn't differ on this anyway. I'm sorry I cooked so badly for you sometimes—that's all."

"Only person I'm really sorry about is poor old Joe. He's no special quarrel against these Dutchmen and he knows what's coming as well as any Christian, and hates it fit to burst himself. I did think of heading him up in a cask, with a couple of pounds of meat, and setting him adrift to get a chance.

"Now let me think!" He conned over in his head the bearings of the zigzag course and mentally reckoned the length of each leg. "We shall be just over the twenty-five-fathom patch, and the nor'east point of Helgoland will be bearing about due west—or, say, west-'n'-by-north. Huh?"

Captain Shepherd took a cast of the lead himself to make sure; and he smiled with professional appreciation of his own skill when the depth and the matter brought up by the arming of tallow proved the accuracy of his mental reckoning.

"You may send her along ——" he began, when the deep boom of a big siren close at hand drowned the words. It was answered by another, lighter in note, on the trawler's other side, and two rockets sped up into the fog from two more ships ahead.

He put his lips to Dick's hairy ear and bawled:

"We're right in among the fleet of them; and if we don't look quick we shailn't get our work done. Gimme that wheel; and do you go aft and tell Mac to get those mines overboard and into the water as quick as he can whip them off the deck."

Somehow, and I hardly think it could have been from the submarine that unconsciously piloted them through the mine field, the Germans had got wind of an enemy's presence; and an alarm spread round the invisible fleet with furious noise and bustle. Sirens, with long blasts and short, boomed messages; searchlights made the fog iridescent, but did not penetrate it; and there was all the indescribable turmoil and alarm of a great war fleet caught at anchor by an invisible destroyer that had penetrated their outer and inner defenses.

The fishermen were the only people who took it coolly. They had their work to do, and did it as though it was their daily routine. Mine after mine—German-made—was lifted from their decks and dropped into the still water astern; and Captain Shepherd, in the steering pulpit, leaned over the spokes of the wheel and wove his way accurately among the noises.

Launches and picket boats at high speed began to pant by them unseen through the fog. One of these presently fouled one of the drifting mines and blew it up with an appalling explosion. And then some big ship got an attack of the nerves and with every light gun she could bring to bear fired into what necessarily must have been one of her own boats.

"They're beginning to pay," said Captain Shepherd at the wheel. "O Lord, give me time to send in more of the bill, and make them pay at least half of what's owing!" He glanced over his shoulder at the after deck. "Mac!"

"Yes, cap."

"When you get to the last two of them boilers hang one over each quarter, and tell me."

"Right!" said McCrae, and waved a hand.

Other spurts of firing burst out; and then there was a crash as some launch's boiler exploded to a shell, and the shrill scream of hurt men.

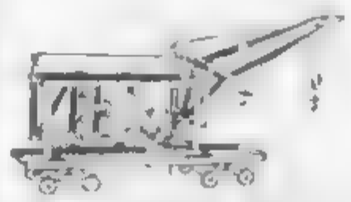
"The Dutchmen will call this a raid by the whole British fleet in to-morrow's papers," commented Captain Shepherd. "They'll never own up they've been shooting into their own ships. By whiskers, I shall have to look lively now! All this firing's bringing on a breeze that'll clear the fog. Yes, Mac?"

"They're all over in the ditch, cap, bar those last two. I've slung one over each quarter, as you said."

"Thank you, Mac!" The wheel went over and the Bishop Argles headed for the line of invisible ships where the noise of defense was loudest.

They sighted her when she was a hundred yards away and saluted her with a very

Engine and tender made with outfit No. 5 of the American Model Builder



Wrecking Car made with outfit No. 6 of the American Model Builder

Look for this Mark

A big man's game—
for boys

Boys take to the American Model Builder like ducks take to water. It's a big man's game—natural for them—supplies a distinct want in their nature. For every boy is fundamentally a builder, an inventor, and

THE AMERICAN MODEL BUILDER

gives him just the opportunity he craves—to think, to invent, to create, to construct, to build—to "do his head"

The American Model Builder contains all main mechanical parts used in modern engineering—spring-tempered, nickel steel girders, gears, pinions, pulleys, [illegible] with which boys can build bridges, derricks, elevators, towers, aeroplanes, ferris wheels, printing presses, automobiles, etc. It's great fun—will amuse 'em (and you, too) for hours. Fathers and boys, too—

Write for handsome, illustrated free book

"The Stories of Steel," which shows dozens of new models and tells all about the American Model Builder

Eight sizes, 50c up, at Sporting Goods, Toy, and Department stores everywhere

The American Mechanical Toy Co.
110 East First St., Dayton, Ohio

PUT ON
THE GIRARD SMILE

LET us all [except the turkey] be thankful for our mercies. Aye, and having proven our valor as trenchermen, let us smoke a mild full-flavored cigar in honor of old Stephen Girard, a great man whose good works live after him. Be thankful for the Girard Cigar and that the price is but 10cts [for the most popular size]

Thanksgiving comes but once a year but the Girard Cigar may be yours daily.

Failure Losses $272,672,288
Fire Losses . . . $203,763,550

Every year shows more money lost through failures than by fire. Aren't your insolvency losses greater than your fire losses?

You insure against fire, of course. Then why not also insure against insolvency losses among your debtors, where statistics prove the danger is greatest?

Credit Insurance completes the protection that every prudent business man throws about his business.

Under the protection of an American Credit-Indemnity Co. Bond you can't lose more than the normal expectation of your business. Beyond that we assume all risk up to the full face value of the bond.

It enables you to put an absolute limit on your credit losses for 12 months in advance, thus eliminating the last item of uncertainty in figuring costs.

The newest forms of Credit Insurance bonds are the American "Actual Loss" Bond, and the American "Normal Average" Bond. These bonds are the highest scientific development in Credit Insurance. They provide for a liberal adjustment of the insurance to the needs and requirements of any wholesale house, in any line.

A request for detailed information will not obligate you to anything.

Our service is for Manufacturers and Wholesalers only.

The American Credit-Indemnity Co. of New York

I H LIONBERGER, Chairman of the Board — E. M TREAT, President

St. Louis, New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, New Orleans, San Francisco and all leading cities.

If you need glasses you need a **Shur-on** EYEGLASS & SPECTACLE MOUNTING

Gives comfort and neat appearance and assures the safety of your eyes.

TEST YOUR EYES WITH THIS PARAGRAPH

[illegible] Practically every improvement in mountings has originated with the Shur-on. Perfectly fitted, the Shur-on holds the lenses in the correct optical position and assures eye ease and nose comfort.

Sticks tight comfortably

Be sure it's a Shur-on—examine carefully. It is not a Shur-on without these marks as pictured here.

Write for "How to Buy Glasses Intelligently."

The only Shur-on is made by

E. KIRSTEIN SONS CO.

Avenue H Rochester, New York

The **Coward Shoe**

The Coward Arch Support Shoe, with Coward Extension Heel, is a great benefit to weak ankles, as it rests the arch ligaments and exerts a helpful influence on the entire foot-structure. It furnishes a comfortable mechanical support to over-taxed arches and ankles, and is particularly useful in correcting "flat-foot" conditions.

Coward Arch Support Shoe and Coward Extension Heel made by James S. Coward for over 34 years.

FOR CHILDREN, WOMEN AND MEN

Send for Catalogue — Mail Orders Filled

Sold Nowhere Else

JAMES S. COWARD

264-274 Greenwich St., near Warren St., New York

tornado of fire. Her funnel was shorn off close to the fiddley top by a shell from a great gun, which did not explode there, but acted against a friend in the farther line. Rifle bullets and small shells from quick-firers swept over her like a hailstorm, and a score of heavier missiles skated along her rusty iron sides; but she was end-on, and so, as a target, she was small—and there is no doubt the gunners were scared and nervous. The German at the range and the German in action are two very different marksmen.

Normally, at ten knots, that hundred-yards run should have taken about one-third of a minute; but some of the shells had penetrated between wind and water, and the trawler was sinking fast and dropping pace every second.

"Go on, old girl!" Captain Shepherd urged. "Hep now! Just another score of fathoms and that's all I ask from you. Joe, you brute, get off my shoulder, or don't claw!"

The little steamer, with her engines by a marvel untouched, and with her burden of mines by a greater marvel unexploded, drew up to the great battle cruiser with still some freeboard showing; and then Captain Shepherd rammed his helm hard aport. Her bow almost scraped along the warship's flank and her stern swung in.

There was a lull in the big guns' fire, as they could not be depressed sufficiently to get their sights on her, and the riflemen were firing from the hip and hurting their friends across the way.

Then the starboard quarter of the Bishop Argles swung in against the big cruiser's side, just below the forward barbettes, and the mine was cracked between them—and a volcano burst forth that rivaled Etna!

Gun ammunition blew up on board of her, and then a magazine. Boilers caught the infection, and then more gun ammunition and more magazines. The huge ship blew to pieces piecemeal and sank compartment by compartment; but she went to the sea floor none the less efficiently. And she was one of the biggest cruisers on the world's navy list. As for the trawler, she was spread as mere scum on the troubled waters of the Helgoland Bight.

Now this ought to be the end of the tale; but history compels me to record that Captain Shepherd still resides in England. Odd to relate, he seems well off. In his house is an enlarged photograph of two young men curiously alike and in that wooden attitude affected by fishermen when they face the camera. It is framed simply in oak; but the frame is notable. It is studded thickly with curious bronze spikes, which the intelligent observer will recognize, after thought, as once having been carried on the helmets of German infantrymen at the rate of one spike to one man.

There are seventy-six spikes round the frame.

A queer-looking cat, with one ear missing and a foreleg that has been broken and very badly mended, limps round the garden in Captain Shepherd's company. If you shake anything yellow at this cat he spits at you.

How these latter things came to pass cannot be related here. They belong to another tale.

Underneath the portraits is a newspaper clipping, also framed, which runs thus:

"NEW YORK.—Berlin reports by wireless that a British destroyer flotilla made a determined raid on a German fleet last night off Helgoland. The British loss was thirteen destroyers sunk and three captured. Their loss in men was very heavy. The Germans had one unimportant cruiser slightly damaged."

No Hurry!

MR. E. M. BURGESS, vice-president and general manager of the Mountain States Telephone and Telegraph Company, of Denver, was once making an automobile tour of inspection through Southern Utah. That state employs some of its convicts in the construction of roads. While on a narrow road the auto party stopped at a shallow creek, which they were about to ford, to put water in the radiator, and so on.

A convict, hauling a load of crushed stone, pulled up behind them. The chauffeur being delayed a bit, Mr. Burgess turned to the convict and apologetically said:

"We'll pass on in just a moment."

"Oh, no hurry!" the convict placidly replied. "I've got twenty years."

Get This Two-Speed Lamp

Every home needs big lamps and little ones—plenty of light for reading and working, and just a little light to show the way. Hylo serves both purposes.

National **HYLO** *Quality*

Fully Guaranteed

A Hy-Lo-and-Ou lamp has two filaments, wired to light separately. No clumsy mechanism. Lights, lowers and goes out on the pull of the cords. Permits 85% current economy. Better than two lamps. Fits any socket. Good anywhere, but essential in bathrooms, bedrooms, halls, library, kitchen and nursery. Two kinds, two prices and two sizes at each price.

Carbon Hylo: 8 c. p. HY and 16 c. p. LO, or 16 c. p. HY and 32 c. p. LO, either size 60 Cents each.

Mazda Hylo [illegible] 5 watts LO either size 90 Cents each.

Sold by Electric Lighting Companies, Electric Stores, Hardware and Department Stores.

See full-page elsewhere in this issue

Economical Electric Lamp Division

National Lamp Works of General Electric Company

25 West Broadway New York

BURROWES

Home Billiard Table

$1.00 DOWN

$1 or more down according to size and style. Small amount each month. Prices from $15 up. Full equipment of Balls, Cues, etc., free. Sizes range up to 4½ x 9 ft. (standard). Adapted for expert play and home practice. Portable—used in any room—on any house table or on its own legs or folding stand. Quickly set aside—requires almost no room when not in use.

Send for Illustrated Catalog

explaining free trial offer with prices, terms of payment and testimonials from thousands of owners.

THE E T BURROWES CO
565 Center St., Portland, Me.

Mfrs. Burrowes Rustless Screens and Folding Card Tables

WANTED NEW IDEAS Write for List of Inventions Wanted by manufacturers and $1,000,000 in prizes offered for inventions. Our four books sent free. Patents secured or our Fee Returned.

Victor J. Evans & Co., 1 Ninth St., Washington, D. C.

PATENTABLE IDEAS WANTED. Manufacturers want Owen patents. Send for 3 free books, inventions wanted, etc. I get patent or no fee. Manufacturing facilities. RICHARD B. OWEN, 32 Owen Bldg., Washington, D. C.

If You Want More Money Next Year

We Should Like to Tell You How to Get It.

[illegible] *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. [illegible] and to send new orders. For this work we will pay liberally in commission and salary. We do not require a person's entire time. Address letter to

Agency Division, Box 676

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia

Cheer Up Your Whole Winter With Tuxedo

There's no sweeter time for smoking Tuxedo than Winter-time. Smoking seems more cozy, intimate and cockle-warming when you can look out at the mists and fog over the glowing bowl of your fragrant pipe.

Begin this Winter right—become friends with Tuxedo—and you'll find the long days filled with brain-and-body content. You'll look upon your work and find it good. Your nights will be nights of sound and wholesome sleep.

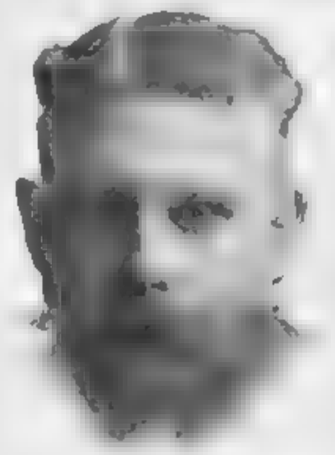
The fire that burns the grains of Tuxedo will fill your whole Winter with its rosy glow.

EUGENE COWLES

Famous Basso. A member of the original Bostonians, and a great favorite throughout the country.

"For me Tuxedo is the one all around suitable Tobacco. It makes pipe-smoking a real pleasure, a real comfort, and a real help to me."

Eugene Cowles



GEORGE B. SUTTON

An expert billiard player. At one time champion.

"Before I tried Tuxedo I rarely smoked a pipe. Now I'm a steady pipe smoker. I've discovered in Tuxedo a cool tobacco that gives me complete satisfaction."

George B. Sutton

JOHN CORT

Theatrical Manager, who controls a large number of theatres.

"In my opinion, Tuxedo is the best pipe tobacco a man can buy. Cool, mild and fragrant. Tuxedo has no equal."

John Cort

Tuxedo

The Perfect Tobacco for Pipe and Cigarette

Within the last few years pipe smoking has become popular all over the country; and this popularity of the pipe is due in great measure to Tuxedo and the famous "Tuxedo Process." This original process absolutely removes all bite and sting from the tobacco; so that, if you like, you can smoke pipeful after pipeful of Tuxedo all day long.

Tuxedo is a light, mild, naturally mellow Kentucky Burley, with a delicate aroma but a full tobacco richness to it. It has been widely, but unsuccessfully, imitated. Be sure you get the original—Tuxedo. Try it today.

YOU CAN BUY TUXEDO EVERYWHERE

Convenient pouch, *inner-lined* with moisture-proof paper 5c

Famous green tin, with gold lettering, curved to fit pocket 10c

In Tin Humidors, 40c and 80c

In Glass Humidors, 50c and 90c

SAMPLE TUXEDO FREE—

Send us 2 cents in stamps for postage and we'll mail you prepaid a souvenir tin of TUXEDO tobacco to any point in U. S. A. Address

TUXEDO DEPARTMENT
Room 118
111 Fifth Ave., New York

Illustrations are about one-half size of real packages.

CHARLES SCHWEINLER

Master printer. Printer of "Cosmopolitan," "Hearst's," "McClure's" and other periodicals.

"Tuxedo thoroughly satisfies me. More than that, it has made my pipe smoking a great pleasure and comfort."

Charles Schweinler

T. H. MURNANE

Pres. New England League of Baseball Clubs.

"Before I smoked Tuxedo, I had to mix several tobaccos together to get a flavor that satisfied me. But Tuxedo's flavor beats any mixture I ever made."

T. H. Murnane

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Author of "The Fighter," "Caleb Conover" and other stories.

"A man smokes the tobacco he likes. I like Tuxedo."

Albert Payson Terhune

1847 ROGERS BROS.

"Silver Plate that Wears"

For the Thanksgiving Table

The Continental Pattern

You will find this new design, as well as other 1847 ROGERS BROS. patterns, at your dealer's. Sold with an unqualified guarantee made possible by the actual test of over 65 years.

At leading dealers. Send for catalog "Y-90"

INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

Successor to Meriden Britannia Co

NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO HAMILTON, CANADA

The World's Largest Makers of Sterling Silver and Plate

THE MAN WHO ROCKED THE EARTH

(Continued from Page 15)

water from a big reservoir tapped only by a tiny pipe. Atomic energy Rutherford calls it. Every element, every substance has it, ready to be touched off and put to use. The chaps who can find out how to release that energy all at once will revolutionize the civilized world. It will be like the discovery that water could be turned into steam and made to work for us—multiplied a million times. If, instead of that energy just oozing away and the uranium disintegrating infinitesimally each year, it could be exploded at a given moment you could drive an ocean liner with a handful of it. You could make the old globe stagger round and turn upside down! Mankind could just lay off and take a holiday. But how?"

Bennie enthusiastically waved his pipe at Thornton.

"How! That's the question. Everybody's known about the possibilities, for Soddy wrote a book about it; but nobody's ever suggested where the key could be found to unlock that treasure house of energy. Some chap made up a novel once and pretended it was done, but he didn't say *how*. But"—and he lowered his voice passionately—"I'm working at it, and—and—I've nearly—nearly got it."

Thornton, infected by his friend's excitement, leaned forward in his chair.

"Yes—nearly. If only my transformers hadn't melted! You see I got the idea from Savaroff, who noticed that the activity of radium and other elements wasn't constant but varied with the degree of solar activity, reaching its maximum at the periods when the sun spots were most numerous. In other words, he's shown that the breakdown of the atoms of radium and the other radioactive elements isn't spontaneous, as Soddy and others had thought, but is due to the action of certain extremely penetrating rays given out by the sun. These particular rays are the result of the enormous temperature of the solar atmosphere, and their effect upon radioactive substances is analogous to that of the detonating cap upon dynamite. No one has been able to produce these rays in the laboratory, although Lenard has suspected sometimes that traces of them appeared in the radiations from powerful electric sparks. Everything came to a halt until Kinoshito discovered thermic induction, and we were able to elevate temperature almost indefinitely through a process similar to the induction of high electric potentials by means of transformers and the Ruhmkorff coil.

"Kinoshito wasn't looking for a detonating ray and didn't have time to bother with it, but I started a series of experiments with that end in view. I got close—I am close, but the trouble has been to control the forces set in motion, for the rapid rise in temperature has always destroyed the apparatus."

Thornton whistled. "And when you succeed?" he asked in a whisper.

Hooker's face was transfigured.

"When I succeed I shall control the world," he cried, and his voice trembled. "But the thing either melts or explodes," he added with a tinge of indignation. "I don't know—nobody knows—whether that is the cause or the effect of the formation of disintegrating rays—the Lavender Rays that everybody's looking for. They're there anyhow! And once you get up over five thousand degrees they play the devil with your apparatus. Your generator has got to be made of some 'end product' of radioactivity or it is simply torn to pieces. It's got to be a nonconductor of heat, light and electricity, capable of standing a temperature of at least eight and probably ten thousand degrees. I thought zircorundum would do, but the zirconium in it isn't an 'end product' and it goes to the bad at six thousand. Makes you mad to get so near and have everything go on the blink like that. Funny stuff, zircorundum! Ever use any? It's an absolute nonconductor of heat."

Bennie groped round in the drawer of a desk in the corner and held up what appeared to Thornton to be a small test tube of thin black glass. "Here," he said, "just stick your finger in that!"

Thornton, with a slight moral hesitation, slipped the tube over his forefinger and awaited developments.

Bennie, whistling, picked up the oxyacetylene blowpipe and regarded it somewhat as a dog fancier might gaze at an exceptionally fine pup.

"Hold up your finger," said he to the astronomer. "That's right—like that."

Thrusting the blowpipe forward he allowed the hissing blue-white flame to wrap itself round the outer wall of the tube—a flame which Thornton knew could melt its way through a block of steel—but the astronomer felt no sensation of heat, although he not unnaturally expected the member to be incinerated.

"Queer, eh?" said Bennie. "Absolute insulation, isn't it? Now if I could only get something like that which wouldn't become radioactive and break down, the trick would be done. Once I could find something like this zircorundum which had the added quality of being absolutely nonradioactive—well, as I said, I'd be the real cheese, the only pebble. The world would be mine, hook, line and sinker. I know what I want and it's only a question of finding the material. This blooming zircorundum hasn't quite the properties that I need. To get thermic induction at high efficiency you've got to have something that lets heat rays pass more freely in one direction than in the other—acts as a kind of radiation trap. It's a deuced hard thing to find, too—an all-fired hard nut to crack! The zircorundum doesn't seem to have this property at all. The metallic vapors that fill the capsule seem to change the wave lengths of the radiation in some way so that it can't escape, and the temperature continues to go up until it becomes greater than that of the radiating spiral."

"But that's against the second law of thermic dynamics," expostulated Thornton, who had dabbled in physics for several years after he left college and knew something of that subject as well as of his own.

"Damn the second law!" cried Bennie, his eyes burning. "Didn't Maxwell show that the whole thing hung on molecular averages; that if you could deal with individual molecules it wouldn't hold water? Don't you remember the Maxwell 'demons,' who were supposed to sit by the trapdoors and open them to the fast-moving molecules only?"

Thornton laughed. He did remember something about it.

"Yes, sir," went on Bennie; "what I want is a closed cylinder made of a thermic nonconductor, one that will be freely transparent to the disintegrating rays; and it's as plain as pudding that if the materials composing that cylinder were of 'end products' of radioactive transformations, the Lavender Rays would pass out. That cylinder will contain the vapor mixture subjected to thermic induction, which in turn is not barred or kept out by the heat of the insulator. Now, then, you start your thermic induction going and the temperature of the vapor inside the cylinder rises until the Lavender Rays begin to pour out. Then look out for yourself! Carbon isn't an 'end product.' Our bodies are made up chiefly of carbon. How would it feel to be disintegrated?" Bennie gave a grim scientific chuckle.

Then he turned to Thornton triumphantly. "We've got to hide behind this! Make suits of armor and bombproofs of it!" he went on excitedly, picking up a thin piece of white metal. "Uranium is absolutely opaque to the Lavender Rays. You see they expend their energy in disintegrating the surface layer of molecules upon which they impinge. Look here a minute. I'll show you an experiment that no living human being has ever seen before!"

He hung a plate of uranium by two fine wires fastened to its corners and adjusted a hollow coil of wire opposite its center, while within the coil he slipped a small black capsule.

"This is the best I can do now," he said. "The capsule is made of zircorundum and we shall only get a trace of the disintegrating rays before it blows up. But you'll see 'em!"

He stepped back quickly to the wall and closed a switch. Instantly the coil of wire became white hot.

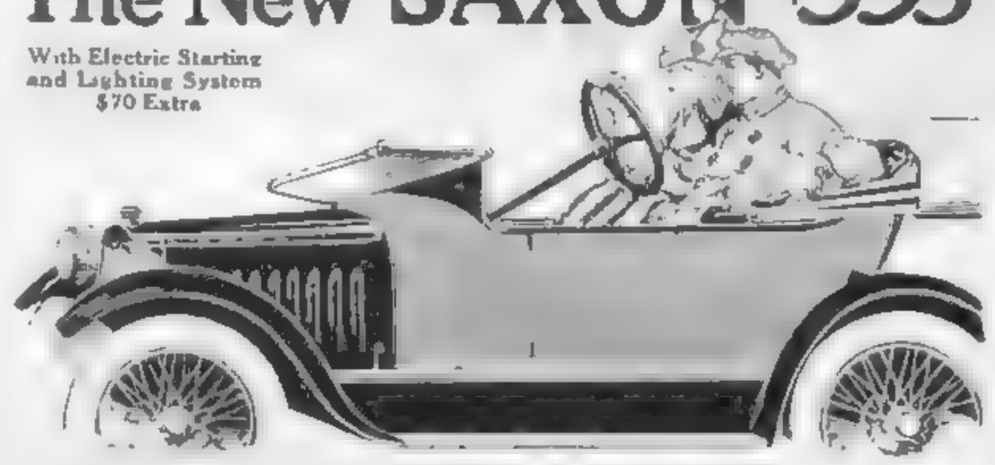
"Watch the plate!" shouted Bennie.

And Thornton watched.

For ten or fifteen seconds nothing occurred. Then suddenly the plate swung

The New SAXON $395

With Electric Starting and Lighting System $70 Extra



You Can Now Have Electric Lights and Starter on Your Saxon

With electric starter and electric lights as optional equipment, the new Saxon today stands out even more pre-eminently than before as the most up-to-date low-priced 2-passenger automobile on the market.

Good and good looking, this car with its streamline body, its graceful running boards, its well tried motor, its proven economy and many other advantages has already won the endorsement of more than 8500 owners everywhere. Now, with the added convenience and comfort of electric lights and starter ($70 extra), the Saxon leaves nothing to be desired

This new starter is especially designed for Saxon cars and built in Detroit exclusively for the Saxon. Unlike the starters on most light cars, it adds but little weight It is compact and powerful, absolutely quiet when starting the motor, and makes no appreciable noise when the car is running, even at high speed

The Saxon has long been the most *economical* car—lowest in purchase price and lowest in cost of operation. With the added improvements of electric lights and starter, it becomes the *handiest* car for the business man or the woman—especially for winter use

Lightness also makes the Saxon easy on tires and low in fuel cost. It is one reason why more than 8500 owners average 28 to 36 miles per gallon of gasoline, 75 to 100 miles on a pint of oil and 3500 to 5000 miles without tire replacement.

Remember, Saxon cars have made good everywhere. They have proved their mettle in all kinds of service on all sorts of roads. When you buy a Saxon you don't buy an experiment but a *proved success*.

Write for the new catalog containing description of the starting and lighting system and other features. Address Dept. C

Saxon Motor Company, Detroit

FIVE NEW DISHES FOR THANKSGIVING

APPETIZER
Prepare thin, dainty triangles of toast Spread with thin layer Underwood Deviled Ham Sprinkle with a few drops of lemon juice.

ENTRÉE
Bake six medium sized potatoes. Cut a neat opening in each and remove the inside without breaking skin. Mix the potato with one small can Underwood Deviled Ham. Put back in skins and carefully drop an egg on top of each potato. Sprinkle with grated cheese. Set in oven until egg is firm

TURKEY DRESSING
Make the usual dressing of moistened bread crumbs. Then instead of seasoning add a small can of Underwood Deviled Ham

WITH THE SOUP
Instead of crackers serve tiny sandwiches of brown bread cut very thin and spread with Underwood Deviled Ham.

SALAD
Scoop small hole in centers of ripe tomatoes Fill with Underwood Deviled Ham. Cover with mayonnaise and serve on lettuce.

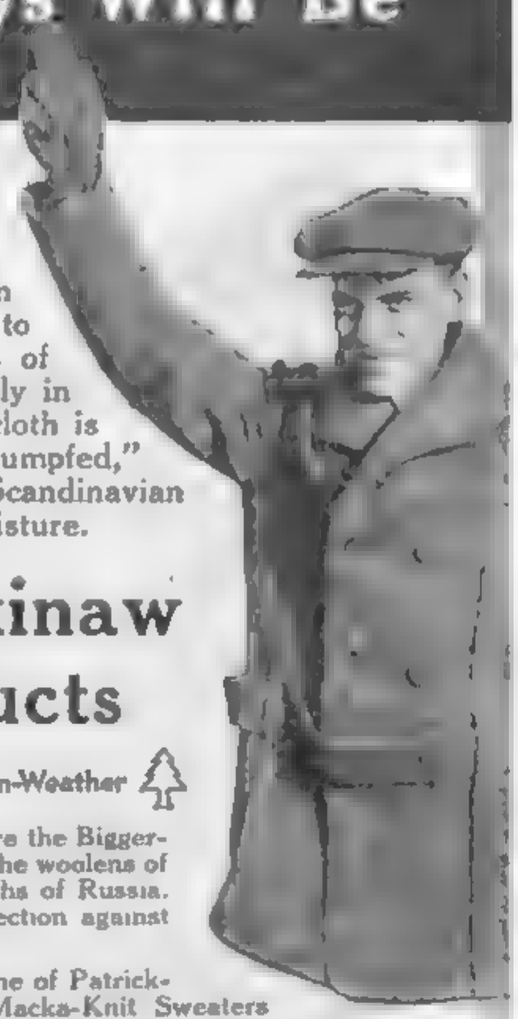
UNDERWOOD DEVILED HAM

"Branded with the Devil but Fit for the Gods"

JUST good "home-boiled" ham, ground fine and mixed with the famous Underwood Deviled Dressing of mild spices. Nothing else. Write for the famous Little Red Devil Recipes. Free if you'll send your grocer's address. Or send his address and 15c for trial can. Makes 12 big sandwiches. More economical than sliced ham sandwiches. Find out if your grocer keeps it. Phone him.

WM. UNDERWOOD CO., 52 FULTON ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Be Bigger-Than-Weather and All Days Will Be Glorious



PUT on your "patrick" and come out for a storm walk.

Patrick Yarn comes from Northwestern sheep. Nature has given these sheep a warm, long wool to protect them from the extremes of weather. Such wool is grown only in cold climates. Patrick-Mackinaw cloth is double shrunk and pounded or "stumpfed," giving the same effect as the old Scandinavian process; resists wind, cold and moisture.

Patrick Duluth

Mackinaw Products

Bigger-Than-Weather

are known and worn everywhere. They are the Bigger-Than-Weather garments of America, like the woolens of Scotland and the handwoven peasant cloths of Russia. They are worn in every climate for protection against cold, dampness, wind, rain and snow.

Ask your stores to see the complete line of Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Products—Patricks, Macka-Knit Sweaters and Socks, Blankets, Auto-Robes, Hats and Caps. If you don't find what you want, write us.

Be sure and look for the famous Patrick-Duluth Label that identifies the genuine and original.

Write for FREE Illustrated Mackinaw Book. It tells of the Patrick Mackinaw Yarn and Cloth and shows the styles and patterns of all Patrick-Duluth Mackinaw Products.

Complete set of Peter Newell Picture Post Cards sent FREE. Boys and Girls are mailing them to each other. Grown-ups are framing them. Write for them and they are yours.

Patrick-Duluth Woolen Mill
112 Commerce Street Duluth, Minnesota

This Catalog Free

Write for it

J. M. Hanson Bennett Magazine Agency is the largest in the world.

Save Magazine Money

Our ... over 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. Let us Big Money Saver. Send us your name ... address today.

West of Rockies and Canada 25c

J. M. HANSON-BENNETT
Magazine Agency
223 W. Jackson Blvd. Chicago, Ill.

RATS KILLED BY SCIENCE

Use the wonderful bacterial ... not a poison, harmless to human beings and ... other than rodents. Rats and mice die in the open. Easily prepared and applied.

DANYSZ VIRUS

HOW MUCH TO USE. A small house, 1 tube; ordinary dwelling ... for each 5000 square feet of floor space. PRICES: one tube, 75 cents; three tubes, $1.75; six tubes, $3.25; one dozen, $6.00.

VIRUS LIMITED, INC., 72-A Front St., NEW YORK

ORDER THIS HIGH GRADE XMAS GIFT FOR "HIM" NOW

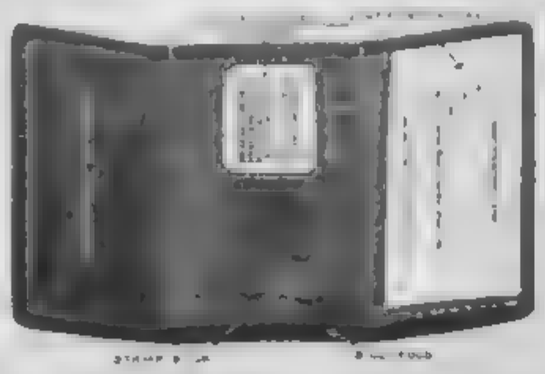
A Genuine Leather Combination Card Case and Bill Fold, 5 x 3 inches folded, 5 x 8 inches open (4 times size of illustration). Has many useful pockets, Calendar, Stamp Book, Identification Card, etc.

The Biggest Bargain Ever Offered for the Money

Made in 3 grades at the following prices, postpaid:—

In Genuine Seal Grain Leather $1.00
In Genuine Morocco Leather ...
In Genuine Sea Goat Leather $2.00

"HIS" NAME ENGRAVED IN GOLD FREE



NORTHWESTERN LEATHER GOODS HOUSE, 1910 North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

REMOVING THE SNAGS

George Burrell was a naturally bright fellow. He was offered a position with one of the largest electrical plants in the country, where the opportunities for advancement were practically unlimited. For two years he progressed rapidly. Then he struck a snag. To make further progress required a technical education, which he lacked. That was three years ago. Since then he has not moved.

The world is full of George Burrells. Natural cleverness and energy carry them up to a certain point, but there they stop because they lack the education which would enable them to progress farther.

Many young men and young women fully realize the value and importance of an education which ... training through lack of funds. The Curtis Publishing Company stands ready to supply what they want.

In return for looking after the subscription renewals and new orders for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*, the company will pay all the expenses of ... man or young woman in any college, ... reatory or business ...

If you aspire to rise to a prominent place in later ... and want to secure the education which will ...

Box 674, Educational Division THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

away from the incandescent coil as if blown by a gentle breeze. Almost instantly there was a loud report and a blinding flash of yellow light so brilliant that for the next instant or two to Thornton's eyes the room seemed dark. Slowly the afternoon light regained its normal quality. Bennie relit his pipe unconcernedly.

"That's the germ of the idea," he said between puffs. "That capsule contains a mixture of metallic vapors that give out disintegrating rays when the temperature is by thermic induction raised above four thousand. Most of 'em are stopped by the zircorundum molecules in the capsule, which break down and liberate helium; and the temperature rises in the capsule until it explodes, as you saw just now, with a flash of yellow helium light. The rays that get out strike the uranium plate and cause the surface layer of molecules to disintegrate, their products being driven off by the atomic explosions with a velocity about equal to that of light, and it's the recoil that deflects and swings the plate. The amount of uranium decomposed in this experiment couldn't be detected by the most delicate balance—small mass, but enormous velocity. See?"

"Yes, I understand," answered Thornton. "It's the old MV^2 business we had in mechanics."

"Of course this is only a toy experiment," Bennie continued. "It is what the dancing pithballs of Franklin's time were to the multipolar high frequency dynamo. But if we could control this force and handle it on a large scale we could do anything with it—destroy the world, drive a car against gravity off into space, shift the axis of the earth perhaps!"

It came to Thornton as he sat there, cigarette in hand, that poor little Bennie Hooker was going to receive the disappointment of his life. Within the next five minutes his dreams would be dashed to earth, for he would learn that another had stepped down to the pool of discovery before him. For how many years, he wondered, had Bennie toiled to produce his mysterious ray that should break down the atom and release the store of energy that the genii of Nature had concealed there. And now Thornton must tell him that all his efforts had gone for nothing.

"And you believe that anyone who could generate a ray such as you describe could control the motion of the earth?" he asked.

"Of course, certainly," answered Hooker. "He could either disintegrate such huge quantities of matter that the mass of the earth would be shifted and its polar axis be changed, or if radioactive substances—pitchblende, for example—lay exposed upon the earth's surface he could cause them to discharge their helium and other products at such an enormous velocity that the recoil or reaction would accelerate or retard the motion of the globe. It would be quite feasible, quite simple—all one would need would be the disintegrating ray."

And then Thornton told Hooker of the flight of the giant ring machine from the north and the destruction of the Mountains of Atlas through the apparent instrumentality of a Ray of lavender light. Hooker's face turned slightly pale and his unshaven mouth tightened. Then a smile of exaltation illuminated his features.

"He's found it!" he cried joyously. "He's found it! But who is he? I must get to him at once! I've a scheme for improving on Kinoshito's process that mayn't have occurred to him."

He turned to a littered writing table and poked among the papers that lay there.

"You see," he explained excitedly, "if you isolate a Totphen bar and induce a negative current —— Oh, but you don't care about that! The point is—where is the chap?"

And so Thornton had to begin at the beginning and tell Hooker all about the mysterious messages and the phenomena that accompanied them. He enlarged upon Pax's benignant intentions and the great problems presented by the proposed interference of the United States Government in Continental affairs, but Bennie swept them aside. The great thing, to his mind, was to find and get into communication with Pax.

"Ah! How he must feel! The greatest achievement of all time!" cried Hooker radiantly. "How ecstatically happy! Earth blossoming like the rose! Well-watered valleys where deserts were before. War abolished, poverty, disease! Who can it be? Curie? No; she's bottled in Paris. Posky, Langham, Varanelli—it can't be any one of those fellows. It beats me! Some Hindu or Jap maybe, but never Kinoshito! Now we must get to him right away. So much to talk over." He walked round the room, blundering into things, dizzy with the thought that his great dream had come true. Suddenly he swept everything off the table on to the floor and kicked his heels in the air.

"Hooray!" he shouted, dancing round the room like a freshman. "Hooray! Now I can take a holiday. And come to think of it I'm as hungry as a brontosaurus!"

That night Thornton returned to Washington and was at the White House by nine o'clock the following day.

"It's all straight," he told the President. "The honestest man in the United States has said so."

XI

THE moon rose over sleeping Paris, silvering the silent reaches of the Seine, flooding the deserted streets with mellow light, yet gently retouching all the disfigurements of the siege. No lights illuminated the cafés, no taxis dashed along the boulevards, no crowds loitered in the Place de l'Opéra or the Place Vendôme. Yet save for these facts it might have been the Paris of old time, unvisited by hunger, misery or death. The curfew had sounded. Every citizen had long since gone within, extinguished his lights and locked his door. Safe in the knowledge that the Germans' second advance had been finally met and effectually blocked sixty miles outside the walls and that an armistice had been declared to go into effect at midnight, Paris slumbered peacefully.

Beyond the pellet-strewn fields and glacis of the second line of defense the invader, after a series of terrific onslaughts, had paused, retreated a few miles and intrenched himself, there to wait until the starving city should capitulate. For four months he had waited, yet Paris gave no sign of surrendering. On the contrary, it seemed to have some mysterious means of self-support, and the war office, in daily communication with London, reported that it could withstand the investment for an indefinite period. Meantime the Germans reintrenched themselves, built forts of their own upon which they mounted the siege guns intended for the walls, and constructed an impregnable line of entanglements, redoubts and defenses, which rendered it impossible for any army outside the city to come to its relief.

So rose the moon, turning white the millions of slate roofs, gilding the traceries of the towers of Notre Dame, dimming the searchlights which, like the antennæ of gigantic fireflies, constantly played round the city from the summit of the Eiffel Tower. So slept Paris, confident that no crash of descending bombs would shatter the blue vault of the starlit sky or rend the habitations in which lay two millions of human beings, assured that the sun would rise through the gray mists of the Seine upon the ancient beauties of the Tuileries and the Louvre unmarred by the enemy's projectiles, and that its citizens could pass freely along its boulevards without menace of death from flying missiles. For no shell could be hurled a distance of sixty miles, and an armistice had been declared!

Behind a small hill within the German fortifications a group of officers stood in the moonlight, examining what looked superficially like a long house of solid steel. Nestling behind the hill it cast a black rectangular shadow upon the trampled sand of the redoubt. A score of artisans were busy filling a deep trench through which a huge pipe led off somewhere—a sort of deadly plumbing, for the house was a monster cannon reënforced by jackets of lead and steel, the whole incased in a freezing apparatus of intricate manufacture. From a circular window in the side of the house facing the hill protruded a few inches of what was, in fact, an enormous octagonal muzzle, capable of being moved by automatic machinery an infinitesimal fraction of an inch between the discharges. The officers had emerged from a trapdoor underneath the muzzle, and one of them now closed and locked it, putting the key in his pocket.

"Well," he remarked, turning to the only one of his companions not in uniform, "'Thanatos' is ready."

The man addressed was Von Heckmann, the most famous inventor of military ordnance in the world, already four times decorated for his services to the Emperor.

(Continued on Page 52

When Edison says: "I have found what I have been looking for since 1877," will you take the trouble to find out what it is? The things that Edison spends 37 years hunting for are worth knowing about. The

NEW EDISON DIAMOND DISC

is an entirely new sound-reproducing instrument that reproduces music just as it sounded when the music was recorded. The machine tone has been entirely eliminated.

You Should Hear this New Edison Invention

If you do not know of a merchant who has the Edison Diamond Disc on exhibition, please write us. If you are a real music lover, we shall, at your request, endeavor to give you a Diamond Disc musicale in your home—or club.
Do not hesitate to write us.

A permanent diamond reproducing point—no needles to change.

Thomas A Edison
INCORPORATED
231 Lakeside Avenue, Orange, N. J.

Unbreakable Disc Records. New selections every week.

The Pocket Stove of a Hundred Uses

Burns Lava Fuel

(alcohol solidified)

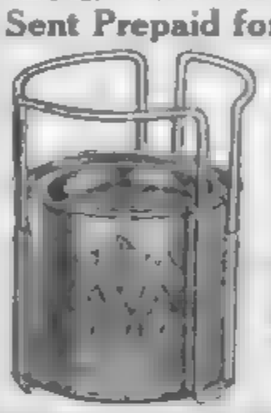
This handy little stove lights quick as a wink whenever and wherever you need it—in dining room, kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, sickroom, nursery, camp. No liquid to spill or explode. Odorless and smokeless. Handsomely nickel plated. So small you can carry it in the pocket or bag when traveling or camping.

LAVA HEATER

Patented—Trade Mark Reg.

To light, [illegible] and quick match. To extinguish, [illegible]. For heating water [illegible] ing tea or coffee, heating curling irons, warming things for sickroom. Makes any saucepan into a chafing dish. Will burn in heavy rain when camping, won't blow out in wind.

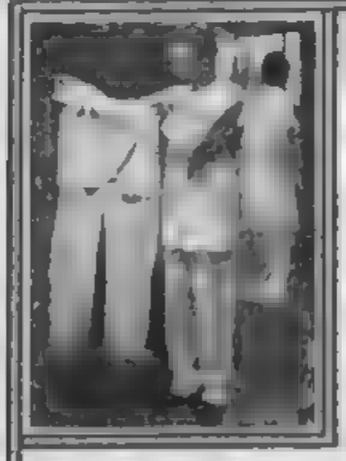
Sent Prepaid for Fifty Cents



[illegible], 25 cents per can. Guaranteed satisfactory or money refunded.

[illegible] ask for the name

THE ELLANEW CO., Inc.
72 East 131st Street
New York City



PAJUNION

A one piece pajama—a union pajama—without draw string—a surprising improvement in men's sleepingwear. All materials.

$1.50 to $3.00

Two Extra Sleepingwear Values

There are 515 other Brighton-Carlsbad Styles, 50c to $5.00

[illegible] of outdoor sleeping and a pattern for every taste. Fabrics in everything but cost.

BRIGHTON CARLSBAD SLEEPINGWEAR

For All the Family, 50c to $5.00

The Materials are the Finest Obtainable

Brighton-Carlsbad Sleepingwear will make you sleep better because the designs are scientific. Every size [illegible]. Several thousand dealers sell these [illegible] able free catalog makes buying easy.

H. B. GLOVER CO., Dept. 11, Dubuque, Ia.

WOMEN'S NIGHT GOWNS

Made large and roomy and longer than most others. Complete comfort assured

$1.00 to $2.50

(Continued from Page 50)

"The labor of nine years!" he answered with emotion. "Nine long years of self-denial and unremitting study! But to-night I shall be repaid, repaid a thousand times."

The officers shook hands with him one after the other and the group broke up; the men who were filling the trench completed their labors and departed; and Von Heckmann and the major-general of artillery alone remained, except for the sentries beside the gun. The night was balmy and the moon rode in a cloudless sky high above the hill. They crossed the inclosure, followed by the two sentinels, and entering a passage reached the outer wall of the redoubt, which was in turn closed and locked. Here the sentries remained, but Von Heckmann and the general continued on behind the fortifications for a distance of a quarter of a mile.

"Well, shall we start the ball?" asked the general, laying his hand on Von Heckmann's shoulder. But the inventor found it so hard to master his emotion that he could only nod his head. Yet the ball to which the general alluded was the discharging of a fiendish war machine toward an unsuspecting and harmless city alive with sleeping people, and the emotion of the inventor was due to the fact that he had devised and completed the most atrocious engine of death ever conceived by the mind of man—the relay gun. Horrible as is the thought, this otherwise normal man had devoted nine whole years to the problem of how to destroy human life at a distance of a hundred kilometers, and at last he had been successful and an emperor had placed with his own divinely appointed hands a ribbon over the spot beneath which his heart should have been.

The projectile of this diabolical invention was sixty-five centimeters in diameter and was itself a rifled mortar, which in full flight, twenty miles from the gun and at the top of its trajectory, exploded in mid-air, hurling forward its contained projectile with an additional velocity of three thousand feet per second. This process repeated itself, the final or core bomb, weighing over three hundred pounds and filled with lyddite, reaching its mark one minute and thirty-five seconds after the firing of the gun. This crowning example of the human mind's destructive ingenuity had cost the German Government five million marks and had required three years for its construction, and by no means the least of its devilish capacities was that of automatically reloading and firing itself at the interval of every ten seconds, its muzzle rising, falling or veering slightly from side to side with each discharge, thus causing the shells to fall at widely separate distances. The poisonous nature of the immense volumes of gas poured out by the mastodon when in action necessitated the withdrawal of its crew to a safe distance. But once set in motion it needed no attendant. It had been tested by a preliminary shot the day before, which had been directed to a point several miles outside the walls, the effect of which had been observed above the city and reported by high-flying German aëroplanes equipped with wireless. Everything was ready for the holocaust.

Von Heckmann and the general of artillery continued to make their way through the intrenchments and other fortifications, until at a distance of about a quarter of a mile from the redoubt where they had left the relay gun they came upon a small whitewashed cottage.

"I have invited a few of my staff to join us," said the general to the inventor, "in order that they may in years to come describe to their children and their grandchildren this, the most momentous occasion in the history of warfare."

They turned the corner of the cottage and came upon a group of officers standing by the wooden gate of the cottage, all of whom saluted at their approach.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the general. "I beg to present the members of my staff," turning to Von Heckmann.

The officers stood back while the general led the way into the cottage, the lower floor of which consisted of but a single room, used by the recent tenants as a kitchen, dining room and living room. At one end of a long table, constructed by the regimental carpenter, supper had been laid, and a tub filled with ice contained a dozen or more quarts of champagne. Two orderlies stood behind the table, at the other end of which was affixed a small brass switch connected with the redoubt and controlled by a spring and button. The windows of the cottage were open and through them poured the light of the full moon, dimming the flickering light of the candles upon the table. In spite of the champagne, the supper and the boxes of cigars and cigarettes, an atmosphere of solemnity was distinctly perceptible. It was as if each one of these officers, hardened to human suffering by a lifetime of discipline and active service, to say nothing of the year of horror through which they had just passed, could not but feel that in the last analysis the hurling upon an unsuspecting city of a quarter of a ton of the highest explosive known to warfare at a distance three times greater than that heretofore supposed to be possible to science, and the ensuing annihilation of its inhabitants, was something less for congratulation and applause than for sorrow and regret. The officers, who had joked each other outside the gate, became singularly silent as they entered the cottage and gathered round the table where Von Heckmann and the general had taken their stand by the instrument. Utter silence fell upon the group. The mercury of their spirits dropped from summer heat to below freezing. What was this thing which they were about to do? Through the windows, at a distance of four hundred yards, the pounding of the machinery which flooded the water jacket of the relay gun was distinctly audible in the stillness of the night. The pressure of a finger—a little finger—upon that electric button was all that was necessary to start the torrent of iron and high explosives toward Paris. By the time the first shell would reach its mark nine more would be on their way, stretched across the midnight sky at intervals of less than eight miles. And once started the stream would continue uninterrupted for six hours. The fascinated eyes of all the officers fastened themselves upon the key. None spoke.

"Well, well, gentlemen!" exclaimed the general brusquely, "what is the matter with you? You act as if you were at a funeral! Hans," turning to the orderly, "open the champagne there. Fill the glasses. Bumpers all, gentlemen, for the greatest inventor of all times, Herr von Heckmann, the inventor of the relay gun!"

The orderly sprang forward and hastily commenced uncorking bottles while Von Heckmann turned away to the window.

"Here, this won't do, Schelling! You must liven things up a bit!" continued the general to one of the officers. "This is a great occasion for all of us! Give me that bottle." He seized a magnum of champagne from the orderly and commenced pouring out the foaming liquid into the glasses beside the plates. Schelling made a feeble attempt at a joke at which the officers laughed loudly, for the general was a martinet and had to be humored.

"Now, then," called out the general, as he glanced toward the window, "Herr von Heckmann, we are going to drink your health! Officers of the First Artillery, I give you a toast—a toast which you will all remember to your dying day! Bumpers, gentlemen! No heel taps! I give you the health of Thanatos—the leviathan of artillery, the winged bearer of death and destruction—and of its inventor, Herr von Heckmann. Bumpers, gentlemen!" The general slapped Von Heckmann upon the shoulder and drained his glass.

"Thanatos! Von Heckmann!" shouted the officers. And with one accord they dashed their goblets upon the stone flagging upon which they stood.

"And now, my dear inventor," said the general, "to you belongs the honor of arousing Thanatos into activity. Are you ready, gentlemen? I warn you that when Thanatos snores the rafters will ring!"

Von Heckmann had stood with bowed head while the officers had drunk his health, and he now hesitatingly turned toward the little brass switch with its button of black rubber that glistened so innocently in the candlelight. His right hand trembled. He dashed the back of his left across his eyes. The general took out a large silver watch from his pocket. "Fifty-nine minutes past eleven," he announced. "At one minute past twelve Paris will be sembowered. Put your finger on the button, my friend. Let us start the ball rolling."

Von Heckmann cast a glance almost of despair upon the faces of the officers who were leaning over the table in the intensity of their excitement. His elation, his exaltation had passed from him. He seemed overwhelmed at the momentousness of the act which he was about to perform. Slowly his index finger crept toward the button and hovered half suspended over it. He pressed his lips together and was about to

Imperial External Piano-Player

Price $100

Uses ordinary standard 88 note music rolls.

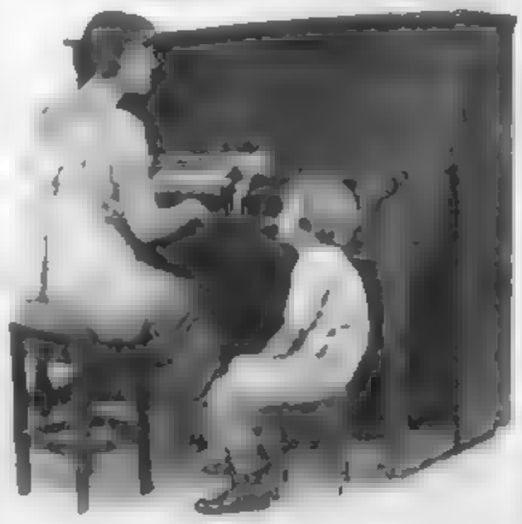
Complete in Itself

New and Novel Electro-Magnetic System. Entirely hand-operated and hand-controlled.

As easily carried about as a large violin.

Rests upon the Key-Board.

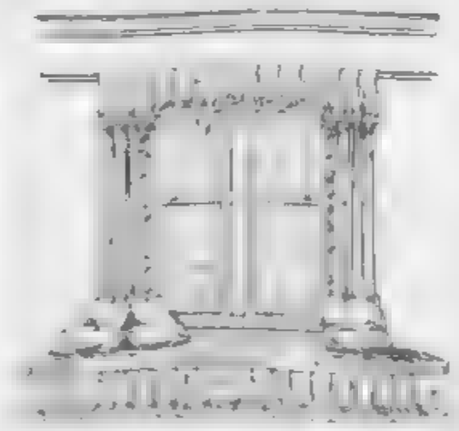
Plays any piano, Grand, Square or Upright.



Imperial Piano-Player Company
3251 Broadway, N. Y.

SEND FOR BOOKLET

Representatives Wanted in Unassigned Territory.



ORINOKA
Guaranteed
SUNFAST FABRICS
for Drapery and Upholstery

will add much to the beauty of your home and absolutely *will not fade*. You can safely use them in windows exposed to the strongest sunlight. They will wash and always remain fresh and have the appearance of silk. The Biltmore, New York's newest and finest hotel, is draped with these fabrics.

Send for Booklet, "Draping the Home"

It contains valuable hints on home decoration. We will also send you the name of the dealer nearest you, where you can see these goods for yourself.

ORINOKA MILLS
158 Clarendon Bldg.
NEW YORK

For Your Protection Insist on This Guarantee:

These goods are guaranteed absolutely fast-color. If color changes from exposure to the sunlight or from washing the merchant is hereby authorized to replace them with new goods or refund the purchase price.

This Tag and Guarantee on every bolt.

exert the pressure required to transmit the current of electricity to the discharging apparatus when unexpectedly there echoed through the night the sharp click of a horse's hoofs coming at a gallop down the village street. The group turned expectantly to the doorway. An officer dressed in the uniform of an aide-de-camp of artillery entered abruptly, saluted, and produced from the inside pocket of his jacket a sealed envelope which he handed to the general. The interest of the officers suddenly centered upon the contents of the envelope. The general grumbled an oath at the interruption, tore open the missive, and held the single sheet which it contained to the candlelight.

"An armistice!" he cried disgustedly. His eye glanced rapidly over the page.

"To the Major-General commanding the First Division of Artillery, Army of the Meuse:

"An armistice has been declared, to commence at midnight on the evening of August tenth, pending negotiations for peace. You will see that no acts of hostility occur until you receive notice that war is to be resumed.

"VON HELMUTH,
"Imperial Commissioner for War."

The officers broke into exclamations of impatience as the general crumpled the missive in his hand and cast it upon the floor.

"Donnerwetter!" he shouted. "Why were we so slow? Curse the armistice!" He glanced at his watch. It already pointed to after midnight. His face turned red and the veins in his forehead swelled.

"To hell with peace!" he bellowed, turning back his watch until the minute hand pointed to five minutes to twelve. "To hell with peace, I say! Press the button, Von Heckmann!"

But in spite of the agony of disappointment which he now acutely experienced Von Heckmann did not fire. Sixty years of German respect for orders held him in a viselike grip and paralyzed his arm.

"I can't," he muttered. "I can't."

The general seemed to have gone mad. Thrusting Von Heckmann out of the way, he threw himself into a chair at the end of the table and with a snarl pressed the black handle of the key.

The officers gasped. Hardened as they were to the necessities of war, no act of insubordination like the present had ever occurred within their experience. Yet they must all uphold the general; they must all swear that the gun was fired before midnight. The key clicked and a blue bead snapped at the switch. They held their breaths, looking through the window to the west. At first the night remained still. Only the chirp of the crickets and the fretting of the aide-de-camp's horse outside the cottage could be heard. Then, like the grating of a coffee mill in a distant kitchen when one is just waking out of a sound sleep, they heard the faint, smothered whir of machinery, a sharper metallic ring of steel against steel, followed by a gigantic detonation which shook the ground upon which the cottage stood and overthrew every glass upon the table. With a roar like the fall of a skyscraper the first shell hurled itself into the night. Half terrified the officers gripped the edge of the table, waiting for the second discharge. The reverberation was still echoing among the hills when the second detonation occurred, shortly followed by the third and fourth. And then, in intervals between the crashing explosions, a distant rumbling growl followed by a shuddering of the air, as if the night were frightened, came up out of the west toward Paris, showing that the projectiles were at the top of their flight and going into action. A lake of yellow smoke formed in the pocket behind the hill where lay the redoubt in which Thanatos was snoring.

On the great race track of Longchamps, in the Bois de Boulogne, the vast herd of cows, sheep, horses and goats, collected together by the city government of Paris and attended by fifty or sixty shepherds especially imported from *les Landes*, had long since ceased to browse and had settled themselves down into the profound slumber of the animal world, broken only by an occasional bleating or the restless whinnying of a stallion. On the race course proper, in front of the grand stand and between it and the judge's box, four of these shepherds had built a small fire and by its light were throwing dice for coppers. They were having an easy time of it, these shepherds, for their flocks did not wander, and all that they had to do was to see that the animals were properly driven to such parts of the Bois as would afford them proper nourishment.

"Well, *mes enfants*," exclaimed old Adrian Bannalec, pulling a turnip-shaped watch from beneath his blouse and holding it up to the firelight, "it's twelve o'clock and time to turn in. But what do you say to a cup of chocolate first?"

The others greeted the suggestion with approval, and going somewhere underneath the grand stand, Bannalec produced a pot filled with water, which he suspended with much dexterity over the fire upon the end of a pointed stick. The water began to boil almost immediately, and they were on the point of breaking their chocolate into it when, from what appeared to be an immense distance, through the air there came a curious rumble.

"What was that?" muttered Bannalec. The sound was followed within a few seconds by another. And after a similar interval by a third and fourth.

"There was going to be an armistice," suggested one of the younger herdsmen. He had hardly spoken before another much louder and apparently nearer detonation occurred.

"That must be one of our guns," said old Adrian proudly. "Do you hear how much louder it speaks than those of the Germans?"

Other discharges now followed in rapid succession, some fainter, some much louder. And then somewhere in the sky they saw a flash of flame, followed by a thunderous concussion which rattled the grand stand, and a great fiery serpent came soaring through the heavens toward Paris. Each moment it grew larger, until it seemed to be dropping straight toward them out of the sky, leaving a trail of sparks behind it.

"It's coming our way," chattered Adrian.

"God have mercy upon us!" murmured the others.

Rigid with fear, they stood staring with open mouths at the shell that seemed to have selected them for the object of its flight.

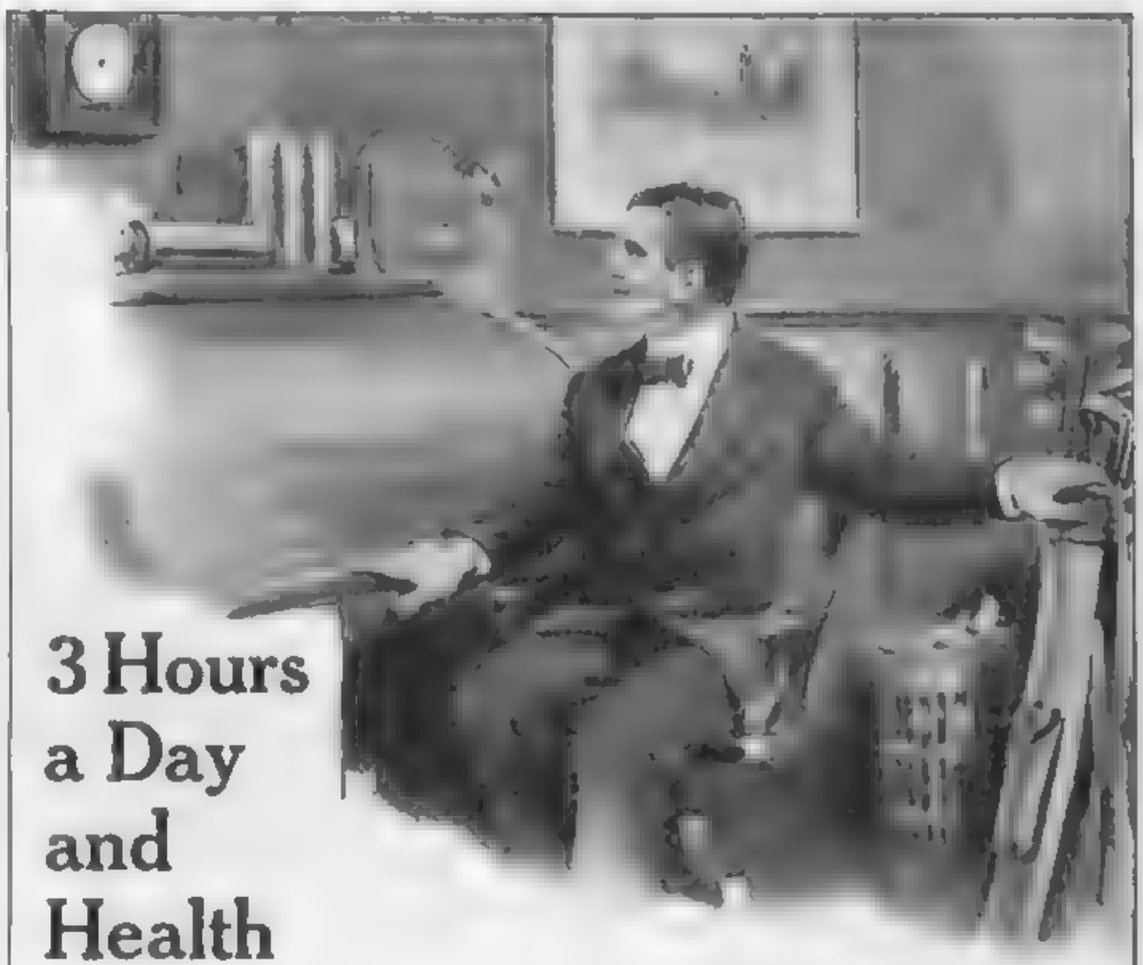
"God have mercy on our souls!" repeated Adrian after the others.

Then there came a light like that of a million suns. . . . . .

Alas for the wives and children of the herdsmen! And alas for the herds! But better that the eight core bombs projected by Thanatos through the midnight sky toward Paris should have torn the foliage of the Bois, destroyed the grand stands of Auteuil and Longchamps, with sixteen hundred innocent sheep and cattle, than that they should have sought their victims among the crowded streets of the inner city. Lucky for Paris that the relay gun had been sighted so as to sweep the metropolis from the west to the east, and that though each shell approached nearer to the walls than its preceding brother, none reached the ramparts. For with the discharge of the eighth shell and the explosion of the first core bomb filled with lyddite among the sleeping animals huddled on the turf in front of the grand stands, something happened which the poor shepherds did not see.

The watchers in the Eiffel Tower, peering the heavens with their searchlights for German planes and German dirigibles, saw the first core bomb bore through the sky from the direction of Verdun, followed by its seven comrades, and saw each bomb explode twice in mid-air, hurling its final projectile into the Bois below. But as the first core bomb shattered the stillness of the night and spread its sulphurous and death-dealing fumes among the helpless cattle the watchers on the Tower saw a vast light burst skyward in the far-distant east.

Two miles up the road from the village of Champaubert, Karl Biedencopf, a native of Hesse-Nassau and a private of artillery, was doing picket duty. The moonlight turned the broad highroad toward Epernay into a gleaming white boulevard down which he could see, it seemed to him, for miles. The air was soft and balmy, and filled with the odor of hay which the troopers had harvested "on behalf of the Kaiser." Across the road Gretchen, Karl's mare, grazed ruminatively, while the picket himself sat on the stone wall by the roadside, smoking the Bremen cigar which his corporal had given him after dinner. The night was thick with stars. They were all so bright that at first he did not notice the comet which sailed slowly toward him from the northwest, seemingly following the line of the German intrenchments from Amiens, St.-Quentin and Laon toward Rheims and Epernay. But the comet was there, dropping a long yellow beam of light upon the sleeping hosts that were beleaguering the outer ring of the French fortifications. Suddenly the repose of Biedencopf's



3 Hours a Day and Health

That is what the editor of The New York Financial Bulletin got from ONE of the lessons of this course. He cut down his working day three hours, and used the time to get back his long lost health. Is it any wonder that he says: "Could the course be studied for one year in the High Schools of this country, within twenty years the nation would make a progress equal to a century of inefficient progress found on every side to-day"? What he found—you, too, can find through the

Course in Personal Efficiency

Prepared by Harrington Emerson, conducted by the Review of Reviews Company

to bring to you the power to make the most of your abilities, to do less work at [illegible]

[illegible] Times of California saved $2700 on one job after he had the third lesson of this course. [illegible] H. Burbank of Louisville, Ky., got his first big step that way from the first lesson of this course.

It Would Cost You $50,000

For the knowledge, the experience that enabled him to write this course, corporations have paid Harrington Emerson as much as $50,000. Harrington Emerson has taught thousands of young men who to-day are highly paid Efficiency Experts, he has thought Efficiency for forty years; he has taught it for thirty years; he has worked to make this course for the individual man or woman for twenty years. Now it fits you. Now you can have the value of forty years of experience for a dollar a lesson and 15 minutes a day. [illegible] each day. And how you can make that day a better day at the same time.

Send Coupon Now

Most men are only 25% efficient. What your percentage of efficiency is, you have no way of knowing. If you think you are getting all [illegible] the coupon right now. It is impossible to tell in this space about something so big and so new as Efficiency—something bigger than system of accounting or scientific management. We must [illegible] Minutes are your dollars. SEND NOW.

COUPON

REVIEW OF REVIEWS
30 Irving Place
New York

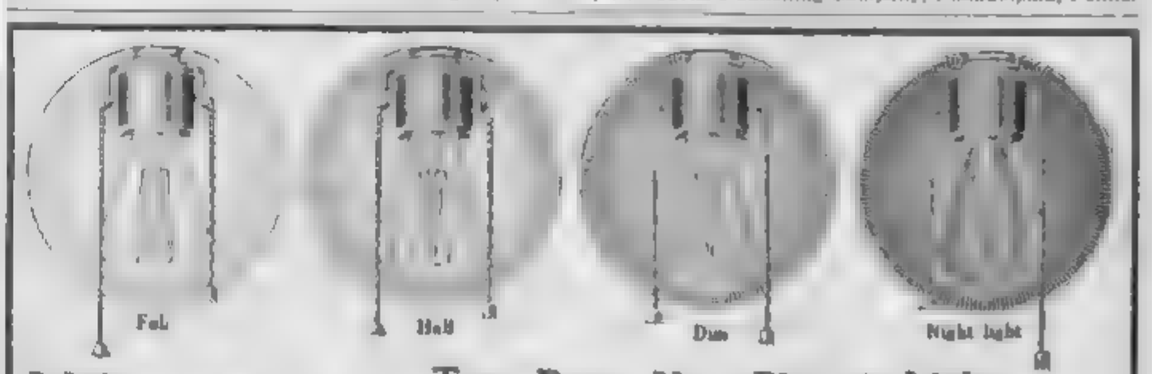
Send me particulars about your Course in Efficiency and Story of Emerson.

Name

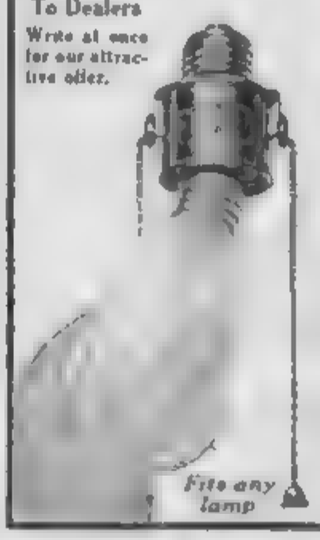
Address

REVIEW OF REVIEWS COMPANY
30 Irving Place **New York**

OVER 400,000 SUBSCRIPTIONS for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* will expire during the next thirty days and must be renewed. If you will look after these [illegible] we will pay you liberally. Address Agency Division, The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.



To Dealers
Write at once for our attractive offer.



Turn Down Your Electric Light

With a Dim-a-lite you can turn down your electric light same as gas. Before, you had either to keep your house in darkness or keep your electric lights at full glare. Here comes a clever attachment for dimming the light—the

DIM-A-LITE

Gives Five Changes of Light

Full—Half—Dim—Night Light—Out

It fits any lamp or current—screws into any socket—nothing to do but pull the chain and dim your light. Why go groping around in the dark when you have to get up in the night? No need to burn full current. Upon retiring, turn down your electric lights to the desired shade.

Price, $1.00—Unlimited Guarantee

At electrical supply, hardware, department and drug stores or direct from us if your dealer can't supply. Write for interesting book No. 20, describing great convenience of a Dim-a-lite in the bathroom, sick room, nursery, hallways, etc.

WIRT COMPANY, Mfrs. and Patentees, Philadelphia, Pa.

Public Protection

Taking a stand for the sanitary protection of the public, the two great 1915 Expositions, the "Panama-Pacific International" at San Francisco, and the "Panama-California" at San Diego, have officially adopted and will provide for the public's use

SOP-O-ZON

Trade Mark Registered
(Pronounced Soapozone)

The Modern Liquid Toilet Soap

Though hundreds of thousands of visitors will use Sop-O-zoN at the Expositions, no two people will ever touch the same soap

It is the ideal way—clean, convenient, economical—for the home, club, school, office, for every public and private washroom, and for everybody who [illegible]

The Sop-O-zoN Dispenser [illegible] spill and cannot come loose from the wall in ordinary use. You merely press the button and the pure, fresh, fragrant Sop-O-zoN is deposited in the palm of your hand.

Write us regarding Sop-O-zoN equipment for any building in which you are interested.

Where to Buy

Sop-O-zoN and Sop-O-zoN Dispensers [illegible]

Sop-O-zoN Dispensers $1.50
Sop-O-zoN Half gallon tins .80
Sop-O-zoN Gallon tins 1.40

Special prices [illegible]

Bobrick Chemical Company, Los Angeles, California

DEALERS! We want wide-awake representative dealers in every community. Write or wire us for dealers' special introductory proposition.

You can forget that Christmas list

if you'll adopt our plan. It solved the "Christmas present problem" of more than a hundred thousand people last year and will again do so for an even greater number this year.

On Christmas Day most of us receive some gifts which we prize because they manifest the goodwill of the givers but which are really of little practical service. There is one gift which no person ever failed to appreciate, not alone because it expressed the affection of the giver but because it really was wanted.

A year's subscription to *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* or *The Country Gentleman* will be gratefully received by any friend and it will have the advantage of not being quickly forgotten, for it will last for an entire year and be a constant and pleasant reminder of the giver.

Sit down now and make out a list of those to whom you want to send those periodicals, mail to us with a check or money-order and then cross the names off your Christmas list. We will do the rest. On Christmas morning each recipient will receive the first copy of the subscription and in the same mail a beautifully illuminated announcement, stating on the reverse side that the subscription is sent by you as a holiday remembrance. Think it over for a minute. Doesn't the suggestion really solve your Christmas problem?

For each subscription ordered send $1.50 (the Canadian price of *The Post* is $1.75, of *The Journal* $2.00, of *The Country Gentleman* $2.25, except in Toronto, where the price of *The Post* and *The Journal* is $1.50 each). Remember, give your own name and address as well as those of the subscribers.

Address Box 675

The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

retrospections was abruptly disconcerted by the distant pounding of hoofs far down the road from Verdun. He sprang off the wall, took up his rifle, crossed the road, hastily adjusted Gretchen's bridle, leaped into the saddle, and awaited the night rider, whoever he might be. At a distance of three hundred feet he cried: "Halt!" The rider drew rein, hastily gave the countersign, and Biedencopf, recognizing the aide-de-camp, saluted and drew aside.

"There goes a lucky fellow," he said aloud. "Nothing to do but ride up and down the roads, stopping wherever he sees a pleasant inn or a pretty face, spending money like water, and never risking a hair of his head."

It never occurred to him that maybe his was the luck. And while the aide-de-camp galloped on and the sound of his horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter down the road toward the village, the comet came sailing swiftly on overhead, deluging the fortifications with a blinding orange-yellow light. It could not have been more than a mile away when Biedencopf saw it. Instantly his trained eye recognized the fact that this strange round object shooting through the air was no wandering celestial body.

"*Ein Flieger!*" he cried hoarsely, staring at it in astonishment, knowing full well that no dirigible or aeroplane of German manufacture bore any resemblance to this extraordinary voyager of the air. A hundred yards down the road his field telephone was attached to a poplar, and casting one furtive look at the Flying Ring he galloped to the tree and rang up the corporal of the guard. But at the very instant that his call was answered a series of terrific detonations shook the earth and set the wires roaring in the receiver, so that he could hear nothing. One—two—three—four of them, followed by a distant answering boom in the west. And then the whole air seemed full of fire. He was hurled backward upon the road and lay half stunned, while the earth discharged itself into the air with a roar like that of ten thousand shells exploding all together. The earth shook, groaned, grumbled, grated, and showers of boards, earth, branches, rocks, vegetables, tiles, and all sorts of unrecognizable and grotesque objects fell from the sky all about him. It was like a gigantic and never-ending mine, or series of mines, in continuous explosion, a volcano pouring itself skyward out of the bowels of an incandescent earth. Above the ear-splitting thunder of the eruption he heard shrill cries and raucous shoutings. Mounted men dashed past him down the road, singly and in squadrons. A molten globe dropped through the branches of the poplar, and striking the hard surface of the road at a distance of fifty yards scattered itself like a huge ingot dropped from a blast furnace. Great clouds of dust descended and choked him. A withering heat enveloped him. . . . . .

It was noon next day when Karl Biedencopf raised his head and looked about him. He thought first there had been a battle. But the sight that met his eyes bore no resemblance to a field of carnage. Over his head he noticed that the uppermost branches of the poplar had been seared as by fire. The road looked as if the countryside had been traversed by a hurricane. All sorts of débris filled the fields and everywhere there seemed to be a thick deposit of blackened earth. Vaguely realizing that he must report for duty, he crawled, in spite of his bursting head and aching limbs, on all fours down the road toward the village. But he could not find the village. There was no village there. And soon he came to what seemed to be the edge of a gigantic crater, where the earth had been uprooted and tossed aside as if by some gigantic convulsion of Nature. Here and there masses of inflammable material smoked and flickered with red flames. His eyes sought the familiar outlines of the redoubts and fortifications, but found them not. And where the village had been there was a great cavern in the earth, and the deepest part of the cavern, or so it seemed to his half-blinded sight, was at about the point where the cottage had stood which his general had used as his headquarters, the spot where the night before that general had raised his glass of bubbling wine and toasted Thanatos, the personification of death, and called his officers to witness that this was the greatest moment in the history of warfare, a moment that they would all remember to their dying day.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Give him this for Xmas

Style 4941G—A motoring dress glove. Lined or unlined. Price $3.00 to $10.00

These splendid appearing, hand-tailored, richly beautiful gloves are the most acceptable gift one can make.

The finest gloves in the world—for every purpose—motoring, work, dress or sport—are made in Grinnell, Ia.

Grinnell Gloves

Best for every purpose

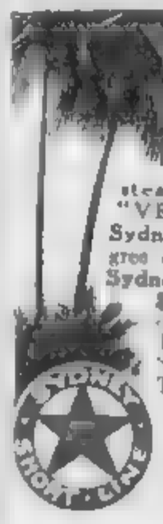
—made of the softest, toughest leathers, washable in soap and water if genuine. Those famous features, Rust-Fit, Ventilated Back, Grip-Tite and Rip-Proof, are found in Grinnell Gloves *only*.

Booklet shows all styles—Get a pair on approval

We'll gladly send any pair on approval if your dealer does not carry Grinnell Gloves. Write for booklet and leather samples today.

Morrison-Ricker Mfg. Company
25 Broad St., Grinnell, Iowa
(Established 1876)

Style 700
Lambskin, wool lined
Price $1.



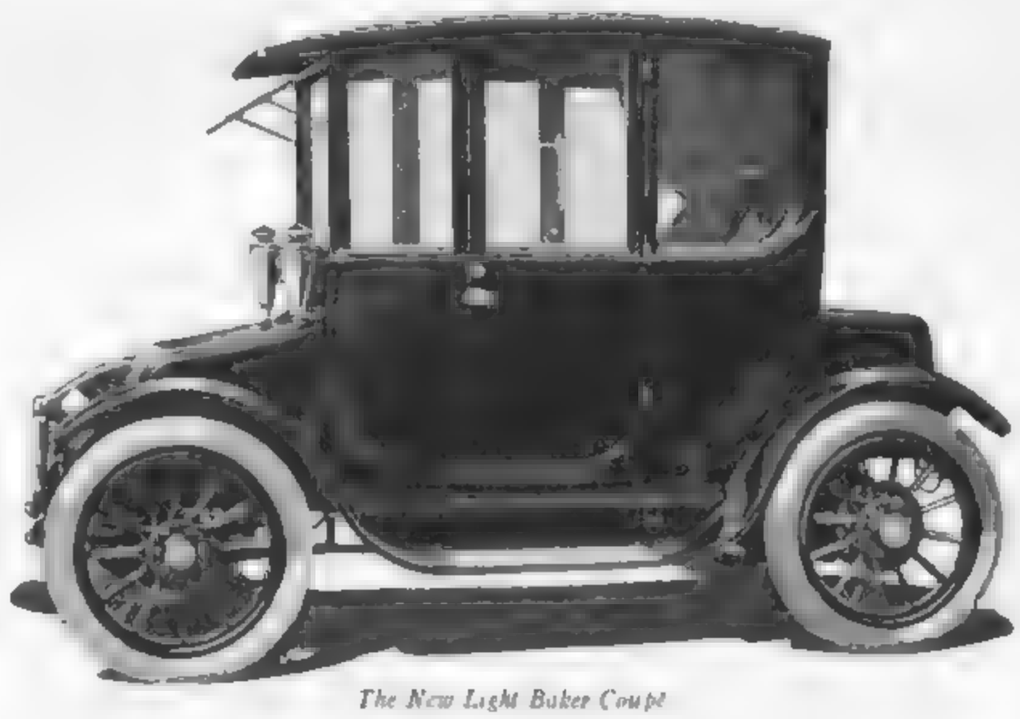
HONOLULU and SYDNEY AUSTRALIA

The splendid 10,000 ton American steamers "SIERRA," "SONOMA" or "VENTURA" (classed 100 A1 Lloyds) **Sydney in 19 days,** affording the highest degree of comfort and luxury. **Round trip Sydney, $337.50—first cabin—Honolulu, $110.00.** Sailing every 14 days [illegible] Tahiti, **$337.50.**

Round the world at reduced rates. Write for illustrated folders with colored maps of the Islands of the Pacific

OCEANIC S. S. CO.
671 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

Baker Electrics



The New Light Baker Coupé

Baker Electrics

Light Weight Baker Electrics

Two Baker Models Cover the Whole Range of Enclosed Car Service

THE day has come for adjusting the size of a car to meet individual requirements. Unnecessary size, unnecessary weight and unnecessary seating capacity are not only inconvenient—they are a handicap to economical operation. Baker Electrics meet this situation, on the one hand, with The New Light four-passenger Coupé, *instantly convertible into a two or a three passenger car*, and on the other hand, with a light five-passenger Double Drive Brougham for people who really require a very large car. These two models cover the whole range of enclosed car demand with a passenger capacity which economically meets every owner's actual requirements.

The New Light Baker Coupé

THE New Light Baker Coupé weighs half a ton less than most five-passenger electrics. Of all high grade coupés it is the lightest. Light weight has always been a characteristic of Baker construction. In the new Coupé this characteristic reaches its highest development. *Consider the results: the relief in maneuvering through congested traffic, in steering over rough pavements—the saving in expense, of less battery equipment, less power consumption, less wear on tires.*

High Speed and Long Mileage

THIS new car will make 23 miles per hour—remarkable speed in an electric designed above all else for economical operation. It will go as far at any speed with 32 cells of battery as heavier cars with 40 to 42 cells—*a clear saving of one-fourth in battery expense*, and what is still more important, a saving of one-fourth in battery *weight*.

Disappearing Front Seats

ALMOST attractive feature, introducing a luxury entirely new—just the seating capacity immediately wanted for two, three or four people. When not in use, front seats fold out of the way, affording an unobstructed view ahead and a roominess never before enjoyed in a Coupé. Think of the desirability of having at will a two, three or four-passenger car.

The Baker Double Drive Brougham

IT would be difficult to conceive of a more luxurious vehicle than this five-passenger Brougham. And for a car of its size it is lighter than any other, remarkably easy to control. In general design it resembles the Baker Coupé, the difference being in its larger proportions, its double drive feature, which enables operating from either front or rear seat, and its revolving type of front seats.

Style Vehicles

THE Electric is more than a convenience; it is a *style* vehicle. In this respect the Baker Coupé and Brougham set a new standard. Their interiors are unusual—simple and rich without needless adornment. Fabrics, specially woven to our own design, give to each car an individual distinction. Poiret colorings predominate in effects that are novel.

Artists have designed these luxurious cars, and they have reduced beauty to its simplest terms. Not a faulty outline nor a wrong proportion anywhere disturbs the perfect balance. The whole impression is one of excellence, refinement, good taste—a charming setting for a lovely woman.

Prices

Brougham	Double Drive—Worm Gear	$3,250
	Front Wheel Drive—Worm Gear	3,250
Coupé	The New Light Baker—Worm Gear—Lever or Wheel Steer	2,800
	Bevel Gear—Lever or Wheel Steer	2,600
Roadster	Bevel Gear—Lever or Wheel Steer	2,300

Catalog on Request

THE BAKER MOTOR VEHICLE COMPANY, CLEVELAND

San Diego Panama California Exposition

Your Opportunity to see California and Her Great Exposition

Celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal.

SOMETIME during 1915 you will contemplate a trip—to lake or mountain, seashore or camp.

All the fun, the recreation, the health you count upon will be yours, plus a wealth of knowledge of the garden spot of America, if you come to California and her great Expositions, San Diego and San Francisco.

1915 is the "year of decision" and California is the land of opportunity. You don't know all that this life holds for you until you have seen Southern California.

When the cold winds chill you to the bone, and the flowers and grass are gone at home, pack a trunk and bring the family to San Diego. Take advantage of the low railroad rates. You can live in San Diego cheaper than you can at home, whether you stay a week or a lifetime.

Perhaps—very likely in fact—you will find here freedom from your struggle for financial independence.

And the Exposition! San Diego has built an Exposition which does not remotely resemble any other exposition, past or present. It is a dream city of the old world—a paradise of multi-colored flowers and verdant foliage. It is a big Garden of Eden in which are massed the counterparts of all the wonder spots you ever saw in your life or in a picture.

The buildings are low—of Spanish Mission architecture. Purple bougainvillæa and clinging roses of every hue climb to rug-draped balconies. Flocks of pigeons hover above the towers, where Mission bells swing as in days of old. Long, shaded, restful arcades, with here and there a Spanish dancing girl with her tinkling tambourine or castanets, blend with the picture.

These buildings house no rows of tiresome exhibits of finished products. Instead, they throb with action. The development of manufacturing as a science is shown. Apparatus, machinery, tools, instruments from the big plants of the world have been transplanted to show you how the things you use and wear and eat are made.

There's a 10-acre model farm, where you can get the facts and figures for that little place you have been dreaming about for the future. A tea plantation, and a thousand other marvels which you wouldn't miss for the world. Think of missing it all and having to get it second-hand from your friends who saw.

Five hundred miles to the North lies San Francisco, where, during the greater part of 1915, will be held another Exposition, also celebrating the Opening of the Panama Canal, presenting to the world many features differing from the Exposition Beautiful—the two supplementing one another. When California celebrates, the Golden State's enthusiasm requires two outlets.

This is your opportunity to see California—San Diego, Los Angeles, Riverside and San Francisco. To see the Grand Canyon on your way out, and Yellowstone Park on your way back. The railroads, the hotels and Exposition have all combined to make it easy for you.

Ask your railroad ticket agent for the facts, then

Get Your Ticket for San Diego

"Hacer lo que tú, Oh! España, nunca soñaste."
—*Cervantes.*

"To do what thou, O Spain, did never dream."
—*Cervantes.*

1915 All the Year

THE NEW MILITANTS

(Continued from Page 5)

She pinned a white badge round my arm, with Women's Emergency Corps printed on it in black letters. With three other interpreters I entered one of the motors they have requisitioned from their wealthy patrons. The chauffeur was a woman who, among two hundred others, has offered her services to the War Office to take charge of ambulances and commissariat motors at the front. So far Lord Kitchener has taken no notice of the offer, or of the hundred women who are ready to do stable duty, attending to cavalry horses, thus releasing more men for the battle line. One of these women had charge of five hundred horses during the Boer War and performed her duties with distinction.

Lord Kitchener is the man who, during his campaign in Africa, wrote complaining to the War Office of the "plague of flies and Englishwomen" there. The flies remained, but the women were brought home; and, so far, he is still keeping his army in France carefully screened from the women.

"But in the end he must take us. When the pressure for men at the front increases he will need us for the wagons, motor ambulances and stables; that will be our opportunity," said one of the officers of the corps, which indicates that these women know how desperate the situation must become before the war is over. They are counting on that to prove their new efficiency, with reference to the future, as citizens of England.

When we reached Liverpool Street Station there was only one official interpreter, a man from the government's War Refugees Committee, to deal with a long trainload of homeless, helpless people, most of whom could not speak a word of English. The rest were women volunteers. During the scenes that followed the arrival of the train I did not see him speak to a single refugee. I can never forget those scenes. As the train moved slowly into the station, white, terror-stricken faces stared from every window. The next moment the porters opened the doors and the most miserable multitude I ever saw staggered forth, dragging their belongings after them—such things as they could snatch at the last moment, done up in bundles or in gaping bags.

One young girl carried a dress over her arm—nothing else. Nearly all the women seemed to have babies. Young children bent beneath the weight of large packs. Senile old men tottered out whimpering. They did not understand. They were afraid. They looked about, distracted with the strangeness of all they saw, mourning still for all they had seen and passed through.

There was not a tear upon any woman's face, however. They had been exalted beyond tears by the horrors they had endured. Most of them were widows whose husbands had died in battle. Some had seen their sons shot in the little villages where they lived. Their homes had been burned and they had been robbed of everything they possessed; so they were tearless. You weep for one loss, but when all is lost you rise forlornly above the tide of tears.

Guiding Belgian Refugees

Here and there handsomely dressed women, always in black, struggled through the stupefied crowd. They had been rich; now they had not enough to pay their cab fares. I saw one beautiful woman wearing splendid furs, whose pretty slippers were almost too worn to remain on her feet. She had escaped at the last moment from somewhere outside of Antwerp, and had walked for miles to reach the last boat.

France is the battlefield of this war, but Belgium is its grave; and these people are the pale ghosts, rising livid and terrified out of that grave to be washed up on these shores. One can scarcely say they live. They only suffer.

I had for my share three refugees who were to be taken to Paddington Station and put on the train for Maidenhead, where they only thought they had relatives. The woman was from Antwerp, the wife of a well-to-do manufacturer. She had with her a girl two years old and a son of fifteen. She had lost an older son in the siege, and she hoped that her husband was still alive; but she did not know.

They had only the clothes on their backs and a few things the boy carried in a knapsack beneath the cape of his boy-scout uniform. Since the Sunday night before, they had had only one egg each for food; and the baby had had nothing. This was Tuesday morning. There were no beds. The boat could barely afford standing room for the horde that boarded her. She had to be towed slowly through the mines the English have just laid in the North Sea; so, instead of being one night in crossing, they had been two days and nights.

I could not speak French and I was told that the woman could not speak English. Still, I addressed her gently in order to console her by my manner at least. At first she shook her head sadly. Then suddenly she looked at me, as one must look who has achieved a miracle.

Boys Made Men Overnight

"It comes!" she cried. "The English! When I was a girl we speak it in the school, not since; now it comes again. I thank Him!"

From that moment she conversed with me only in English—very haltingly, but well enough to be understood. I remember hearing a man under the influence of an anæsthetic repeat pages of poetry which he could never have recalled in his normal state. Something like that happened to this woman. In the abnormal condition of her mind she had been able to recall what she could not have recalled in her comfortable French home at Antwerp where she heard only French spoken.

The child in her arms started and screamed at *every* sudden noise in the roaring streets through which we were passing.

"It is the bombs," the mother explained. "In the night they fall—so near! We snatch our babies from the bed where they are asleep and run for the cellar. We stay there all night, all day, with them in the dark. They are so afraid. Now they always are listening for the bombs."

The boy appeared to me to be the significant member of this pathetic group a fine, strong lad, very fair, with wide-staring blue eyes. During the hour I was with them before they were safely in the train for Maidenhead he took no notice of anything. He could not have given more the impression of unconsciousness if he had had a blow on the head.

"He is stunned," his mother explained. "He is too young to know this. He has yet the voice of a girl. Yet he sees his brother killed—the blood! He is now like this. He sees it always."

This is the man of the future that this war predestines to a terrible fate. He, with his brother, was to have inherited the father's business. Now there is no business. The factory has been burned. In a strange land, among strange customs, he must work to support his mother—if, indeed, he can get employment at all. He must face the discouragement of always having British laborers preferred and of taking only such jobs as they refuse. His education is at an end and his training fits him for none of the things he must do to live.

There are thousands of these Belgian boys in England who will never return to their homes, and who must become the victims of animosity and furious competition in the labor markets of the country.

The one reprehensible feature in this whole situation is the perpetual discussion and agitation of German atrocities, more particularly by the women and the press. The papers can publish no war news of any value. The most direct information comes from the Belgian refugees. It is a wonder the War Office does not censor them before they are permitted to land! Therefore, the papers fill their columns with stories of German outrages; but at the end of each there is usually a note saying that the atrocity has not been officially confirmed.

In addition to this source the women get many more accounts directly from the refugees, with whom they are constantly associated; and the queer part of it is, they do believe them, though I have not found one of them who has seen with her own eyes a single case of the kind of atrocity most in vogue. The experiences through which the Belgians have passed are terrible enough without adding to them. And these may account for the hallucinations of a distracted people.

They do believe the stories they tell. Unconsciously this is the revenge they take on the enemy who has destroyed them; but one wonders at the apparent simplicity with which these stolid, unemotional Englishwomen accept and publish stories of horrible deeds done in Belgium by German soldiers—usually officers—which are the exact counterpart of tales told of rapes and crimes committed by soldiers in the Middle Ages.

It is difficult to keep one's senses in an atmosphere charged with the horrible annals of this war as related by these women. But for the fact that I am an American and a neutral, I should have found it impossible to listen sanely and without prejudice. I should have become subject to the prevailing hallucination. As it is, I find the lamp of my mind often turned so high that it smokes the situation instead of affording sufficient light of reason.

I have said that it is difficult now to tell one Englishwoman from another; that there is no difference between the suffragist and the antisuffragist in the ardor and energy they show in working together as volunteers in their Army of Defense. This is true so far as it goes; but it does not go to the real bottom of these women's natures now or ever. Unmask a militant suffragist and you find a militant suffragist still—a woman who hates the government and does what she can to call attention to its faults and limitations; who speaks as determinedly as ever of forcing Parliament to do this and that; whose organization, as an organization, has not contributed one penny of its funds to the relief of the refugees, or of any other poor, though it is one of the richest in England.

The Militancy of the Kaiser

"We are working individually," one of them told me. "We have taken some public collections; but the money already in our treasury when this war began was given us for the purpose of securing the ballot and economic independence for women. We have no right to spend it for any other cause."

"Do you intend to resume your militant methods?" I asked.

"We hope the government will recognize us then and agree to our demands," she evaded.

"But if it does not?" I insisted.

"Then we shall resume our militant methods," she answered firmly.

"Exactly the same?"

"Yes."

This woman is the daughter of a famous Englishman. She impressed me as being highly trained mentally, very frail physically—and a fanatic, as does every militant with whom I have talked. They crave martyrdom and death, as the Crusaders craved sacrifice, and as many neurasthenic modern women crave operations beneath the surgeon's knife.

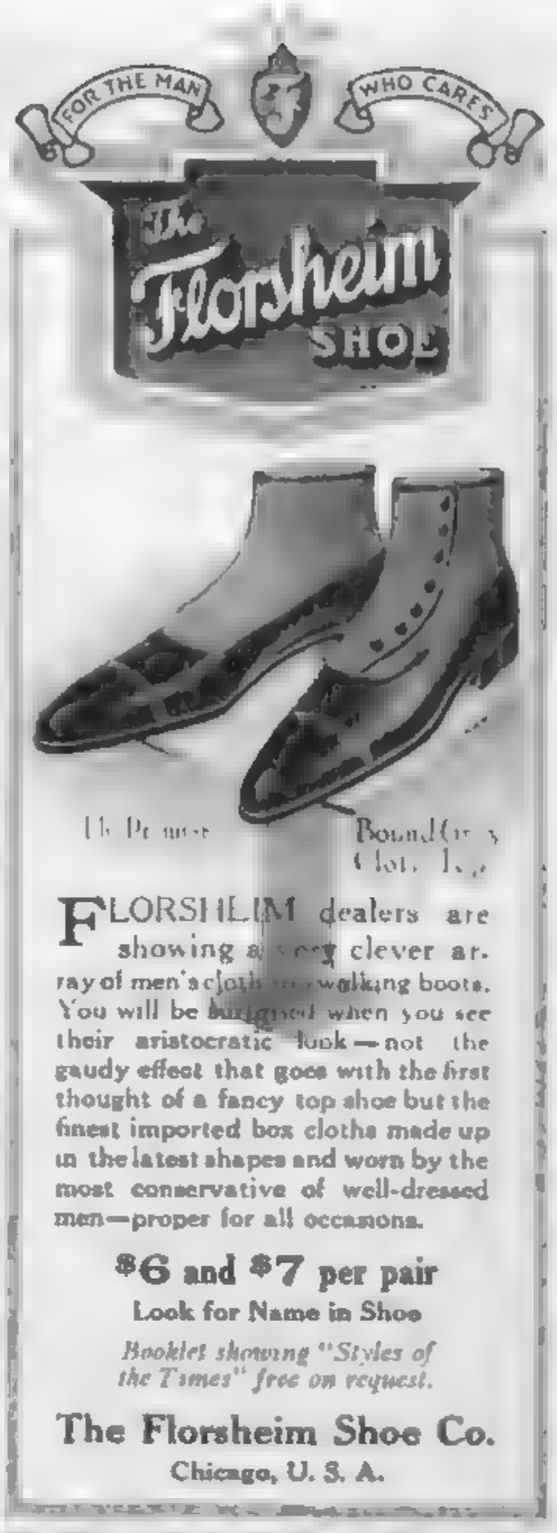
It is the same thing—hysteria brought on by the lack of marriageable men in England; by the lack of employment; by the shut-in, unhealthful lives of women in all lands, which afford them no adequate means of self-expression—a term these militants constantly use, and which becomes odious when one remembers the expression they have given to themselves here in outrages somewhat similar to those of the Kaiser's troops when they burned Louvain and destroyed the cathedral at Rheims. The German Emperor followed the example of English militant suffragists when he committed those outrages.

Yet no other women here are so voluble in their repetitions of German outrages, or any who profess a greater horror of them. Never, I believe, do they see the similarity between their own acts and those of these war vandals.

I set down here some of the stories I have heard of German outrages. By far the greater number of them are unprintable, tales which women whisper beneath their breaths, and which must go toward maddening this whole city with horror and terror if the Germans ever land in England.

Lady Slack saw a soldier in one of the hospitals here who had his eyes gouged out by a uhlan officer—the bursting of a shell near him might have done the same thing.

Another wounded Belgian was left on the field at Malines. Knowing that the hussars were coming, he dragged himself to a hole made by a shell and was covering himself with the loose earth in order to escape notice, when he saw a woman approaching carrying a baby in her arms.



FLORSHEIM dealers are showing a very clever array of men's cloth and walking boots. You will be delighted when you see their aristocratic look—not the gaudy effect that goes with the first thought of a fancy top shoe but the finest imported box cloths made up in the latest shapes and worn by the most conservative of well-dressed men—proper for all occasions.

$6 and $7 per pair

Look for Name in Shoe

Booklet showing "Styles of the Times" free on request.

The Florsheim Shoe Co.

Chicago, U. S. A.

Ives Toys

Make Happy Boys

That boy of yours will have a glorious Christmas if an Ives Miniature Railway System and a set of Ives Struktiron are among his gifts.

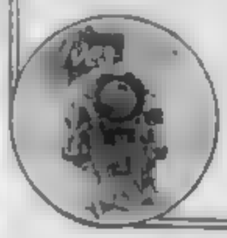
He will not tire of Ives Toys—and while he is playing with them he is also mastering the principles of mechanical engineering, electrical engineering and structural building.

A Gift That Lasts

An Ives Toy Train speeds around the track under its own power (mechanical or electrical) and can be stopped at stations or by signal. It has a fascination for youngsters which never loses its charm.

Ives Struktiron enables your boy to build bridges, signal towers, buildings and an endless number of structural iron models, which can be better used than any other structural toy for railroading, and other model building.

Toy, hardware and department stores sell the guaranteed Ives Miniature Railway Systems and Ives Struktiron.



Write for handsome free Catalog of Ives Toys. Please give your toy dealer's name.

The Ives Manufacturing Corporation

194 Holland Avenue
Bridgeport, Conn.

YOU can test the soundness of our argument for Old Hampshire Bond if you will have a letter written on one of the sheets we will gladly send you. Fold and unfold it and place it on your desk with ten other letters received in your mail, not on Old Hampshire Bond. ¶ This is a simple test, but it should prove to you what kind of an impression you would like to have your letters make on your correspondents.

Old Hampshire Bond

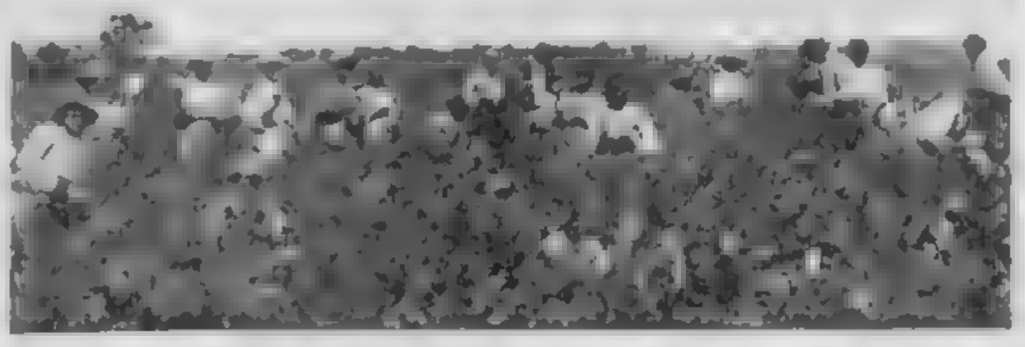
¶ If you are buying cheap paper now, Old Hampshire Bond will increase the cost of your letters, at the most, 2%. (Remember that, after all, the paper is only a very small part of the cost of a typewritten letter.) ¶ Is it not worth, say, 1/10 of a cent *per letter* to have every letter you send to your clients or customers a credit to your business?

¶ If you are a buyer of business stationery we would like to extend to you the privileges of our Service Department. Simply write us on your present letterhead and ask for our "Service Helps" and we will send you (free) one to three Bond stocks of interest to you whether you use Old Hampshire Bond or not. Or a simple request will bring you the Old Hampshire Bond Book of Specimens—a book assembled and bound up to interest business men.

HAMPSHIRE PAPER COMPANY
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASS.

THE ONLY PAPER MAKERS IN THE WORLD
MAKING BOND PAPER EXCLUSIVELY

Why Buy a Bale of Cotton?
Why Wear a Cotton Dress?
Why Finance Cotton Planters?



Read
COTTON
In *this* week's issue of
5 Cents the Copy of all Newsdealers — *The* COUNTRY GENTLEMAN — $1.50 the Year by Mail
The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Penna.

He informed her of the danger and advised her to follow his example. She went to a place near by, where another shell had torn up the ground, and hid, with the grass and soil scattered over her.

Presently the hussars appeared, riding in the next field. They were about to pass on when they heard the baby cry. They discovered the woman; but, instead of seizing her, they drove their horses over the place where she lay until she and the child were trampled to death in the earth. Still, by the grace of God, one might believe they did not see her, covered as she was, and that they did not know she was there until too late.

I was told there were two children to be seen in London, from near Brussels, with their hands cut off. In another place there were three children—one with its hand cut off, one with its nose cut off, and one who had lost its ear. When I tried to find them I was told they had been taken to Folkestone.

At Folkestone there was a demented woman who had seen German soldiers cut off the heads of her two children. There were also two young boys who had their wrists cut in order that they might never shoot at German soldiers.

Having provided myself with the addresses of these victims, I went to Folkestone to see whether any such existed. From Bexhill we went by motor, picking up a quiet young English matron, who was to conduct us to the house where the woman lived who had seen her children beheaded.

We were assured by the authorities there who handled all the Belgian refugees that no such children existed; that there was not and had never been a demented woman among them who had seen her children murdered.

The nearest I came to witnessing a German atrocity was in Bexhill. Here Mr. Reed-Lewis, an American citizen, has a hundred and twenty refugees under his care. It is one of the best-managed colonies in England. I was conducted through one of the old vine-covered houses he has taken for them. Each family has a room to itself, a common kitchen, where they prepare their own native dishes, and an assembly room for social purposes.

In an apartment at the top of the house I met a Belgian woman, her three young children, and her mother. The old woman lay with her eyes closed and her face drawn by fear, as though she had seen that which must forever make sight horrible to her. The other woman's wide-open eyes were even more terrible, pitiful semaphores of distress, as though she signaled from far within. These two women and the three children had witnessed the burning of their home with everything it contained; then they had been obliged to see the son, husband and father drawn up in line with the other village men—every one of whom the Germans shot.

Thus he had died—innocent, she assured me. He had not been a soldier; he had committed no crime. He was just shot! She had seen him crumple up and fall forward in his own dooryard. So the old mother of this son lay with her eyes closed, keeping out of her sight the image of him lying at her feet in his innocent blood. So the young wife was here in a strange country, penniless, with her three babies. Still, the man may have been sniping.

What Women Know of War

We rode for forty-eight miles that day by the sea which bounds the coast of England in Sussex. We passed the castle built by William the Conqueror on the heights above the old town of Hastings. It was here he landed with his troops. Since then the green shores of England have reached out two miles farther—where the landing is still good! Flocks of sheep feed on the salt marshes; cattle graze on the higher meadows beyond. Little villages hang like amulets between the breasts of the hills.

Children were playing in the streets of Winchelsea. Only the women stood in their doorways, with solemn faces, looking, listening. All was peace and softness. We were passing through the home life of the earth on those fair hills. War was a dream—not a reality. Then suddenly we heard the high, keen notes of a bugle, the rumble of a drum, and the next moment one of the most famous regiments in the English army was marching past us on the road. So this was why the women stood at attention in the village behind us. They had heard the Marseillaise. Their men were coming. Their men were on the road, bound for the Battle of the Rivers.

They were intoxicated with the joy of fighting men. There is no wine like the blood-red wine of battle. So they went by, their faces as keen as lifted swords, their eyes brighter than the blue sky above their heads. But all day I thought of those women in the quiet doorways of the Sussex village. They were not intoxicated. They were woefully sane. They knew. They saw beyond that double marching column, through the green meadows, what it was not lawful for those soldiers to see and think—trenches filled with dead; wounded men lifting agonized faces from the dust trampled by a thousand feet; their beloved ones suffering far from home among strangers—buried in nameless graves. And across those graves they saw themselves—widowed; their children begging for bread.

In war it is not the loss of life that counts so much after all; but it is the loss of love—to maidens who never can marry or bear children; to mothers who are bereaved of the support of their sons; to wives who must stand alone the siege of the years to come.

Shaking the British Serenity

So it is not a German invasion these Englishwomen fear—they know that cannot happen, though how they know it passes my comprehension, for I am not an Englishwoman; I am an American who has seen this city without walls or forts; the undefended coasts of this island with nothing between it and destruction but the British fleet in the North Sea—but they fear the truth of all battles written in blood and death. They know their men must die! No victory can compensate for that.

Since I returned from my trip Antwerp has fallen, but the flames of her destruction are still reddening the skies. Half a million Belgians have fled into Holland, and they are still drifting into England by tens of thousands.

This morning I witnessed the storming of the Women's Emergency Corps headquarters by more than a hundred of these miserable people. No one seemed to know how they found their way to the place. They appeared suddenly. They filled the halls and overflowed the offices before anything could be done to stop them.

Such weariness! Little children, their eyes heavy with sleep, dragging their feet, woeful mothers upholding them; young girls with faces shrunken and aged like old women; and the same old men, with gaping mouths and tears running down into their white beards.

They came without a sound save the shuffling of their feet on the floor, and they stood in silence. But what a silence! It was as though we were in the presence of some strange dead who still walked homeless and despairing even of the rest the grave affords. On every face was written the story of all miseries; of hunger, cold and awful terror.

The patient Englishwomen were almost as silent. They merely whispered, like people speaking in a death chamber, as they gently shepherded them like lost sheep into the fold. They were fed and provided for; but from first to last I did not hear one of those ghastly children wail, or a single mother speak—only the old men whimpering, and one young girl who continued to sob dry eyed.

London is now so dark at night that the omnibuses in Piccadilly Circus look like strange monsters moving in the blackness; and men move like deeper shadows in the gloom. Even the cabmen lose their way, for this loss of light makes the most familiar landmarks seem strangely unfamiliar. The searchlights move slowly to and fro in the black vault above; and the stars still shine—but so far away! If only they were nearer! One feels the need of the companionship of those calm and distant souls of the sky.

Who was it that said something about "the pitiless stars"? I never understood the meaning of the phrase until since I have been here in this tremendous city crouching from her enemy in the dark; until I must think of them shining like this on the faces of wounded men left on the field of battle, maybe to die alone, with no witness of their anguish save these pitiless stars.

God will undoubtedly do something about all this; but, whatever He does, it will not be in wrath. The more I see of the

(Concluded on Page 60

Winter Tires

With All-Weather Treads—Tough, Double-Thick and Resistless

Goodyears Only

This All-Weather tread—the ideal anti-skid—is an exclusive Goodyear feature.

It was developed by Goodyear experts, in a Research Department on which we spend $100,000 yearly.

Now—as winter approaches—it is one of the most compelling reasons for insisting on Goodyear tires.

The tread is double-thick, so punctures are rare. By a secret process it is made extra tough, so the sharp-edged projections last for thousands of miles.

The grips are deep and enduring. Countless edges and angles, sharp and resistless, grasp roads with a bull-dog grip.

Yet the tread is flat and regular. It runs as smoothly as a plain tread. It is for all wheels at all seasons—this All-Weather tread.

And the blocks, spreading out, distribute the strains the same as with smooth-tread tires. Shocks are not centered at small points in the fabric.

You can see at a glance that we here have corrected all the wastes and shortcomings of the anti-skid tire. Yet our price is low—due to mammoth production. There are anti-skids which cost you one-third more.

Other Things Which Our Experts Did

This same body of experts has produced for you a tire that can't be rim-cut. They give to that tire—our No-Rim-Cut tire—our costly "On-Air" cure. That saves millions of dollars in blow-outs.

In that same tire, by a patent method, they reduce loose tread danger by 60 per cent.

GOODYEAR
AKRON, OHIO

No-Rim-Cut Tires
With All-Weather Treads or Smooth

You get all these features, exclusive to Goodyears, when you buy No-Rim-Cut tires.

Adopt Them Now

You men who seek quality tires—sturdy, safe, enduring tires—are coming to Goodyears sometime. No other tire offers these inducements. No other tire commands such sale. It has won prestige, respect.

Your troubles are the troubles which we best have met. Your wants we have best supplied. Hundreds of thousands have proved this already and you are bound to find it out.

Our plea is to prove them now. In the coming months you need this All-Weather tread. Get it, and these other features with it. Let these tires show their supremacy on wet or on hard, rough, icy roads. See how they meet hard conditions.

Tell your dealer that you want to learn why Goodyear tires rule Tiredom. Any dealer will supply you.

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

Emery No. 1723—Printed Percale, pleated front, with crosswise stripe. Laundered cuffs. Various stripe effects and colors—to meet individual taste. Price, $1.50.

Emery is the Guaranteed Shirt: Fit, color and wear guaranteed by the *Emery* dealer; and by the makers with 35 years' reputation.

If your dealer can't show you Style 1723, as illustrated, write for name of dealer who can.

Catalog of other Emery leading styles and "Ethics of a Gentleman's Dress" (free)

W. M. Steppacher & Bro., Inc., Philadelphia
Offices also: New York, Chicago, St. Louis

For Critical Smokers

If you are as hard to please as I am,

in this matter of cigars, I believe my private "J. R. W." Havana brand will delight you.

For many years I have had these cigars made to order, with my own monogram band. The leaf comes from a mountainous district in Cuba. It is especially selected for me by a man who resides there—a connoisseur in tobaccos.

And though I have smoked for 40 years I have yet to find another Havana cigar of so mild and exquisite a flavor and aroma.

I Want Your Opinion

I believe there are legions of smokers who are seeking [illegible] in a cigar—something exceptional, a rare, sweet smoke—not too heavy and strong.

With such men I am glad to share my discovery. For I know how much it means to get the very [illegible] one craves. It may be that this dainty Havana is just what you have been seeking. Try it. I will send [illegible] Parcel Post $5 per hundred, $2.60 for 50—charges paid.

Write me early before I must limit the number I can supply.

Try Five Cigars

If you will send me ten cents—towards shipping expenses—I will mail you trial cigars. Smoke five with me—convince yourself. The price is $5 per hundred, $2.60 for 50—all charges prepaid. Use your letterhead, please—stating your position—or your business card and write now for these cigars.

J. ROGERS WARNER
921 Lockwood Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

(Concluded from Page 58)

rage of men against one another, the more I cannot associate Him with vengeance. He will come like kindness; like the sun in the morning after a very dark night; like the little leaves in the spring after bitter cold—folded green hands in prayer. He will forgive, and forgive, and forgive; so that there shall be nothing left in the world to do but for men to forgive one another.

Nothing, I believed—not even the landing of the German troops on these shores—could change the awful, upstanding serenity of these British men and women; but the last ten days have marked definite changes in their temper. It is cooling to the hardened-steel stage. They are preparing after the manner of their kind for the issue.

They have accepted the meaning of the fall of Antwerp, and they must know that Ostend will follow, though nothing will induce them to admit that; but to-day they calmly explain to the people at Gravesend that guns will be fired to warn them when the German Zeppelins appear in that region. They are advised not to stick their heads out of the windows, or to promenade in the streets to gratify their curiosity about where the bombs will fall. And the warning is not meant to be facetious.

The condition of the women here is becoming more miserable day by day with the loss of employment. When the men are thrown out of work they can enlist, and most of them do; but the women and children can only starve or become mendicants. Thirty thousand five hundred and twenty of them who are enrolled in the labor exchanges are now without work—to say nothing of the many others who are not enrolled.

And the Queen is bitterly assailed for paying these destitute women threepence an hour—sweat-shop prices—when they are given employment through the Queen's Committee. It means mendicancy in the end, for they are not permitted to earn more than ten shillings a week—that is, a little less than two dollars and a half. The government, since the first of October, is paying the wives of soldiers twelve shillings a week and sixpence for each child; but if a woman's husband is killed, as a widow she can receive only nine shillings a week.

The mortality among very young children and infants has increased fearfully since the war began. Nine hundred and forty died during the last three weeks of September as compared with six hundred who died during the same period last year. And twenty-one women have died in childbirth as against fourteen last year in the same three weeks. The lack of proper nourishment and of doctor's care accounts for this increase. Doctors are so scarce in London now that even the rich cannot afford to have appendicitis. There is no sufficiently celebrated surgeon to operate on them.

War Stories Never Written

What men suffer through war is written in histories. It is remembered. They earn something which is handed down to the generations that come after them, which praise them; but what women suffer is never written. If it is mentioned at all it is simply set down in the debit columns of economic works, showing the lack of food and the percentage of destitution during that period. It is never illustrated with the weary faces of mothers and the pale faces of hungry children. Nobody knows them, and no one ever will.

When one writes of the women's side of the war one cannot tell of battles won, or of the glories that crown the heads of victorious men. It must be a story of sorrows; of despair; of poverty; of privations patiently endured; of defeat in the tender hearts of all women; of the sufferings of little children, who accept them without question, who have no defense, no indemnity against the destruction of their youth and of their fortunes.

Women have a different rating in different nations. In America they have always been quoted above par value. In England they seem to be hard stock—at least, private stock. In France they are preferred stock. In Germany they are worth only what they can do for men. But in and for themselves they are not quoted at all in the values of humanity.

Many think this war will change all that. I doubt it. Man was never more supreme in the world than at the present moment, and never less in the mood to consider women at all, except as part of his home and his affections, which he protects from the enemy. Being a man he must do that. It is his nature, after all, to defend what is his. And she is now his as never before since the Middle Ages. The same conditions exist now as then; the same dangers to her and to his honor. That is the whole situation in a nutshell.

One thing impresses me, that the modern woman in this great crisis does not come up to the standard of producing poetry. The mightiest events of centuries are booming in her ears; but she cannot set them to words or to music. There is something too poignant about the minds of women when they think upward into rhythm. Their spirits are too keen. They lack the sublime Fear not! of the soul that makes great poetry. Homer was a man.

There is a Mrs. Hemans in every woman when she begins to write verse, a kind of high-treble hymnal note. And, though God may forgive it and even answer her prayer, there are times when she should not join the choir; and this is one of them. This war is a Wagnerian performance that would tax the martial angels to sing.

God is very much in demand in this part of the world now, for the same reason that we discovered Him at all—the great need of men for some salvation and protection beyond the power of men to destroy; and for the other reason, which runs like a red smear of shame through all history—the degrading of Providence to sanction the crimes that men commit against one another.

When Nations Learn to Pray

The most awful atrocities the world has ever seen have been done in His name. Nations have perished from the face of the earth, women have been thrown to wild beasts, and martyrs burned at the stake—all in His name. No wonder the stars seem so far withdrawn from such scenes as we are now witnessing!

The German Emperor has destroyed the Belgian nation, and he has seen the men of his own empire fall like grass before the reaper. The effect of all this is that he represents himself as the right hand of Almighty God, the flaming sword of honor and virtue.

Meantime the other nations are also looking to this same Providence for strength to fight and die like Christian souls. Many of the Belgian soldiers have died—not only of wounds, but of exhaustion in the trenches, with little emblems and crosses on their breasts. And their faith will be justified. God, Who is the only God of Peace, will restore to them their homes and country through His Spirit, which works forever toward justice in the hearts of men.

The British take their religion as they do everything else, with moderation, but with a steady conviction that never rises or falls. It is the bones of their civilization; but they are not inclined to show their bones. I doubt whether there is much emotion of prayer among the English soldiers. Their faith in Providence was settled before they were born. They no longer agitate that matter. Their business is to fight like men, and die, if they must die, like Englishmen. The rest they leave to Him with a faith that is sublime, knowing their women are attending faithfully to the details of prayer at home and to the "Now-I-lay-me-down-to-sleep" training of their children.

The change in the spirit of France is noticeable. For more than half a century the French people as a nation have professed a kind of intellectual independence of the Almighty. That is the queer thing about religious faith: when things are moving smoothly; when riches are ripening everywhere; when commerce and reason rule the world—the rationalists repudiate any Providence save the providence of their own hands and brains.

When something horrible and irrational happens in the world, however, which cannot be settled by an ideal, however lofty, or by an argument, however convincing, men turn to their Everlasting Father, just as other children turn to theirs when they are lost and know that they are surrounded by unimaginable dangers. So now the whole French nation is calling loudly on Him. It is not craven; it is sublime. They are fighting like gods and they are believing like little children. No finer image of the soul of a man can be drawn in this crisis.

Another change war brings is the democracy of kings and emperors. It is short-lived, of course. They could not accomplish it in time of peace without destroying the illusion in the minds of their people that keeps them on their thrones; but they know when to descend and cast the glory of their presence on common men, whom they need to die for their defense.

So the Emperor of Germany embraces his soldiers occasionally. So the Czar of Russia goes out and tastes the food of his men to make sure it is good enough to sustain them. So the English King and Queen visit hospitals and sit beside the beds of wounded privates.

It is true that King George is the only one of them who has not gone to the front; but the impression one has of him is that he is of the thoroughly domesticated English squire type. Besides, he is very precious to his people, like Westminster Abbey and the Tower of London. They do not wish him to risk his life.

This reminds me of the only altercation I have had so far in this place, where every man and every woman seem lifted to the best they are, but where there are still signs of curious British insufferableness. Recently President Wilson's message to the German Emperor, in reply to his complaint about the use of dumdum bullets by the allied armies, was published in some of the London papers under the title, Doctor Wilson's Letter.

One evening I was talking to the editor of one of those papers, and he referred to "Doctor Wilson's message." I immediately changed the subject by saying I had seen in his paper that Mr. and Mrs. Wettin had been to see their friends, the soldiers in the London Hospital. He said he did not know who they were. He was scandalized when he understood that I referred to the King and Queen.

"I mean Mr. and Mrs. Wettin—the same way you mean the President of the United States when you publish a letter from Doctor Wilson."

"But that is different," he protested.

"Yes, it is. President Wilson did not inherit his office. He was chosen by one of the greatest nations of this earth to fill it, because there is only one man greater than he is in our country," I replied.

"Who is that?" he asked.

"Woodrow Wilson. You had only a choice between those two names for the title of your article. You call one of the most scandalous old men of history Henry VIII—not Squire Tudor."

Beneath these red skies of war an American becomes a trifle insufferable when she speaks of the wisdom and strength and good will of our President in his relations to all nations. We are preserved, through him and those who support his policy, from the horrors that stalk here from all the ends of the earth. The children yet unborn will rise to bless the name of the man whose courage in peace is mightier than the sword which has laid waste here and fertilized the land with the flesh and blood of countless good men.

What People Can Forget

When I entered the hotel this afternoon I saw an English colonel on a lounge in the drawing room with his legs bandaged. This was the first wounded man I had seen in England. He was weak and ghastly pale, but very cheerful. He had recovered from the scenes through which he must have passed to receive that wound. He will forget them, and a thousand more like them, if he lives to see the end of the struggle.

He was now taking the hero's toll of his women's smiles with proper modesty. This is the marvelous capacity human beings have for sanity. Give him an hour and the normal man can dismiss the most frightful scene of carnage on the battlefield—as women forget in a night the pangs of childbirth.

Still the sight of him and of the black streets outside, where London lay with her sleepless searchlight eyes scanning the skies for German airships, brought home to me the immediateness of this war—the imminence of death, so near to so many.

I was made specially conscious of it by the fact that I am about to leave for France, where twenty bombs fell yesterday in Paris. Among such surroundings one may grow the white feathers of fear very quickly in the wings of one's spirit.

However, I am ready for the journey. I have the lilies of France in my heart, a flag of truce tied like a lady's glove on the helmet of my soul; and I may wear a little American flag inside my clothing, to make sure no harm befalls me while I am passing up and down through those towns and villages the Germans have destroyed in France, where I shall hear the Frenchwomen's stories of their sufferings.

This and the following three pages are an advertisement of The Ladies' Home Journal

THE GIRL AT CENTRAL

Her Own Story of the Great Hesketh Mystery

By GERALDINE BONNER

AUTHOR OF "THE CASTLECOURT DIAMOND CASE," ETC.

I

POOR Sylvia Hesketh! Even now after this long time I can't think of it without a shudder, without a come-back of the horror of those days after she was found dead. You remember it—the Hesketh Mystery? And mystery it surely was, baffling as it did the police and the populace of the whole State. For who could guess why a girl like that—rich, beautiful, without a care or an enemy—should be done to death as she was? Think of it: at five o'clock sitting with her mother taking tea in the library at Mapleshade, and that same night found killed by the side of a lonesome country road a hundred and eighteen miles away!

It's the story of this that I'm going to tell here, and, as you'll get a good deal of me before I'm through, I'd better, right now at the start, introduce myself.

I'm Molly Morganthau, day operator in the telephone exchange at Longwood, New Jersey. I am twenty-three years old, dark, slim, and as for my looks—well put them down as "medium" and let it go at that.

My name's Morganthau because my father was a Pole—a piece-worker on pants; but my two front names, Mary McKenna, are after my mother, who was from County Galway, Ireland. I was raised in an East Side, New York, tenement; but I went steady to the grammar school and through the High, and I'm not throwing bouquets at myself when I say I made a good record. That's how I come to be nervy enough to write this story—but you'll see for yourself. Only just keep in mind that I'm more at home in front of a switchboard than at a desk.

I've supported myself since I was sixteen, my father dying then and my mother two years later. First I was in a department store and then in the telephone company. I haven't a relation in the country, and if I had I wouldn't have asked a nickel off them. I'm that kind—independent and—but that's enough about me.

LONGWOOD'S in New Jersey, a real picturesque village of a thousand inhabitants. Here and there around it are country places, mostly fine ones owned by rich people. There are some farms, too, and along the railway and the turnpike are other villages.

My exchange is the central office for a good radius of country, taking in Azalia, twenty-five miles above us on the main line, and running its wires out in a big circle to the scattered houses and the crossroad settlements. "Central" is on Main Street opposite the station, and from my chair at the switchboard I can see the platforms and the trains as they come down from Cherry Junction or up from New York. It's sixty miles from Longwood to the Junction, where you get the branch line that goes off to the north, stopping at other stations, mostly for the farm people, and where, when you get to Hazelmere, you can connect with an express for Philadelphia.

When I was first transferred from New York—it's over two years now—I thought I'd die of the lonesomeness of it. At night, looking out of my window (I lived over Galway's Elite Millinery Parlors on Lincoln Street) across those miles and miles of country with a few lights dotted here and there, I felt like I was cast on a desert island. Later I got used to it, and that first spring, when the woods began to get a faint greenish look and I'd wake up and hear birds twittering in the elms along the street—hold on, I'm getting sidetracked. It's going to be hard at first to keep myself out, but be patient, I'll do it better as I go along.

The county turnpike goes through Longwood and then sweeps off over the open country between estates and farms, with now and then a village—Huntley, Latourette, Corona—strung out along it like beads on a string, and a hundred and fifty miles off reaches Bloomington, a big town with hotels and factories and a jail. About twenty miles before it gets to Bloomington the turnpike crosses the Branch Line near Cresset's Farm. There's a little sort of station there, just an open shed called "Cresset's Crossing," built for the Cresset Farm people, who own a good deal of land in that vicinity. Not far from Cresset's Crossing, about half a mile apart, the Riven Rock Road from the Junction and the Firehill Road from Jack Reddy's estate run into the turnpike.

"The Call Was in a Man's Voice—a Voice I Didn't Know"

THIS is the place, I guess, where I'd better tell about Jack Reddy, who was such an important figure in the Hesketh Mystery, and who—I get red now when I write it—was such an important figure to me. A good ways back—about the time of the Revolution—the Reddy family owned most of the county around here. Bit by bit they sold it off till in old Mr Reddy's time—Jack's father—all they had left was the Firehill property and Hochalaga Lake, a big body of water back in the hills beyond Huntley. Firehill was an old-fashioned stone house built by Mr. Reddy's grandfather. It got its name from a grove of maples on the top of a mound that in the autumn used to turn red and orange and look like the hillock was in a blaze. The name, they say, came from the Indian days, and so did Hochalaga, though what that stands for I don't know. The Reddys had had lots of offers for the lake, but never would sell it. They had a sort of little shack there, and before Jack's time, when there were no automobiles, used to make horseback excursions to Hochalaga and stay for a few days. After the old people died and Jack came into the property everybody thought he'd sell the lake; several parties were after it for a summer resort, but he refused them all, had the shack built over into an up-to-date bungalow, and through the summer would have guests down from town, spending week-ends out there.

Now I'm telling everything truthful, for that's what I set out to do, and if you think I'm a fool you're welcome to and no back talk from me—but I was crazy about Jack Reddy. Not that he ever gave me cause: he's not that kind and neither am I. And let me say right here that there's not a soul ever knew it, he least of all. I guess no one would have been more surprised than the owner of Firehill if he'd known that the Longwood telephone girl 'most had heart failure every time he passed the window of the exchange.

I will say, to excuse myself, that there's few girls who wouldn't have put their hats straight and walked their prettiest when they saw him coming. Gee, he was a good looker!—like those advertisements for collars and shirts you see in the back of the magazines—you know the ones? But it wasn't that that got me. It was his ways, always polite, never fresh. If he'd meet me in the street he'd raise his hat as if I was the Queen of Sheba. He was always jolly, but—a girl in a telephone exchange gets to know a lot—he was always a gentleman.

He lived at Firehill—forty miles from Longwood—with two old servants, David Gilsey and his wife, who'd been with his mother and just doted on him. But everybody liked him. There wasn't but one criticism I ever heard passed on him, and that was that he had a violent temper. There was talk in Longwood that he hadn't much money and was going to study law for a living. But he must have had some, for he kept up the house and had two motors—one just a common roadster and the other a long gray racing car that he'd let out on the turnpike until he was twice arrested.

My, how well I got to know that car! When I first came I only saw it at long intervals. Then—just as if luck was on my side, I began to see it oftener and oftener, slowing down as it came along Main Street, swinging around the corner, jouncing across the tracks and dropping out of sight behind the houses at the head of Maple Lane.

"What's bringing Jack Reddy in this long way so often?" people would say at first. Then after a while, when they'd see the gray car, they'd look sly at each other and wink.

There's one good thing about having a crush on a fellow that's never thought any more about you than if you were the peg he hangs his hat on: it doesn't hurt so bad when he falls in love with his own kind of a girl.

And that brings me—as if I was in the gray car speeding down Maple Lane—to Mapleshade and the Fowlers and Sylvia Hesketh.

II

ABOUT a mile from Longwood, standing among ancient, beautiful trees, is Mapleshade, Dr. Dan Fowler's place. It was once a farmhouse over a century old, but two and a half years ago when Doctor Fowler bought it he fixed it all up, raised the roof, built on a servants' wing and a piazza with columns and turned the farm buildings into a garage. Artists and such people say it's the prettiest place in this part of the State, and it certainly is a picture, especially in summer with the lawns mown close as velvet and the flower-beds like bits of carpet laid out to air.

The Doctor bought a big bit of land with it—I don't know how many hundred acres—so the house, though it's not far from the village, is kind of secluded and shut away. You get to it by Maple Lane, a little winding road that runs between trees caught together with wild grape and Virginia creeper. In summer they're like green walls all draped over with the vines, and in winter they turn into a rustling gray hedge, woven so close it's hard to see through. About ten minutes' walk from the gate of Mapleshade there's a pine that was struck by lightning and stands up black and bare.

When the house was done the Doctor, who was a bachelor, married Mrs. Hesketh, a widow accounted rich, and he and she came there as bride and bridegroom with her daughter, Sylvia Hesketh. I hadn't come yet, but from what I've heard there was gossip about the family from the start. What I can say from my own experience is that I'd hardly got my grip unpacked when I began to hear of the folks at Mapleshade.

They lived in great style, with a housekeeper, a butler and a French maid for the ladies. In the garage were three automobiles—Mrs. Fowler's limousine, the Doctor's car, and a dandy little roadster that belonged to Miss Sylvia. Neither she nor the Doctor bothered much with the chauffeur. They left him to take Mrs. Fowler around and drove themselves, the joke going that if Miss Sylvia ever lost her money she could qualify for a chauffeur's job.

After a while the story came out that it wasn't Mrs. Fowler who was so rich, but Miss Hesketh. The late Mr. Hesketh had only left his wife a small fortune, willing the rest—millions, it was said—to his daughter. She was a minor, nineteen, and the trustees of the estate allowed her a lot for her maintenance—thirty thousand a year, they had it in Longwood.

In spite of the grand way they lived there wasn't much company at Mapleshade. Anne Hennessey, the housekeeper, told me Mrs. Fowler was so in love with her husband she didn't want the bother of entertaining people. And the Doctor liked a quiet life. He'd been a celebrated surgeon in New York, but had retired except for consultations and special cases now and again. He was very good to the people round about and would turn in and help when our little Doctor Pease, or Doctor Graham at the Junction, was up against something serious. I'll never forget when Mick Donahue, the station agent's boy, got run over by Freight No. 22—but I'm sidetracked again. Anyhow the Doctor amputated the leg, and little Mick's stumping around today on a wooden one almost as good as ever.

But even so the Fowlers weren't liked much. They held their heads very high, Mrs. Fowler driving through the village like it was Fifth Avenue, sending the chauffeur into the shops and not at all affable to the tradespeople. The Doctor'd not trouble to give you so much as a nod—just stride along looking straight ahead. When the story got about that he'd lost most of the money he'd made doctoring I didn't bear any resentment, seeing it was worry that made him that way.

BUT Miss Sylvia was made on a different measure. My, but she was a peach! Even after I knew what brought Jack Reddy in from Firehill so often I couldn't be set against her. Jealous I might be of a girl like myself, but not of her. She was a beauty from the ground up, a blonde with hair like corn silk, that she wore in a loose, fluffy knot, with little curly ends hanging on her neck. Her face was pure pink and white, the only dark thing in it her big brown eyes that were as clear and soft as a baby's. And she was a great dresser, too, lots of different clothes and looking prettier in each.

There was none of the haughty ways of her parents about Miss Sylvia. When she'd come into the exchange to send a call (a thing that puzzled me first, but I soon learned) she'd always stop and have a pleasant word with me. On bright afternoons I'd see her pass, riding on horseback, with a man's hat on her golden hair. She would always have a smile for every one, touching her hat brim with the end of her whip. Even when she was in her motor, speeding down Main Street, she'd give you a hail as jolly as if she was your college chum.

Sometimes she'd be alone, but generally there was a man along—there were a lot of them hanging around her, which was natural seeing she had everything to draw them, like a candle drawing moths. They'd come and go from town and now and then stay over Sunday at the Longwood Inn—it's a swell little place done up in the Colonial style—and you'd see them riding and walking with her, very devoted. At first everybody thought her parents were agreeable to all the attention she was getting. It wasn't till the Mapleshade servants began to talk too much that we heard the Fowlers, especially the Doctor, didn't like it.

I hadn't known her long before I began to notice something that interested me—she was different with men from what she was with women: affable to both, but it was another kind of affability. I've seen considerable many girls trying to attract men, and doing it, too, but they were in the booby class beside Miss Sylvia. She was what the novelists call a "coquette," but she was that dainty and sly about it that I don't believe any of the victims knew it. It wasn't what she said either; more the way she looked, and the soft, sweet manner she had with them, as if she thought more of the chap she was talking to than anybody else in the world. She'd be that way to one in my ex[illegible] and the next day I'd see her just the same with another in the drug store.

It made me uneasy—about Jack Reddy. Even if the man you love doesn't love you you don't want to see him fooled. But I said nothing—I'm the close sort; and it wasn't till I came to be friends with Anne Hennessey that I heard the inside facts about the family at Mapleshade.

ANNE HENNESSEY was a Canadian and a fine girl. She was a lady and had a lady's job—seventy-five a month and her own bathroom—and, being the real thing, she didn't put on any airs; but when she liked me made right up to me, and we soon were pals. After work hours I'd sometimes go up to her at Mapleshade or she'd come down to me over the Elite

I remember it was in my room one spring evening—me lying on the bed and Anne sitting by the open window—that she began to talk about the Fowlers. She was not one to carry tales, but I could see she had something on her mind and for the first time she loosened up. I was picking over a box of chocolates and I didn't give her a hint how keen I was to hear, acting like the candies had the best part of my attention. She began by saying the Doctor and Miss Sylvia didn't get on well.

"That's just like a novel," I answered. "The heroine's stepfather's always her natural enemy."

"But he's not that in this case," said Anne—she speaks English fine, like the teachers in the High; "I'm sure he means well by her; but they can't get on at all; they're always quarreling."

"There's many a gilded home hides a tragedy. What do they fight about?"

"Things she does that he disapproves of. She's very spoiled and self-willed. No one's ever controlled her and she resents it from him."

"What's he disapprove of?"

Anne didn't answer right off, looking thoughtful out of the window. Then she said slow as if she was considering her words: "I'm going to tell you, Molly, because I know you're no gossip and can be trusted, and the truth is, I'm worried. I don't like the situation up at Mapleshade."

I swung my feet on to the floor and sat up on the edge of the bed, nibbling at a chocolate almond. "Here's where I get dumb," I said, sort of casual to encourage her.

"Sylvia Hesketh's a girl that needs a strong hand over her and no one has it. Her father's dead; her mother—poor Mrs. Fowler's only a grown-up baby ready to say black is white if her husband wants her to. And Doctor Fowler's trying to do it and he's going about it all wrong. You see," she said, turning to me very serious, "it's not only that she's headstrong and extravagant, but she's also an incorrigible flirt."

"Is there a place in the back of the book where you can find out what 'incorrigible' means?" I said.

Anne smiled, but not as if she felt like it. "Uncontrollable, irrepressible. Her mother—Mrs. Fowler's ready to tell me anything and everything—says she's always been like that. And of course with her looks and her fortune the men are around her like flies around honey."

"Why does the Doctor mind that?"

"I suppose he wouldn't mind if they just came to Mapleshade or Longwood. But that's what the quarreling's about—he's found out that she meets them in town, goes to luncheon and the matinée with them."

"Excuse me, but I've left my etiquette book on the piano. What's wrong about going to the matinée or to luncheon?"

"Nothing's really wrong. Mind you, Molly, I know Sylvia through and through and there's no harm in her; it's just the bringing up and the spoiling and the admiration. But, of course, in her position a girl doesn't go about that way without a chaperon. The Doctor's perfectly right to object.

I was looking down pretending to hunt over the box. "Who does she go with?" I said.

"Oh, there are several. A man named Carlshrook"—I'd seen him often, a swell fellow in white spats and a high hat—"and a young lawyer called Dunham, and Ben Robinson, a Canadian like me. People see her with them and tell the Doctor and there's a row."

I looked into the box as careful as if I was searching for a diamond. "Ain't Mr. Reddy one of the happy family?" I asked. "Ah, here's the last almond!"

"Oh, of course, young Reddy. I think it would be a good thing if she married him. Everybody says he's a fine fellow, and I tell you now, Molly, with Sylvia so willful and the Doctor so domineering and Mrs. Fowler being pulled to pieces, between them things at Mapleshade can't go on long the way they are."

THAT was in May. At the end of June the Fowlers went to Bar Harbor with all their outfit for the summer. After that Jack Reddy didn't come into Longwood much. I heard that he was spending a good deal of his time at the bungalow at Hochalaga Lake, and I did see him a few times meeting his company at the train—he had some week-end parties out there—and bringing them back in the gray car.

At the end of September the Fowlers came home. It was great weather, clear and crisp, with the feel of frost in the air. 'Most everybody was outdoors and I saw Sylvia often, sometimes on horseback, sometimes driving her motor. Anne said they'd had a fairly peaceful summer and she hoped they were going to get on better. There had only been one row; that was about a man that was up at Bar Harbor and had met Sylvia and paid her a good deal of attention. The Doctor had been very angry, as he disapproved of the man; Cokesbury was his name.

"Cokesbury!" I cut in, surprised; we were in Anne's room that evening. "Why he belongs around here."

Anne had heard that and wanted to know what I knew about him, which I'll write down in this place as it seems to fit in and has to be told somewhere.

WHEN I first came to Longwood Mr. and Mrs. Cokesbury were living on their estate, Cokesbury Lodge, about twenty-five miles from us, near Azalia. They had been in France for a year previous to that, then come back and taken up their residence at the lodge; and it was shortly after that Mrs. Cokesbury died there, leaving three children. For a while the widower stayed on, with nurses and governesses to look after the poor motherless kids; then the eldest boy taking sick and nearly dying, he decided to send them to his wife's parents, who had wanted them ever since Mrs. Cokesbury's death.

So the establishment at the lodge was broken up and Mr. Cokesbury went to live in town. There were rumors that the house was to be sold, but in the spring, Sands, the Pullman conductor, told me that Mr. Cokesbury had been down several times, staying over Sunday, and had said he'd given up the idea of selling the place. He told Sands he couldn't get his price for it, and what was the sense of selling at a loss, especially when he could come out there and get a breath of country air when he was scorched up with the city heat?

I'd passed the house one day in August, when I was on an auto ride with some friends. It was a big rambling place, with a lot of dismal-looking pines around it, about five miles from Azalia and with no near neighbors. Mr. Cokesbury only kept one car—he'd had several when his wife was alive—and used to drive himself down from the lodge to the station, leave his car in the Azalia garage and drive himself back the next time he came. He had no servants or caretaker, which he didn't need, as, after he broke up, all the valuable things had been taken out of the house and sent to town for storage

It gave me a jar to hear that Sylvia Hesketh—who in my mind was as good as engaged to Jack Reddy—would have anything to do with Cokesbury. I'd never seen him, but I'd heard a lot that wasn't to his credit. He hadn't been good to his wife—everybody said she was a real lady—but was the wild kind, and not young either. Anne said he was forty if he was a day. When I asked her what Sylvia could see in a man like that she just shrugged up her shoulders and said, Who could tell? Sylvia was made that way. She was like some woman whose name I can't remember who sat on a rock and sang to the sailors till they went crazy and jumped into the water.

"'Don't Say a Word of What I'm Going to Tell You. I Have No Right to Repeat What I Hear as an Employee'"

MY HEAD was full of these things one glorious afternoon toward the end of October when—it being my holiday—I started out for a walk through the woods. The woods cover the hills behind the village, and they're grand, miles and miles of them.

I was walking slow down Main Street, when, opposite the post-office, I saw all the loafers and most of the tradespeople lined up in a ring, staring at a bunch of those traveling acrobats that go about the State all summer doing stunts on a bit of carpet. I'd seen them often—chaps in soiled pink tights walking on their hands and rolling around in knots—and I wouldn't have stopped, but I got a glimpse of little Mick Donahue stumping around the outside, trying to squeeze in and trying not to cry because he couldn't. So I stopped and hoisted him up for a good view, telling the men in front to break away so the kid could see.

There was a guinea scraping on a fiddle, and, while the acrobats were performing on their carpets, a big bear, with a little, brown, shriveled-up man holding it by a chain, was dancing. And when I got my first look at that bear, in spite of all my worry I burst right out laughing, for, prancing away there solemn and slow, it was the dead image of Doctor Fowler.

You'd have laughed yourself if you'd have seen it—that is, if you'd known the Doctor. When its master jerked the chain and shouted something in a foreign lingo the bear hitched up its lip like it was trying to smile, and that sideways grin, as if it didn't feel at all pleasant, was just the way the Doctor'd smile when he came into the exchange and gave me a number.

Then the music stopped and one of the acrobats came 'round with a hat, and little Mick gave a great sigh as if he was coming out of a dream.

"If you hadn't come, Molly, I'd have missed it," he said, looking into my face in that sweet, wistful way sickly kids have, "and it's the last time they'll be around this year."

I kissed him and put him down and told the men, as I squeezed out, to keep him in the front or they'd hear from me. Then I walked off toward the woods thinking.

IT WAS a funny idea I'd got into my head. I'd once read in a paper that when people looked like animals they resembled the animals in their dispositions. Maybe it was because I'd been so worried, but the idea gave me a kind of chill. My thoughts went back to Mapleshade, and I had one of those queer flashes (like a curtain was lifted for a second and you could see things in the future) of trouble there, something dark—I don't know how to explain it, but it was as if I got a new line on the Doctor, as if I saw through the surface clear into him.

I tried to shake it off, for I wanted to enjoy my afternoon in the woods. They're just wonderful at this season, the trees full of colored leaves, and all quiet except for the rustlings of little animals around the roots. There's a road that winds along under the branches, and there are trails, soft under foot with fallen leaves and moss, that you can follow for miles.

I was coming down one of these, making no more noise than the squirrels, when, just before the trail crossed the road, I saw something and stopped. There, sitting side by side on a log, were Sylvia Hesketh and a man. Close to them, run off to the side, was a motor, and near it, tied to a tree, a horse with a lady's saddle. Sylvia was in her riding dress, looking a picture, her eyes on the ground, and slapping softly with her whip on the side of her boot. The man was leaning toward her talking, low and earnest, and staring hard into her face.

To my knowledge I'd never seen him before, and it gave me a start—me saying, surprised, to myself: "Hullo, here's another one!" He was a big powerful chap with a square, healthy-looking face and wide shoulders on him like a prize fighter. He was dressed in a loose coat and knickerbockers, and, as he talked, he had his hands spread out, one on each knee, great brown hands with hair on them. I was close enough to see that; but he was speaking so low and I was so scared that they'd see me and think I was spying that I didn't hear what he was saying. The only one that saw me was the horse. It looked up sudden with its ears pricked, staring, surprised, with its soft, gentle eyes.

I stole away, not making a speck of noise. All the joy I'd been taking in the walk under the colored leaves was gone. I couldn't bear to think that Jack Reddy was giving his heart to a girl who'd meet another man out in the woods and listen to him so coy and yet so interested.

As far as I can remember at the present time that was about a month from the fatal day. All the rest of October and through the first part of November things went along quiet and peaceful like. And then suddenly everything came together, like a blow.

III

FOR two days it had been raining—heavy, straight rain. From my window at Galway's I could see the fields around the village full of pools and zigzags of water, as if they'd been covered with a shiny gray veil that was suddenly pulled off and had caught in the stubble and torn to rags. Saturday morning the weather broke, but the sky was still overcast and the air had that sort of warm, muggy breathlessness that comes after rain.

That was November the twentieth. It was eleven o'clock, and I was sitting at the switchboard looking out at the streets, all puddles and ruts, when I got a call from the Dalzells'—a place near the Junction—for Mapleshade.

Now you needn't get preachy and tell me it's against the rules to listen—suspension and maybe discharge; I know that better than most. Didn't the roof over my head and the food in my mouth depend on me doing my work according to orders? But the fact is that at this time I was keyed up so high I'd got past being cautious. When a call came for Mapleshade I *listened*, listened hard with all my ears.

What did I expect to hear? I don't know exactly. It might have been Jack Reddy and it might have been Sylvia. Oh, never mind what it was! Just say I was curious and let it go at that.

So I lifted up the "cam" and took in the conversation.

There was a woman's voice—Mrs. Dalzell's; I knew it well—and Doctor Fowler's. Hers was trembly and excited.

"Oh, Doctor Fowler, is that you? It's Mrs. Dalzell; yes, near the Junction. My husband's very sick. We've had Doctor Graham and he says it's appendicitis and there ought to be an operation—now, as soon as possible. *Do* you hear me?"

Then Doctor Fowler, very calm and polite: "Perfectly, madam."

"Oh, I'm so glad; I've been so *terribly* worried. It's so unexpected. Mr. Dalzell's never had so much as a cramp before, and now ——"

"Just wait a minute, Mrs. Dalzell," came the Doctor's voice. "Let me understand. Graham recommends an operation, you say?"

"Yes, Doctor Fowler, as soon as possible; something awful may happen if it's not done; and Doctor Graham suggested you, if you'd be so kind. I know it's a favor, but I must have the best for my husband. Won't you come? Please, to oblige me!"

Doctor Fowler asked some questions which I needn't put down, and said he'd come, and, if necessary, operate. Then they talked about the best way for him to get there, the Doctor wanting to know if the main line to the Junction wouldn't be the quickest. But Mrs. Dalzell said she'd been consulting the timetables and there'd be no train from Longwood to the Junction before two, and if he wouldn't mind and would come in his auto by the Firehill Road he'd get there several hours sooner. He agreed to that and it wasn't fifteen minutes after he'd hung up that I saw him swing past my window in his car, driving himself.

LATER in the afternoon I got another call from the Dalzells' for Mapleshade, and heard the Doctor tell Mrs. Fowler that the operation had been a serious one and that he would stay there for the night and probably all the next day.

Before that second call, about two hours after the first one, there came another message for Mapleshade, that before a week was out was in most every paper in the country, and that lifted me right into the middle of the Hesketh Mystery.

It was near one o'clock, an hour when work's slack around Longwood, everybody either being at dinner or getting ready for it. The call was from a public pay station and was in a man's voice—a voice I didn't know—but that, because of my curiosity, I listened to as sharp as if it was my lover's asking me to marry him.

The man wanted to speak to Miss Sylvia, and after a short wait I heard her answer, very gay and cordial and evidently knowing him at once without any questions. If she'd said one word to show who he was things afterward would have been very different, but there wasn't a single phrase that you could identify him by; all any one could have caught was that they seemed to know each other very well.

He began by telling her that it was a long time since he'd seen her, and wanting to know if she'd come to town on Monday and take lunch with him and afterward go to a concert.

"Monday?" she said very low and soft, "the day after tomorrow? No, I can't make any engagement for Monday."

"Why not?" he asked.

She didn't answer right off, and when she did, although her voice was so sweet, there was something sly and secret about it: "I've something else to do."

"Can't you postpone it?"

She laughed at that, a little, soft laugh that came bubbling through her words: "No, I'm afraid not."

"Must be something very interesting."

"Um—maybe so."

"You're very mysterious; can't I be told what it is?"

"Why should you be told?"

That riled him; I could hear it in his voice: "As a friend, or, if I don't come under that head, as a fellow who's got the frosty mitt and wants to know why."

"I don't think that's any reason. I have no engagement with you and I have with—some one else."

"Just tell me one thing—is it a man or a woman?"

SHE began to laugh again, and if I'd been the man at the other end of the wire that laugh would have made me wild. "Which do you think?" she asked.

"I don't think; I know"; and *I* knew that he was mad.

"Well if you know," she said as sweet as pie, "I needn't tell you any more. I'll say good-by."

"No!" he shouted; "don't hang up; wait! What do you want to torment me for?" Then he got sort of coaxing. "It isn't kind to treat a fellow this way. Can't you tell me who it is?"

"No, that's a secret. You can't know a thing till I choose to tell you, and I don't choose now."

"If I come over Sunday afternoon will you see me?"

"What time?"

"Any time you say; I'm your humble slave, as you know."

"I'm going out about seven."

"Where?"

"That's another secret."

I think a child listening to that conversation would have seen he was getting madder every minute, and yet he was so afraid she'd cut him off that he had to keep it under and talk pleasant. "Look here," he said, "I've something I want to say to you awfully. If I run over in my car and get there 'round six-thirty, can you see me for a few minutes?"

She didn't answer at once. Then she said slowly, as if she was undecided: "Not at the house."

"I didn't mean at the house. Say in Maple Lane, by the gate. I won't keep you more than five or ten minutes."

"Six-thirty's rather late."

"Well any time you say."

"Can't you be there exactly at six-fifteen?"

"If that's a condition."

"It is. If you're late you won't find me. I'll be gone"—she began to laugh again—"taking my secret with me."

"I'll be there on the dot."

"Very well, then, you can come—at the gate just as the clock marks one-quarter after six. And maybe, if you're good, I'll tell you the secret. Good-by until then. Try not to be too curious. It's a bad habit, and I've seen signs of it in you lately. Good-by."

Before he could say another word she'd disconnected.

I leaned back in my chair thinking it over. What was she up to? What was the secret? And who was the man? "Run over in his car"—that looked like some one from one of the big estates. How many of them had she buzzing 'round her?

And then, for all I was so downhearted, I couldn't help smiling to think of those two supposing they were talking so secluded and an East Side tenement girl taking it all in. Little did I guess that my breaking the rules that way instead of destroying me was going to —— But that doesn't come in here.

AND now I come to Sunday, the twenty-first, a date I'll never forget.

It seemed to me afterward that Nature knew of the tragedy and prepared for it. The weather was duller and grayer than it had been on Saturday, not a breath of air stirring and the sky all mottled over with clouds, dark and heavy looking. A full moon was due that night, and as I went to the exchange I thought of the sweethearts that had engagements to walk out in that moonlight and how disappointed they'd be.

Things weren't cheerful at the exchange either. I found Minnie Trail, the night operator, as white as a ghost, saying she felt as if one of her sick headaches was coming on, and if it did would I stay overtime? I knew those headaches; they ran along sometimes till eight or nine. I told her to go right home to bed and I'd hold the fort until she was able to relieve me. We often did turns like that, one for the other. It's one of the advantages of being in a small country office; no one picks on you for acting human.

About ten I had a call from Anne Hennessey: "Have you got anything on for this evening, Molly?"

"No," I told her.

"Then I'll come 'round to Galway's about seven and we'll go to the Gilt Edge for supper. I want to talk to you."

The Gilt Edge Lunch was where I took my meals, a nice, clean little place close to the office.

But I didn't know when I'd get my supper that night, so I called back: "That's all right, Sister, but come to the exchange. Minnie's head's bad and I'll stay on here late. Anything up?"

"Yes. I don't want to talk about it over the wire. There's been another row here—yesterday morning. It's horrible; I can't stand it. I'll tell you more this evening. Good-by."

The night settled down early, black, dark and very still. At seven Anne Hennessey came in and sat down by the radiator, which was making queer noises with the heat coming up. Suppertime's like dinner, few calls; so I turned 'round in my chair ready for a good talk, and asked about the trouble at Mapleshade.

"Oh, it was another quarrel—yesterday morning at breakfast—with Harper, the butler, hearing every word. He said it was the worst they'd ever had. He's a self-respecting, high-class servant and was shocked."

"Sylvia and the Doctor again?"

"Yes—and poor Mrs. Fowler crying behind the coffeepot."

"The same old subject?"

"Oh, of course. It's young Reddy this time. Sylvia's been out a good deal this autumn in her car; several times she's been gone nearly the whole day. When the Doctor questioned her she'd either be evasive or sulky. On Friday some one told him they'd seen her far up on the turnpike with Jack Reddy in his racer."

I FIRED up; I couldn't help it. "Why should he be mad about that? Isn't Mr. Reddy good enough for her?"

"I think he is. I told you before I thought the best thing she could do would be to marry him. But"—she looked around to see that no one was coming in—"don't say a word of what I'm going to tell you. I have no right to repeat what I hear as an employee, but I'm worried and don't know what's the best thing to do. Mrs. Fowler has as good as told me that her husband's lost all his money and it's Sylvia's that's running Mapleshade. And what I think is that the Doctor doesn't want her to marry any one. It isn't her he minds losing, it's thirty thousand a year."

"But when she comes of age she can do what she wants, and if he makes it so disagreeable she won't want to live there."

"That's two years off yet. He may recoup himself in that time."

"Oh, I see. But he can't do any good by fighting with her."

"Molly, you're a wise little woman. *Of course* he can't, but he doesn't know it. He treats that hot-headed, high-spirited girl like a child of five. Mark my words, there's going to be trouble at Mapleshade."

I thought of the telephone message I'd overheard the day before, and it came to me suddenly what "the secret" might be. Could Sylvia have been planning to run away? I didn't say anything—it's natural to me, and you get trained along those lines in the telephone business—and I sat turning it over in my mind as Anne went on:

"I'd leave tomorrow only I'm so sorry for Mrs. Fowler. She's as helpless as a baby and seems to cling to me. The other day she told me about her first marriage—how her husband didn't care for her, but was crazy about Sylvia; that's why he left her almost all his money."

I WASN'T listening much, still thinking about "the secret." If she was running away was she going alone or with Jack Reddy? My eyes were fixed on the window, and I saw, without noticing particular, the down train from the city draw into the station, and then Jim Donahue run along the platform swinging a lantern.

As if I was in a dream I could hear Anne: "I call it an unjust will—only two hundred thousand dollars to his wife and five millions to his daughter. But if Sylvia dies first all the money goes back to Mrs. Fowler."

The train pulled out, snorting like a big animal. Jim disappeared, then presently I saw him open the depot door and come slouching across the street. I knew he was headed for the exchange, thinking Minnie Trail was there, he being a widower with a "crush" on Minnie.

He came in, and, after he'd got over the shock of seeing me, turned to Anne and said: "I just been putting your young lady on the train."

Anne gave a start and stared at him. "Miss Sylvia?" she said.

"That's her," said Jim, warming his coat-tails at the radiator.

I could see Anne was awful surprised and was trying to hide it. "Who was she with?" she asked.

"Nobody. She went up alone and said she was going to be away for a few days. Where's she going?"

Anne gave me a look that said, "Keep your mouth shut," and turned quiet and innocent to Jim: "Just for a visit to friends. She's always visiting people in New York and Philadelphia."

Jim stayed around a while gabbing with us and then went back to the station. When the door shut on him we stared at each other with our eyes as round as marbles.

"Oh, Molly!" Anne said almost in a whisper; "it's just what I've been afraid of."

"You think she's running away?"

"Yes; don't you see? The Doctor being at the Dalzells' has given her the chance."

"Where would she go to?"

"How do I know? Heaven send she hasn't done anything foolish. But this morning she sent Virginie, that Frenchwoman, up to the village for something—on Sunday when all the shops are shut! The housemaid told me they'd been trying to find out what it was, and Virginie wouldn't tell."

WE WERE talking it over in low voices when a call came. It was from Mapleshade to the Dalzells'. As I made the connection I whispered to Anne what it was, and she whispered back: "Listen."

I did; it was from Mrs. Fowler, all breathless and almost crying.

She asked for the Doctor, and when he came burst out: "Oh, Dan, something's happened—something dreadful. Sylvia's run away."

I could hear the Doctor's voice, small and distant, but quite clear. "Go slow now, Connie; it's hard to hear you. Did you say Sylvia'd run away?"

Then Mrs. Fowler, trying to speak slower: "Yes, with Jack Reddy. We've been hunting for her and we've just found a letter from him in her desk—do you hear?—her desk, in the top drawer. It told her to meet him at seven in the Lane and go with him in his car to Bloomington."

"Bloomington! That's a hundred and fifty miles off."

"I can't help how far off it is—that's where the letter said he was going to take her. It said they'd go by the turnpike to Bloomington and be married there. And we can't find Virginie; they've evidently taken her with them."

"I see; by the turnpike did you say?"

"Yes. Can't you go up there and meet them and bring her back?"

"Yes. Keep cool now; I'll head them off. What time did you say they left?"

"The letter said he'd meet her in the Lane at seven, and it's a little after eight now. Have you time to get up there and catch them?"

"Time?—to burn. On a night like this Reddy can't get 'round to the part of the pike where I'll strike it under three hours and a half to four hours."

"But can you go?—can you leave your case?"

"Yes; Dalzell's improving. Graham can attend to it. Now don't get excited; I'll have her back some time tonight. And not a word to anybody. We don't want this to get about. We'll have to shut the mouth of that Frenchwoman; but I'll see to that later. Go to your room and say nothing."

Just as the message was finished Minnie Trail came in. I made the record of it and then got up, asking her, as natural as you please, how she felt. Anne did the same; and you'd never have thought to hear us sympathizing with her that we were just bursting to get outside.

When we did we walked slow down the street, me telling her what I'd heard. All the time I was speaking I was thinking of Sylvia and Jack Reddy tearing away through that still, black night, flying along the pale line of the road, flashing past the lights of farms and country houses, swinging down between the rolling hills and out by the open fields, till they'd see the glow of Bloomington low down in the sky.

It was Anne who brought me back to where I was. She suddenly stopped short, staring in front of her and then turned to me. "Why, how can she be with Reddy by the turnpike when Jim Donahue saw her get on the train?"

Tomorrow You Can Read the Continuation of "The Girl at Central" in the Christmas Issue of The Ladies' Home Journal, on Sale by all Ladies' Home Journal Boys and Newsdealers

The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Penna.

THE NEW DANCE
That is Sweeping the Country

The Popular "Fox Trot" That You Will *Have* To Know. Here You Can Learn It From Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle Themselves

The newest, liveliest dance of the winter shown in two pages of photographic pictures, and taught step by step by the popular Castles as they are dancing it in the most fashionable circles in New York.

"Wherever we have introduced this dance at parties, it has been received with great enthusiasm."

Mr. and Mrs. Castle.

It is in the December

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Out Everywhere Tomorrow

15 cents

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Costs More
—Worth It

A Colgate Christmas Movie

The Smiths' best Xmas

Mrs. Smith in despair thinks of many people whom she must "remember"

She well knows Mr. Smith's attitude toward bills for expensive presents

Having made a list of names she goes shopping—with poor results

She comes home at night and lies down, worn out

That very evening she sees an advertisement of Colgate Comforts for Christmas

–and decides to take advantage of the suggestion the very next day

She selects 17 different gifts – for the family and for friends

She adds a large tube of Ribbon Dental Cream and a Jungle Pow Wow book to each child's Christmas stocking

Everybody is pleased at receiving <u>useful</u> gifts instead of "gimcracks"

She herself is delighted with a bottle of Colgate's Florient Extract from her sister

She receives many appreciative notes expressing enjoyment over the useful gifts

Mr. Smith's expression changes

Colgate Quality Distinguishes

4 Dentifrices
50 Perfumes
15 Sachet Powders
9 Shaving Soaps
9 Talc Powders
68 Toilet Soaps
22 Toilet Waters
7 Face Powders
Cold Cream and other Colgate Comforts

Passed by the Society for the Promotion of Useful Giving
S-P-U-G

If you want a Jungle Pow Wow booklet to put in the Christmas stocking with the tube of Ribbon Dental Cream, write us for one. The book is free.

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. P
199 Fulton Street, N. Y.

When *you* give a Colgate Gift you are giving the best of its kind—however modest the cost may be.